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of the

[illegible]RING OLD CAVALRY

1847 ▿ 1865

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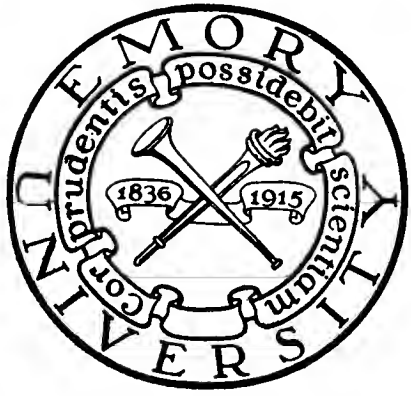

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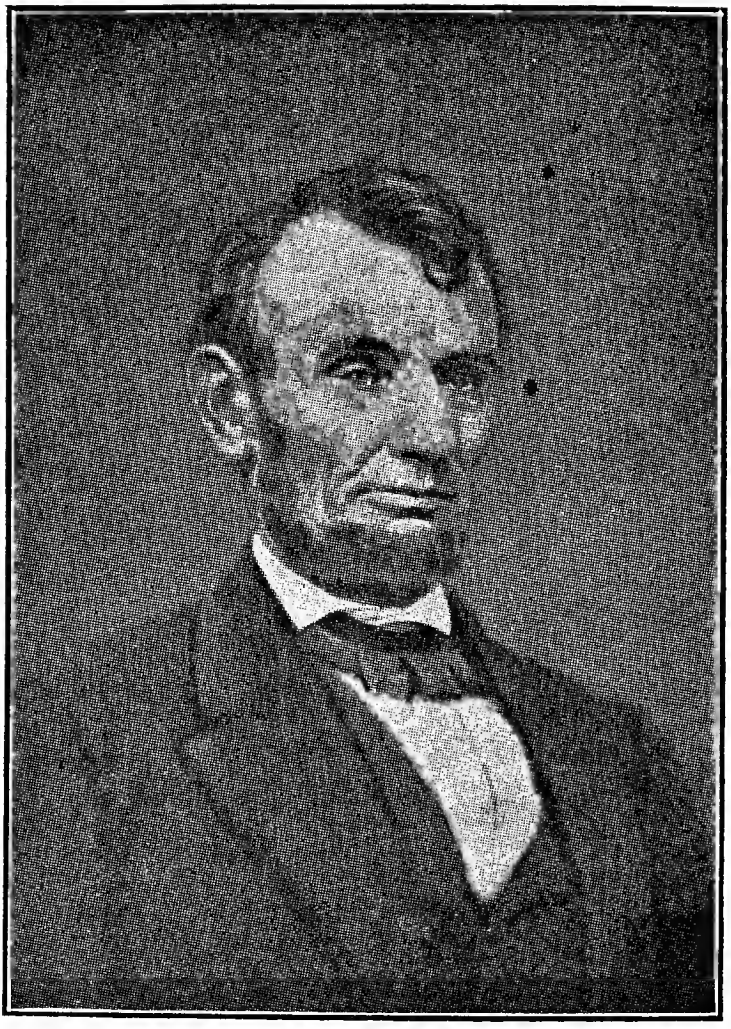

A. LINCOLN

ELWOOD'S STORIES

OF THE

OLD RINGGOLD CAVALRY

1847—1865

The First Three Year Cavalry
of the Civil War

With Introduction by the
REV. H. H. RYLAND

1914

Published by the Author,
SERGEANT JOHN W. ELWOOD
Coal Center, Pa.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

This book was written at the suggestion of Captain James P Hart. The work of collecting data was begun some years before his death in 1908. After the manuscript was prepared, in large part, he came here from Washington and met with a committee, and the whole work was gone over very carefully and found to be in full accord with his views as well as the views of the rest of the committee.

It has been the aim of the author to produce an authentic record free from all exaggeration, and to produce as complete a roster of the officers and men as possible. The task has been a difficult one. The author feels that his work is imperfect. There will, no doubt, be errors found. He has had to depend, in a very large measure, for many of the facts on letters, articles and the diaries of his comrades. The pay rolls have been carefully gone over, and every effort has been made to verify all dates and to report all facts correctly. It has been delayed on account of the health of the author. At last it is given to the public. If errors are found please overlook them, and commend that which is worthy of commendation. The writer regrets that so much has been left unsaid. There are many facts that should have been mentioned, and would have been given a place, had some one only called them to mind. There are others which should have had honorable mention, but their deeds have been forgotten, or there was no one to place them on record. There is much that has been left unsaid. The unwritten history of the war is greater than that which is written.

The author wants to thank Lieutenant George S. Gass, David Hart, Adam Wickerham, Louis Arthurs, Boyd Hedge, Hopkins Moffitt, Joseph F. Barnett, James T. Parshall, the family of Captain John Keys, Elliott F Weaver, Wm. M. Hart, and also a number of Confederates, Captain Jesse M. McNeill, John B. Fay, Charlie Vandiver, J. W Markwood, John H. Cunningham and many others for assistance rendered. He desires also to extend his thanks to D. C. Heath & Company, Boston, Mass., and The American Book Company, New York, for permission so kindly given to reproduce from their school histories many of the cuts used in this book.

He is especially indebted to Rev. H. H. Ryland, the pastor of the Coal Center and Roscoe Presbyterian churches, for his assistance in getting the manuscript ready for publication.

JOHN W ELWOOD.

Coal Center, Pa., August 1, 1914.

INTRODUCTION

The author of this book, Sergeant John W Elwood, is a story teller. But few men, if any, can surpass him in this art. At all gatherings of the "boys in blue," he is the center of a crowd of interested listeners, for he is never without a good story to tell and he always tells it well. It is his narration of his experiences during the dark days from 1861 to 1865 that people especially delight to listen to.

In this book he places on record his story of the experiences of the Old Ringgold Cavalry I realize, and I believe that every member of the Ringgold cavalry now living will realize, that John W Elwood can not write down a story as well as he can tell it to a group of old soldiers. When he comes to writing out the incident there are little touches that he omits. Like many another man he can not write down anything as well as he can tell it. Great story tellers are not always great writers. I very much fear that, to the old soldier, Elwood in print will not come up to Elwood around the "camp fire." The presence and voice of the speaker adds much to ones interest in the story

The writer urged Mr. Elwood that he place on record more of the amusing incidents that took place in the camp and on the many long marches, as he can narrate hundreds of these; but he felt that "Elwood's Stories" should be stories of what the Old Ringgold Cavalry did to help save the Union. Some time later he may give the world, "Elwood's Camp Fire Stories." If he ever does it will be an interesting volume as well as highly entertaining.

I regard "Elwood's Stories of the Old Ringgold Cavalry" as one of the very best books of the kind published. He is to be commended for weaving into his story of the cavalry a brief account of all the chief events of the war. By the reading of this book any one can gain a good idea of the Civil War. The book is one that should be read by every teacher and by all the advanced pupils of our public schools. It is a book that should be in every library and in every home. No ordinary library is complete without it. The reading of the book will entertain as well as instruct the reader. I am confident that many a person who begins the book will not want to lay it down till he has finished it.

H. H. RYLAND.

Roscoe, Pa., August 1, 1914.

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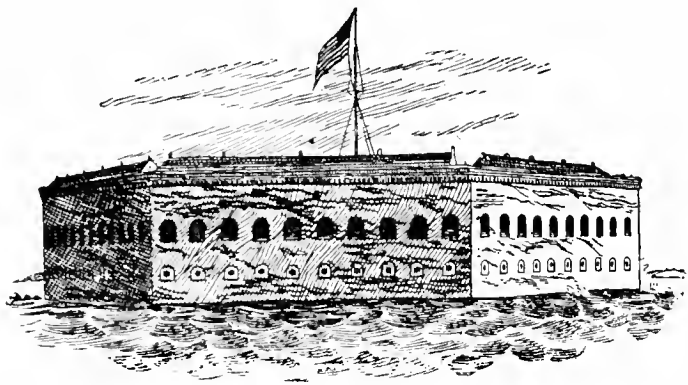
CHAPTER I

EARLY HISTORY

The organization of the Ringgold cavalry, of Washington county, Pennsylvania, took place July 4, 1847, at Parkinson s Ferry, now Monongahela. The company was organized by Captain Samuel Morgan, and was mustered into service by Colonel James Lee, the brigade inspector



FORT SUMTER BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT

of the district. The command was named Ringgold in honor of Major Ringgold, who served with distinction in the Mexican war. Later on Henry Wilson succeeded Captain Morgan. The next captain was B. F Bentley. At the outbreak of the civil war Dr. John Keys of Beallsville had charge of the company

On April 12, 1861, the news flashed all over the North that Fort Sumter had been fired on. The shock came like a clap of thunder. All Washington county was stirred as never before in its history The people from the country flocked to the towns and villages to hear the latest news. The impending conflict was the one topic of conversation everywhere. Men discussed the deed that had been committed, but few realized what the consequences would be.

Many were ready to sacrifice all they possessed to stay the awful storm. But it was all in vain. The time had come when all else but war had failed. Neither the North nor the South had any true conception of the results of the oncoming struggle.

Three days after the fall of Fort Sumter Mr. Lincoln sent out a call for seventy-five thousand men to serve for three months in the overthrow of the secession movement. It was at this point that Captain Keys of the Ringgold cavalry came to the front. He was anxious to do all that he could save the Union. He was a physician as well as a surgeon, and had a large practice. He left his home at once and hurried to Harrisburg. Here he met the governor of the state, the Hon. A. G. Curtin, and offered his company of cavalry for the purpose of helping to defend the country. He was informed that Mr. Lincoln was not wishing any cavalry. It will be remembered, that early in the war the government was not favorable to cavalry. As the war progressed the cavalry arm of the service became an absolute necessity for scouting, picket duty, train guards and for carrying the mails.

It is hardly necessary to state that the loyal people of Beallsville were much displeased because the governor would not accept their company of cavalry They began at once to raise a company of infantry. In the meantime, the news from the front became more alarming. On the 19th of April the first regiments of volunteers were fired upon by the citizens as they were passing through Baltimore, and three men were killed. This has been spoken of as the first bloodshed of the war. About the same time word came to Washington county telling that the Confederate soldiers had captured the United States armory at Harpers Ferry. Then came the startling news that the Navy Yard at Norfolk had been taken. Virginia was being filled with volunteers and troops from the South. Washington city was in danger of being taken. The greatest excitement reigned throughout the whole country On

the 3rd of May the president issued a call for eighty-three thousand men to serve for three years or during the war. Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott was made commander-in-chief. The loyal North responded nobly to the call for men.

A second time Captain John Keys went to Harrisburg to see Governor A. G. Curtin, but was again turned away. But he was not a man to become easily discouraged. He resolved to make an attempt higher up. He came home and wrote a letter to the secretary of war, Simon Cameron, telling him of his body of cavalry and of his desire to enter the service. A third time he failed. But still he did not give up. He resolved to try once more.

The boyhood home of Captain Keys was near the old National Road not far from Searights. When he was a small lad the father of Simon Cameron was a contractor on the road, and had a contract not far from his home. William Keys, his father, became acquainted with Mr. Cameron, being also a contractor, and often invited Mr. Cameron to his home. Here he learned to know little John Keys, and took a great fancy to him. One day he told him, that, when he grew to be a man, if there was anything he or his family could do for him, he was to make that fact known. John Keys had never forgotten this promise. A second time he wrote to the secretary of war, telling him what he wanted, and urging that he accept the Ringgold cavalry He told the secretary of his acquaintance with his father many years before, and of the promise that he had made to him. In a few days a letter came addressed to John Keys, telling him that his regiment had been accepted and that they were to report at Grafton, West Virginia, to be mustered in. This letter came June 18, 1861. It was a letter much prized by the energetic captain, and was preserved by the family for years. It was read and reread until it was almost worn out.

Already West Virginia had become the scene of important military operations. In the latter part of May,

1861, there was a threatened advance of Confederate forces. Union troops were rushed forward to repel them. General T. A. Morris moved forward from Parkersburg to Grafton with a force of Ohio and Indiana troops. On the 27th of May, Colonel B. F Kelley left Wheeling with the First Virginia infantry. He was followed by other troops. By May 31st there were seven or eight thousand men at Grafton under General Morris. The Confederate forces retreated to Philippi where they made a stand under Colonel Porterfield. General Morris made an advance on Philippi on June 2nd, and after a brief engagement, the Federal forces were successful. The Confederates retreated to the mountains. It was here that Colonel B. F. Kelley was seriously wounded while leading his forces, composed of three-months' men, which afterward became three-year veterans. Colonel Kelley, though shot through the body, afterward recovered, and was known as one of the honored and brave generals of the state. Colonel Kelley was the first Union soldier, who had received a commission from Abraham Lincoln, to fall in the war.

It will be remembered that the loyal people of Western Virginia had prevailed upon President Lincoln to appoint Francis Pierpont to act as governor of Virginia until there could be an election. He was at once installed and proved himself a man worthy of the public trust. He was a far-seeing Union man, and was one of the first men to foresee the urgent need of cavalry in the mountain districts of West Virginia. He saw that it was impossible to get along without such companies. The cavalry boys all had a warm friend in Francis H. Pierpont.

The news that the Ringgold cavalry was to go to the front created no small stir in the neighborhood of Beallsville; indeed this fact was the talk of the country for miles around. As soon as Captain Keys got the word that his command was to go to the front he called all the members of the company together to see whether all could go. Some of the members had large families to care for, and they

BATTLE OF PHILIPPI—THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE WAR

felt that it would not be right for them to go. Hand bills were printed advertising for any number of good young men to go to the front. Some members of the company paid as high as $500 and others as high as $1,000 for a substitute. The ranks were soon filled with young men from the very best families of Washington, Greene and Fayette counties, and the Ringgold cavalry was in readiness to go to the scenes of war at Grafton.

Of the original company, composed of over fifty men, less than a dozen went to the front. As we write nearly fifty-three years have passed since these brave boys left for the war. Of the seventy men who left Beallsville, so far as the writer knows, only nineteen are still living. Of the company as it was organizd in 1847, there is but one man living, Mr. Adam Wickerham of Carroll township. The greater number of these boys have gone "to their long home."

CHAPTER II

ON TO GRAFTON

The day that the Ringgold cavalry left for the seat of war at Grafton, West Virginia, was one long remembered by the people of Washington county. People came for miles around the country By the time we were ready to start there were fully seven thousand present to say "good bye." It was a great event in the history of the county. And why not? This county was sending out the first body of cavalry that went into service in the war of the rebellion. It was a time of sadness. Fathers and mothers were there to say "good bye" to their son whom they had but the slightest hopes of ever seeing again. Brothers and sisters were there to say "good bye" to a brother from whom many were parting for the last time. And sweethearts were there to say "farewell" to lovers, in not a few instances, for the last time. Many tears were shed. It was a parting scene that none of those boys ever have forgotten. A rousing address was delivered from the steps of the Beallsville hotel.

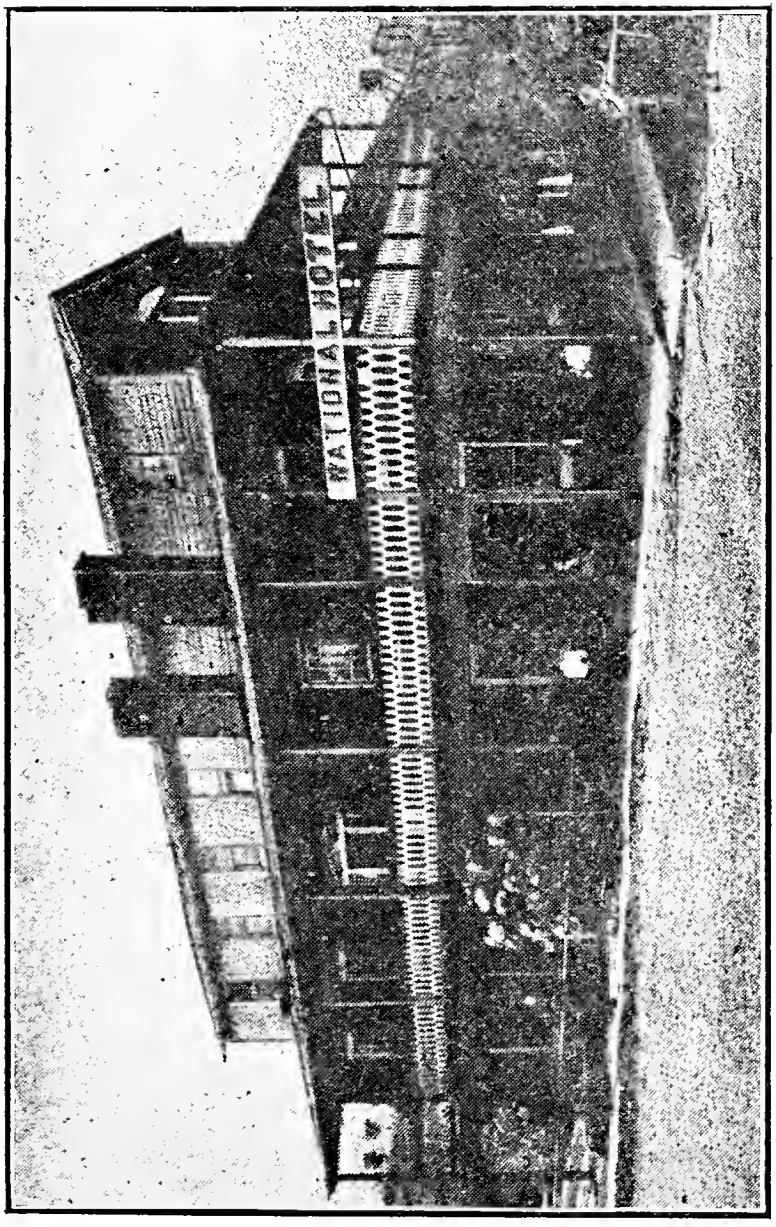
About ten o'clock the last "farewells" were spoken and the line of march was taken up for Grafton. The first night was spent at Carmichaels. Here Thomas Nutt and David Huston joined our company. The good people of the town knew that we were coming, and their homes were thrown open for our entertainment. It was here that some of our boys spent their last night with friends who had come this far with them or who had come here to bid them "good bye."

On the morning of the 23rd, about ten o'clock, we set out for Morgantown. We were all fully mounted. We crossed the state line about half way to Morgantown. Here was a small store, the owner of which had stretched a United States flag across the road from one state to the

other. Here Captain Keys halted his company, and made one of those stirring speeches for which he had always been noted. He told of what was before us, the dangers, the privations of camp life, and the battles that we expected to fight and he pointed to the flag which we were going out to save from being trampled in the dust. Here we were about to enter the state of Virginia which had withdrawn from the Union. You cannot imagine the depth of the emotions that surged through our hearts that afternoon. The captain proposed that we give three cheers for the Union. We did so. I have heard the same men cheer in the wild charge in front of the foe, but I have never heard anything like the three rousing cheers that we gave for the Union when we were entering the enemy's country for the first time.

All along the way we were kindly treated by the good loyal people who had made preparations for our coming. When we came to Dunkard creek we were met by Robert Maple who gave us a very cordial reception. He was carrying two wooden buckets and a large gourd. Both buckets were filled with whisky. Te asked Captain Keys to allow him to treat his men. He said that he was too old to go to war, but he would do the next best thing, treat those who were going. Captain Keys halted his company and Mr. Maple began issuing rations by the gourd full, saying that he was not going to take any of it back to the house. Some of the whisky was left over as all the boys did not belong to the class who drank intoxicants. One of our number wanted to take some along with him. He had nothing else to carry it in so he asked that it be poured into his hat. This was done. This incident was the source of much merriment as some of the rest of the boys tried to get possession of that hat. But, as he had a good horse, he was able to get away from them. The boys always refered to this incident as the time they were treated to "Maple" syrup.

Arriving at Morgantown about five o'clock we found



BEALLSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

that the loyal people had prepared for our coming, and we were received with wide-open arms in that good old town on the upper Monongahela. This was one time that we did not have the least bit of trouble to prove that we were soldiers. The people came forward and took us to their homes. It fell to the lot of the writer and Michael H. Core to spend the night with the Rev. Henry N. Biggs, the pastor of the Presbyterian church. This was the last clean bed that we slept in until we came home three years later. We were never treated better than we were in Morgantown.

While in Morgantown an amusing incident happened. The town had a regular war scare. The people were on the lookout for the Confederate soldiers. Before dispersing for the night Captain Keys gave orders that, if there was any alarm of the enemy's approach during the night, some one, at all hazards, should go to the court house and ring the bell, so that the people of the town might be aroused as well as the members of the Ringgold cavalry. Some of our boys were out that night for a good time: the fact is that they had not entirely recovered from the treat of "Maple" syrup along the way. It is to be feared that they found something more that may have been as helpful in reviving their drooping spirits; anyhow they conceived the idea that it would be an interesting thing to see how long it would require for the cavalry to fall into line in case of an alarm. Arch Hill, L. George Grant and a few others went to the court house about two o'clock and rang the bell. In a few minutes the streets of that quiet little town were filled with people. The members of the Ringgold cavalry were on hands ready to fight had there been any enemy to encounter. It was some time before we discovered that we had been made the victims of a huge joke. We went back to bed rejoicing that the foe had not come. The panic was long remembered by the people of the town as well as by our boys.

The next day we set out for Grafton. The trip through

those grand old mountains was something wonderful to most of our boys. At dusk we arrived at Grafton in a drizzling rain. Being the first cavalry seen in that section we were quite a curiosity. The infantry were all in regular uniform, and were a fine looking set of men. Our boys were not; I mean to say they were not uniformed. Every one of us was good looking. We were right from the farms of Washington county. When we came near we could hear them saying, "My God, come here quick! look yonder!" And there we were, wet, hungry, and without anything for man or horse to eat. There was nothing in sight for us but to lie down on the wet ground and wait for the morning. We remained here for three days without rations for man or beast, only as we could buy from camp peddlers. After we had been here for three days, with almost nothing to eat, Lieutenant Henry Annisansel took the whole company to the hotel in Grafton, ordered dinner for us and paid for the same out of his own pocket. It was several days before the quartermaster's department was able to issue us supplies.

CHAPTER III

IN CAMP AT GRAFTON

It was here that we had our first experience in soldiering. On June 29th we were mustered into service for three years or during the war, by Lieutenant Samuel Williams, aid to General George B. McClellan, commanding the United States army We were at once assigned to duty without uniform or arms except the old flint-lock horse pistols. These we had to furnish ourselves as well as our supply of ammunition. As we were not killing any people yet the matter of ammunition did not mean a very heavy outlay

The Ringgold cavalry was the first volunteer cavalry in the field. This is one fact that all should bear in mind. John Keys was Captain; a Frenchman, Henry Annisansel, was First Lieutenant; Henry A. Myers was Second Lieutenant; John Holland was Orderly Sergeant.

Lieut. John Holland

While we were at Grafton the post there was besieged by the loyal citizens for a squad of cavalry to be secretly posted about fifteen miles out on a certain road leading from Monongalia county down Glade run into Taylor county, West Virginia, to capture two women who were carrying the Confederate mail. The Ringgold cavalry was called on to perform this task. We had not yet been armed or uniformed by the government. A detail of fifteen or twenty men was given instructions as to this hazardous undertaking. There was not the least doubt but that the women were heavily armed. We were to go prepared for any emer-

gency. At this time our only weapon was a flintlock horse pistol and a sword. This gun was of ancient make. There were iron bands around the barrel to keep it from exploding when in use. This squad was instructed to load heavily. I was on this detail, and borrowed a set of arms from a comrade, and went into Grafton, where I purchased powder and a bar of lead for slugs. I will never forget my feelings when I came back to the camp and saw the detail in the act of loading. There was each one of the boys with a penknife and a stone, cutting slugs for bullets. The loading consisted in a small handful of powder placed in first; on the top of this came a wad of the Baltimore American. On top of this we put eight or ten chunks of lead called slugs. This would fill the gun about one-half the length of the barrel, and, when filled to the muzzle with brick dust, we were ready for the fight.

We set out and, when night came on, we were at the point designated. A Mr. Thomas, who lived near where we were on the lookout, told us that we would hear cow bells during the night and that this was the Confederates signaling to one another. Whether this was true or not there was one man in the crowd that believed it. There were six or eight non-commissioned officers in this squad, all under the command of one private. This was early in the war. The men who went on duty in the evening remained there all night while the reserve slept. We learned better later on. The instructions were that if any one on either of the four roads called out "halt" we were all to join him at once. Two men were put on the road that we expected the mail to come on, Hopkins Moffitt and Christopher Krepps or Harvey H. Young, I don't remember which. I was on the road leading to Grafton.

One who has been on picket duty in the mountains knows how still it becomes after midnight. It was hard for me to keep awake. The cow bells began to ring, and I felt for my gun. Away over on the other mountain another bell began to ring. This served to keep me awake

for a while. It was a struggle for me to keep from going sound asleep. I could hear the men near by in the brush snoring soundly. Tobacco juice rubbed in the eyes failed. I tried prodding myself with a pin. On either side of the road was a deep ditch, beyond which was a West Virginia fence of three or four rails. All around was thick brush. I thought that if I was over this ditch, sitting on that fence, how well I could hear. I got down into the ditch, crawled up the other bank and sat down to rest. Laying my gun across my knees, ready for action, I went to sleep and slept soundly

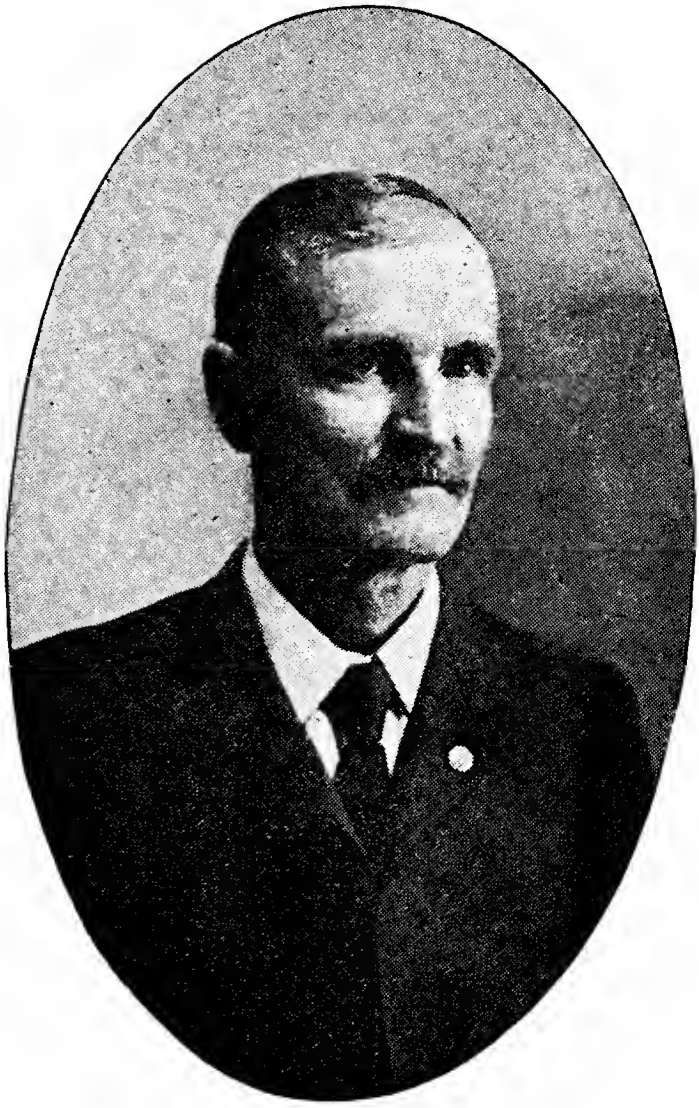
About this time two men were halted on the road where we were looking for the Confederate mail. I knew that something was going on, but I could not get awake. These men had come to tell us where the women were who had the mail. Hopkins Moffiitt, Christopher Krepps and I. T. Dawson were detailed to go and get the women. Just after the boys had gone I awoke. The first thing that I did was to jump into the ditch, when off went my gun, and such a report! Slugs, brick dust and Baltimore American tore a hole in the ground that was large enough to bury a good sized dog: and my gun was gone with it. Then came the whole reserve. The private in command said to me, "Are you shot?" "No, but there is one over there who is shot," I said, pointing to the woods. They all went over and crawled around on the ground in the dark, hunting for the man that I did not shoot. It was a long time before I ever told any of the boys the truth about that night's experience. The next morning I found my pistol. If a man was not on the ground when he shot one of those guns off he would soon be. Great excitement prevailed the rest of the night. The Confederate mail had been located and I had shot (?) a man crawling up on me. All remained on guard until morning.

Finally Hopkins Moffitt and his men came back from their trip. The two women who were carrying the mail had stopped for the night at the home of a Baptist preach-

er. They had difficulty in securing an entrance to the house. He declared that there were no strangers there. Once getting on the inside of the house they had no trouble locating the room where the ladies, who had the mail in charge, were sleeping. After some parleying they opened the door and let the men in. It seemed for a while that their search was going to be fruitless. Hopkins Moffitt cast his eye under the bed and hauled out, with his saber, what proved to be a bustle worn by one of the ladies. He did not know what it was then but learned afterward. This article of feminine apparel contained three hundred letters for the Confederate soldiers. In none of them was there information of any value to our army. These ladies were taken to Grafton and from there were sent to Columbus, Ohio. These were the first prisoners that the Ringgold boys captured.

The next morning Thompson McKinley, who was in charge of the squad, ordered Madison Blackburn to go down the road for about a half mile to a bridge and see whether he could learn anything of importance. On the way down he came on two young men asleep in a bunch of leaves by the side of the road. He thought that they were a part of the gang that I had shot at the night before. Without a word of warning he pulled his gun and fired. The horse pistol roared in the early morning like a small cannon. Blackburn never stopped to see what he had done, but came off up the road yelling, "They are down there." The command was marched down the road to where Blackburn had seen the Confederates. All we could find was a large hold in the ground, showing that he had hit something when his old horse pistol had gone off. Things were getting intensely interesting. The report got out through the country that there was firing going on. The people had heard something that sounded like cannonading. This much was correct.

A hospitable farmer came down and invited several of us up to dinner. When we came onto the porch of the



J. W. ELWOOD

farmer's home up on the mountain, there sat a man with his face terribly scratched and cut and his clothes torn almost to shreds. When he looked up Hopkins Moffitt said to him ,"You must have been in a fight." With a terrible oath he exclaimed, "Worse than a fight. I have seen fights but this takes the cake. You ought to see my 'buddy.' He is the worst used up fellow that I ever saw." By this time we had gathered about him to hear his story. He told us that he had gone out coon hunting the night before. His "buddy" was along with him. Being weary they both laid down in the leaves and were soon fast asleep. About daylight something went off, or they thought something went off. They thought, from the sound and the shake of the ground, that it must have been a terrific earthquake. They never stopped to investigate but took to the bushes. Their faces were scratched and their clothes torn by the underbrush. We got a good dinner and returned to our post, leaving our friend in some ways improved, though we did not attempt to enlighten him as to the cause of their scare. This was among our first efforts to put down the rebellion.

It was while we were at Grafton that Captain Keys took us on a scout to Danville. This was before we had our arms or our uniforms. Some had arms and some did not have anything at all to shoot with. Our captain had not been ordered to go on this scout by the general commanding the post. He was anxious for his men to have experience. We were absent from Grafton for four days. While at Danville a woman was shot. She was standing in the door of her home talking to an agent of the government who was buying forage. It was the opinion of our men that the bullet was meant for this agent. Captain Keys being a surgeon removed the bullet, and the woman afterward fully recovered.

While here a little episode took place which created great excitement for the time. As this was one of our first nights out from camp Captain Keys took upon himself the

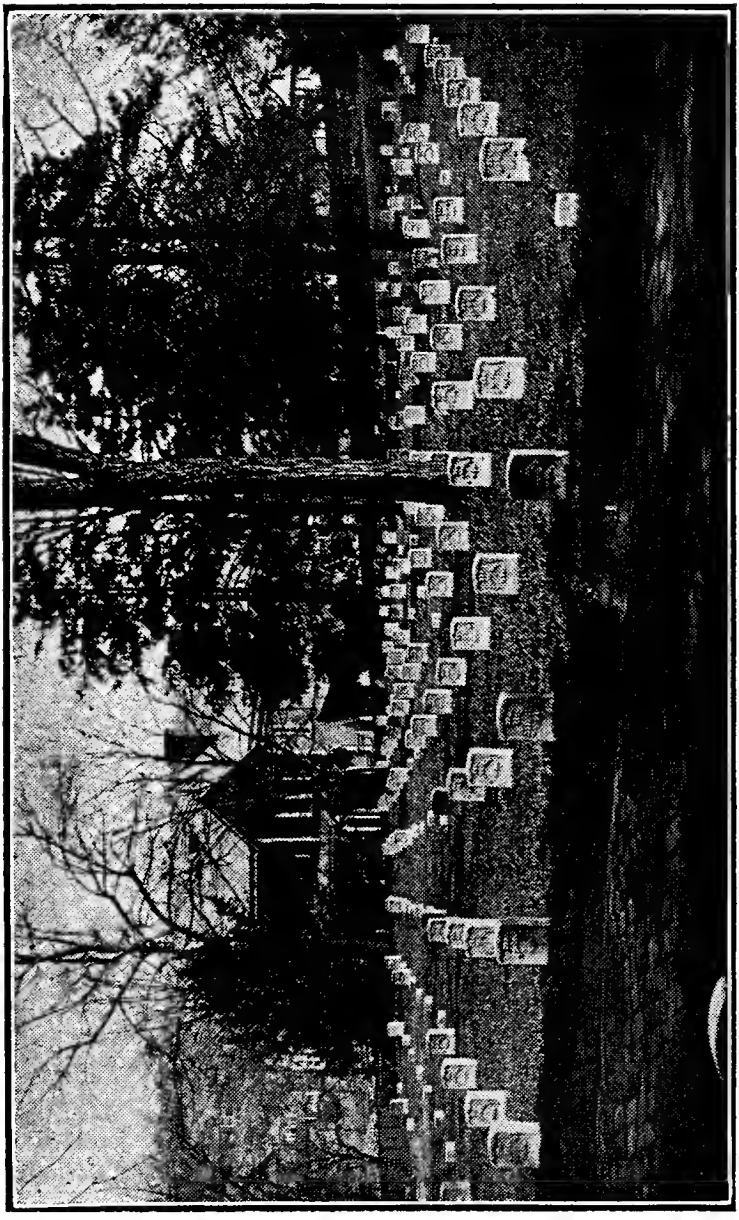
duty of placing guards. He gave instructions not to halt any one coming from without, but to shoot at them. A man named Marion White had post number three, situated in a dense thicket. He was looking every moment for the Confederates to crawl up on him. Some time after midnight the captain conceived the idea of visiting the guards to see if they were all doing their duty, as we were supposed to be in the heart of the enemy's country When he came to the post where Marion White stood on guard he had lost his bearings and came from beyond the camp. The faithful guard heard him feeling his way through the brush, and, as he was making no small amount of noise, he thought a company of Confederates was slipping up on us. He drew his gun and fired as he had been ordered to do, without challenge. Then he ran to the company, which had been aroused by the report of the old horse pistol, shouting that the Confederates were coming. The captain came in badly rattled as well as badly scared. It was no wonder, for, when the guard fired, small twigs of trees fell all about him. You can imagine the feelings of the guard when he learned that he had come near killing the captain; but the latter could say nothing as the man had obeyed orders. This put an end to shooting before halting either friend or foe.

Our whole company was delighted on the 12th of July by receiving our tents. We were tired of sleeping out in the open in all kinds of weather. Before two hours passed we were ordered to Oakland. Our horses were loaded into the cars and we rode on the top. We reached Oakland on the morning of the 13th. We found every thing here in great confusion. We joined the forces of General Hill, and set out to intercept the forces of General Garnett, who was in full retreat from Rich mountain, where they had been dislodged by General Rosecrans. General Garnett was killed soon after leaving his position while giving commands to his shattered army. When General Hill struck the Northwest pike, over which the army was re-

treating, he found he was too late. The rear guard had passed when we were at the Red House, in Maryland. Here for some reason we went into camp and remained for several hours when we were ordered to move on the enemy's rear. We did this and came in full view of the rear guard. Again we went into camp. General Garnett's army should not have been permitted to have gotten away in the condition in which it was. The men were poorly clothed and poorly armed, some of them having "pepper-box" revolvers and dirk knives. At this time the whole of the army was completely demoralized. This was learned from the prisoners that we captured. This was the wind up of the Garnett raid. The remnant of the army made its way over the mountains and joined General Jackson's army at Monterey. After giving up the pursuit of Garnett's retreating army the Ringgold cavalry returned to Oakland and from there to Grafton.

It was while we were in camp at this place that our horses were appraised by Major Cram of the United States army. Each member of our company, when he left home, took his own horse with him. We were paid forty cents a day for the use of our horses. It was necessary that a value be placed on each one of our animals. In case a horse was killed or captured we were then able to collect the amount from the government. Often some of our boys had to call on "Uncle Sam" for pay for a horse.

Another trip made by our boys while in camp at Grafton was that to Stony Point. We were sent as an escort to General Reynolds and the paymaster. We left on the evening of July 24th, and, after an all night's march, we reached Beverly early in the morning. We staid here until the evening of the following day. Then we put in the whole night in the saddle, reaching Stony Point by daylight the following morning. Here we drew rations at one-half of the regular allowance and on the 29th we started back. We reached Beverly that night and the next evening found us at our headquarters in Grafton.



GRAFTON CEMETERY

It is fitting that a few words should be placed on record in regard to the Rev. Abner L. Jackson who went out with the Ringgold cavalry as their chaplain. He preached for us every Sunday at Grafton, holding services in a house. On some occasions when preaching to the boys he used a bale of hay for a pulpit. He was highly respected by every member of our company. Though nearly sixty-six years of age he consented to go along as chaplain of the company when told by Captain Keys that every member of the company desired him to go and had agreed to support him out of their own earnings. This is the only case on record where a company hired a chaplain and paid him out of their own pockets. The Rev. Jackson staid with the company until it reached Romney. Then he returned home. It became difficult for the boys to attend the services as they were out on scout duty so much of the time.

CHAPTER IV

AT NEW CREEK

While we were at Grafton the news came of the defeat of our army at Bull Run. This cast a great gloom over the North. The people of the South had been crying, "On to Washington!" A large number of regiments had gathered at Washington, and the people of the North became anxious to see something done, and the cry heard from the press and people of the North was, "On to Richmond!" This became so strong that it could not be resisted. The Confederate General Beauregard had posted his army at Manassas Junction, on a small stream called Bull Run. Here he was in a position to protect Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, and threaten the city of Washington. His army numbered about thirty thousand men. General McDowell had about the same number of men. Mr. Lincoln said that one army was about as "green" as the other. McDowell advanced, not because he was ready, but for the reason that the people of the North were urging that a decisive blow be struck at the enemy.

The battle of Bull Run was fought on Sunday, July 21st. The day was very hot. After a sharp conflict the Confederate left was driven from its position. General Bee rushed up to General Jackson and cried out, "General, they are beating us back." Jackson quietly responded, "We will give them the bayonet." Bee rallied his men. It was here that Jackson got his title of "Stonewall." It was due to a remark made by General Bee who shouted to his men. "Look! there is Jackson standing like a stone-wall!" This statement was true. Jackson's men used their bayonets to check the advance. They held their ground until heavy reinforcements came, and McDowell's army was thrown back in rout and confusion, into the defenses of Washington.

It was then that the North began to realize that the war could not be ended inside of six months, as so many thought at the beginning. More men were now called for. Congress voted to raise an army of five hundred thousand men. General McClellan was placed at the head of the army of the Potomac. The cry now was, "Drill and organize!" For six months all was quiet on the Potomac. Both sides were getting ready to fight in earnest.

After the battle of Bull Run the forces in West Virginia got down to work with greater determination. All had begun to realize what this war meant. All saw that they had a brave people to fight; they were Americans, and Americans can only be conquered by a desperate struggle.

The war was fought to save this grand and glorious Union. By the middle of June the Confederacy consisted of eleven states. The first state to secede was South Carolina. This was done December 20, 1860. By the first of February Georgia, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas, making seven in all, had withdrawn from the Union. A seceding senator boasted that they had left the national government "a corpse lying in state in Washington."

Mr. Lincoln's call for troops forced the remaining slave states to decide at once whether they would remain in the Union or go out. Virginia joined the Confederacy and thus greatly increased the difficulties that the North had to contend with in a military way. Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina quickly followed the example of Virginia. Four slave states, Delaware, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri did not secede.

These states seceded because they believed that the election of Mr. Lincoln meant that the North was going to bring about the liberation of the negroes. This was a mistake but they could not be convinced to the contrary. They saw that they had lost the power that they once had in congress. The free states had six more senators and fifty-

HENRY MITCHELL AND HIS ONLY GRANDCHILD
IRENE GLADYS MITCHELL

seven more representatives than the slave states had. Then they believed that slavery would thrive better if separated from the influence of the North. These states also believed that any state had a right to withdraw from the Union when it was for its own interests to do so.

Delegates from the states that had already seceded met at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 4th of February, 1861, and formed a new government under the name of The Confederate States of North America. Jefferson Davis of Mississippi was elected provisional President, and Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President. The day before the battle of Bull Run the new Confederate government was organized in Richmond. Here the Southern congress met. This explains the desire on the part of the government at Washington to capture that city.

It was necessary to guard the Baltimore and Ohio railroad through West Virginia. It was needed by the government to transport troops and supplies from the West. The Confederates were doing all they could to put this road out of busines. Soon after the breaking out of the war that part of the road from Cumberland to Harpers Ferry had been destroyed. One of the most exposed points along the road was New Creek, now Keyser. There was need of a strong garrison there to protect the place from the raids of the enemy and to protect the railroad. This will make plain to our readers why the Ringgold cavalry was transfered to that point.

On August 24, 1861, Louis Arthurs joined our company at Grafton. The next day we moved over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to New Creek, now Keyser, Mineral county, West Virginia. We remained here about three months. It was here the old Ringgolds took up the duty of scouting. We soon became familiar with the country and roads from Parkersburg on the Ohio to Point-of-Rocks in Maryland, a distance of seven hundred and four miles. This country was infested with companies of regular Confederate troops, both infantry and cavalry, who knew every

cow path and for a while had every advantage. Some of our command were constantly in the saddle and soon became familiar with the country While in this camp we were kept quite busy. There was a large Confederate force at Romney about eighteen miles from our camp, one at Cold Stream ten miles away, and still another at Petersburg. All three of these camps required the constant attention of the Ringgold cavalry until they were driven from the country At this time ours was the only cavalry in what was known as the mountain department of West Virginia.

I might add here that it was the Ringgold cavalry that broke the first sod for the earthworks and the fort, which was built here afterward, and which was called Fort Necessity This was located on the hill just back of the Armstrong property overlooking the Baltimore and Ohio depot. We cleared quite a lot of timber to get a proper view and range. This work of building fortifications was done between scouts. Some of the boys objected to this, saying that they had not come into the mountains to dig dirt and build forts. But protection was much needed at this point. The new puplic school building of Keyser stands on the site of Fort Necessity

August 28th Governor Pierpont commissioned First Lieutenant Annisansel to raise a regiment of cavalry He resigned from the Ringgold cavalry and went to Wheeling. He began recruiting what was afterward known as the First West Virginia cavalry Annisansel and Governor Pierpont were both anxious to have the Ringgolds as company A of that regiment. With this object in view he tendered Captain Keys the lieutenant-colonelcy, which the latter would not accept. This prevented the company from going into the regiment, and also prevented Captain John Keys from becoming major-general of cavalry, a thing much needed in West Virginia.

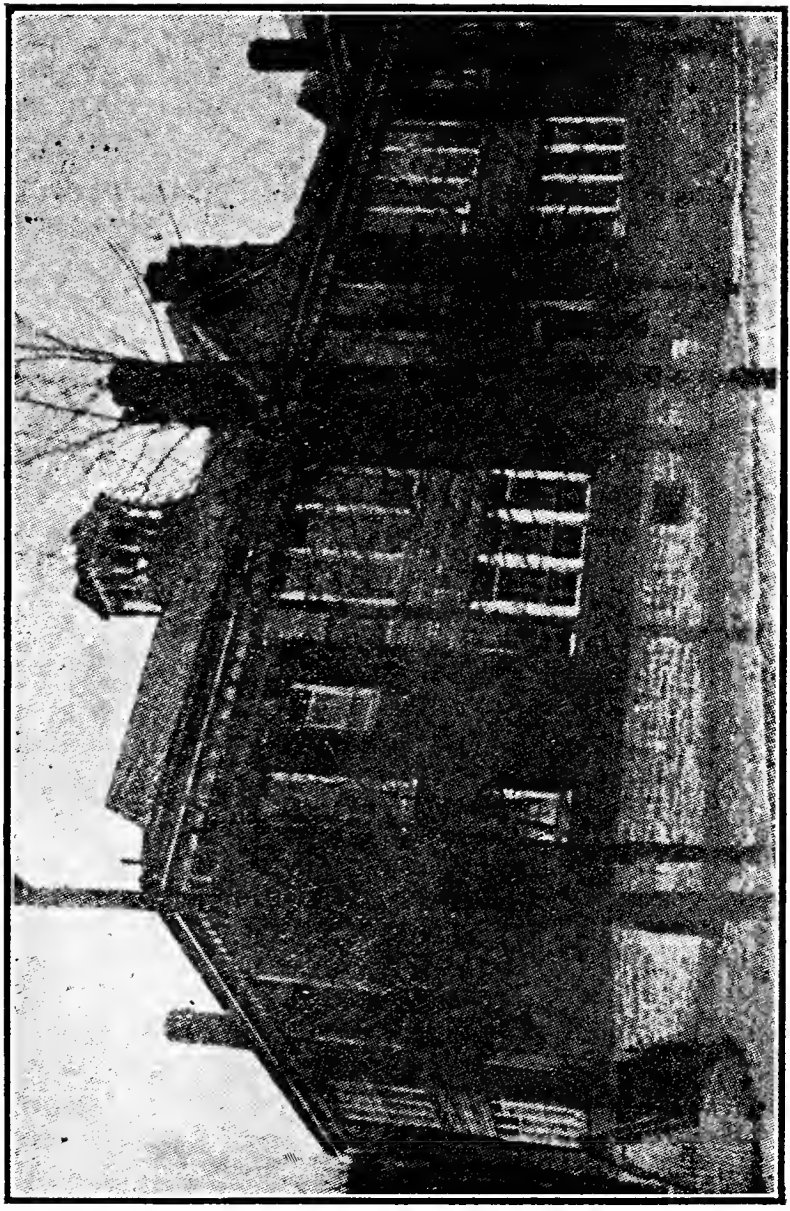
I want to say that Annisansell was a dashing cavalry officer, much after the style of Sheridan and Custer. He

was also a fine swordsman. He had a good set of men, one of the best bands on horseback in the service. His regiment was well drilled and did good service until they came to Bloomery, West Virginia. Here General Lander put him under arrest for doing his duty. I was near Colonel Annisansell when the disgraceful thing took place. If I were writing history for the grand old First West Virginia cavalry I would "air this thing." But as I am not, I will pass on.

Colonel Annisansell took from the old Ringgolds C. C. Krepps for his adjutant captain. The latter was a brave, daring, cavalry officer who had many warm friends in the Ringgold cavalry. All were sorry to see him leave. He also took Thomas H. Reeves from us for a captain. Reeves was a lively lad, and, when he left, the life went out of the old company. He was one of those genial, all-around, good soldiers. Every one in the company knew that Thomas would carve his way to fame, which he did.

There was one class of people that every member of the old Ringgolds despised,—the bushwhacker. And there were plenty of them in the mountains of West Virginia. These men gave us much annoyance. They would fire upon us from the rocks or from the bushes, sometimes killing our men or wounding them and killing or wounding our horses.

September 6th Captain Keys was ordered to take nineteen of his men and proceed to Patterson creek. Word had come to General Kelley that a man named Colonel Parsons was prowling around in that neighborhood with a squad of guerrillas ready for any act of cold-blooded murder. He was to remain at Burlington until morning if he thought that his command was secure. Captain Keys left camp as ordered. We came out at Sheetz's Mills about five o'clock. This place was on Patterson creek and is now called Headsville. Here we learned from a negro that there had been a band of Sheetz's men on the creek but they had returned to Romney that morning. Not hearing



PUBLIC SCHOOL, KEYSER

anything of Colonel Parsons we moved up Patterson creek after dusk to Burlington, as General Kelley had ordered. There we halted for the rest of the night in a large barn or stable. Our horses were all put inside. The usual guard was stationed. All turned in for a much needed rest close to our horses and arms.

Early in the morning a young man from Burlington, who was going to thrash for a neighbor, came to the barn to feed his horses. This young man was Jacob Ludwick who was twenty-one years of age. Just as he mounted his horse to leave for his work he shouted ,"Hurrah for Captain Keys." Just then he was shot by a squad of men under Colonel Parsons. He had heard of Captain Keys and had followed. They came out on the bluff overlooking our men just as this young man shouted. We charged them on foot, and they took to the mountains as usual. They only fired the one volley, killing this young man and one horse which belonged to William French, and wounding three or four more. Parsons never went into the regular service. The men under him were not regular soldiers. They were bushwhackers,—another name for cold-blooded murderers. That day we returned to camp at New Creek having lost one horse.

A few days later forty-five men under Lieutenant James P Hart were sent to Cold Stream, ten miles from New Creek. Here they routed a company of Confederates who were recruiting men for the Confederate army. This company had been annoying us at New Creek, and especially on Knobly mountain, where they had repeatedly attempted to capture our pickets. There were forty-five or fifty of them. We called on them about noon, without any invitation, when they were about ready to sit down to dinner. They fled at once, not waiting to ask us whether we would enjoy eating dinner with them or not. They went in all directions leaving a good warm dinner behind. In their haste they also left behind a Confederate flag, three feet wide and five feet long. This was quite a curiosity to the

Ohio boys as it was the first one captured in this section. It was claimed by Lewis Noel of the Ringgold cavalry. Though uninvited we sat down to the dinner that the Confederates had left behind with so little ceremony. How we enjoyed the warm biscuit, the fresh country butter and the chicken! We were never annoyed by the Cold Stream company any more. They gave up the war or joined other forces.

On September 12th Captain John Keys was ordered to proceed to Greenland gap, and there join the forces of Major Goodwin of the Fourth Ohio infantry with two hundred and seventeen men and one six pound gun. We left camp at New Creek at four o'clock. At midnight we reached Greenland in a drenching rain. Here we halted for breakfast. After breakfast the men all cleaned their guns for action. Major Goodwin had passed on to Schell's gap and had left word for us to follow. At that place we joined him. All told we had two hundred and eighty-five men. From here we moved forward to Petersburg, West Virginia, over swollen streams and muddy roads. We came out on Luney's creek. Marching south down this valley we came into the vicinity of Petersburg about three thirty o'clock. We found the enemy, between four and five hundred strong, as reported by the citizens of the place, posted on a ridge in and around an old log church, one mile from the town.

After a half hour's reconnoitering we were ordered to advance on the enemy's front. The artillery opened on their fort, the church. Our six pounder did wonders. One shot, with a terrific crash, went through the gable of the building. The enemy at once began to fall back. Captain Keys charged with his fifty-five men. The infantry and the artillery followed at a double-quick to support the cavalry, if a stand should be made this side of the town. When we reached the church we found that the enemy had fled, leaving every thing behind. Captain Keys pressed on after them. They passed through the town in full re-

treat toward Franklin. Some we could see were in full flight toward Moorefield. Captain Keys supposed that they were retreating to Moorefield, and so he took the road leading to that place. We followed until we came upon a wagon train loaded with supplies for the Southern army. There were three prisoners with the team as guides. We took from them six Union men who were being held as prisoners of war and who were to go south the next day. We also captured three hundred and fifty bushels of corn, twenty-three of the finest horses we had ever seen, nineteen sets of new harness, seventeen tents, a quantity of rice, sugar, beans and all their camp fixtures. When we returned to the old log church we found that supper had been prepared for us. Captain Keys returned to New Creek. The only loss on this scouting expedition was one horse wounded. The value of the supplies taken was estimated at $20,000.

Major Goodwin in his report of this charge says: "Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Captain John Keys and the gallant men under his command for the promptitude and vigor which they displayed in the presence of the enemy. It is simple justice to them to here state, that, without their aid, the teams and wagons loaded with provisions for the enemy could not have been captured."

While the old Ringgold cavalry was operating in the mountains of West Virginia there were stirring times in Missouri. The state had refused to secede. The disunionists were strong in that state. Both Federal and Confederate camps were organized and war broke out. The Confederates captured the arsenal at Liberty and secured a supply of arms and ammunition. Captain Nathaniel Lyon succeeded in having the supplies of the St. Louis arsenal saved by having them removed to Springfield. On the 17th he defeated Governor Jackson at Booneville. On July 5th Colonel Franz Sigel was successful in an engagement with the governor at Carthage. On the 10th of August General Lyon was defeated by Generals McCul-

lough and Price at Wilson's Creek. With but five thousand men he attacked a force of twice that number. He fell on this field of battle.

At Lexington, on the Missouri River, General Price captured Colonel Mulligan with a force of two thousand six hundred strong. General John C. Fremont took charge and drove Price as far south as Springfield. When ready to make an attack he was succeeded by General Hunter who took the army back to St. Louis. He was succeeded by General Halleck who forced Price south to Arkansas. On the 7th of November General Grant made an attack on Belmont, but, on the arrival of reinforcements, he was compelled to retreat.

CHAPTER V

ADVANCE ON ROMNEY

It will be remembered that General McClellan had undertaken the conquest of West Virginia. He took command in person, and, on the 11th of July, defeated the enemy at Rich mountain. We have already spoken of the part that the Ringgold cavalry took in trying to intercept Garnett's retreating army. On the 10th of August General Rosecrans routed the army of General Floyd at Carnifex Ferry, on the Gauley river. On September 14th a division of Confederates under General Lee was defeated at Cheat mountain. This resulted in Federal authority being completely restored in West Virginia.

The attention of General Kelley, who had charge of what was called the district of Grafton, which extended from Wheeling to Cumberland, was called to the town of Romney. This town was within two or three hours' ride of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. As long as it was held by Confederate troops the road was in danger of being torn up or the trains attacked. The place was also the headquarters for a recruiting station for the Confederate army, and men were drawn from several counties. There was a newspaper published at this place which was a very radical Confederate sheet. It was the only paper that went into many of the homes and was doing much to secure enlistments in the Confederate army. Besides this paper was very abusive, and misrepresented the United States government and the leaders in the war. General Kelley wanted to suppress this paper, and he also desired to learn the strength of the enemy's forces.

On September 23rd he ordered this expedition, and on the evening of that day all the available forces at New Creek were under marching orders. About fifty of the Ringgold cavalry, under command of Captain John Keys,

with other forces, went along. The expedition was in the command of Colonel Quirk of the Eighth Ohio infantry By the route which we took, the Knobly mountain road, Romney was eighteen or twenty miles distant. When we came on Patterson Creek Captain Keys put eight or ten men in the advance of his company He ordered them to proceed with the greatest caution. It was known that a considerable Confederate force was in camp at Romney.

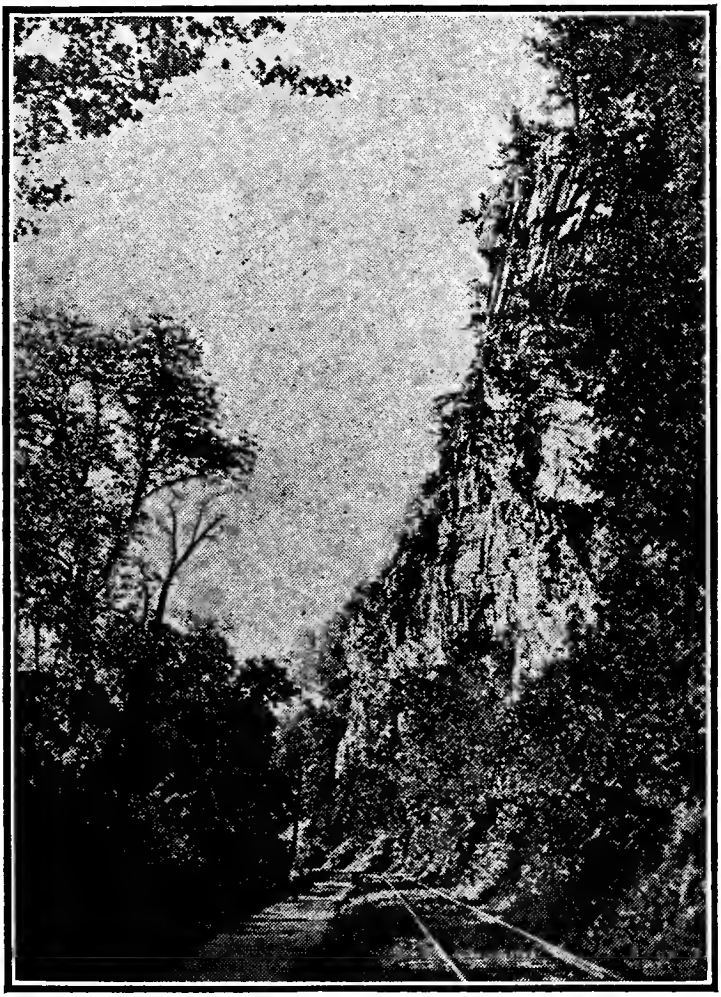
We moved within a mile of Mechanicsburg gap without any opposition. There the advance guard was fired upon without any challenge whatever. The picket turned and fled, closely pursued by our boys, who captured two or three stands of arms. This picket also wounded one or two horses. We followed them until we came to the mouth of the gap. Some little distance in the gap they had placed a barricade across the road. Behind this they had placed their reserve picket-post.

The cavalry entered this gap about one o'clock in the morning. We were entire strangers to the gap and also to the road. The night was very dark and Colonel Quirk ordered a forward move. The Ringgold cavalry was in advance. When we got within a stone's throw of this barricade we again, without a challenge, got a broadsider from behind this barricade. Two men were wounded and the horse of John W Gray was killed, which in falling caught his leg, holding him fast for a moment. He soon was free and on his feet, and, emptying his revolver, he jumped on behind a comrade and came out ready for duty, though minus a valuable horse.

Colonel Quirk ordered the cavalry to fall back to the mouth of the gap and join the infantry Here it was decided to divide the forces. A part was to go to a point about eight miles below, cross the South branch of the Potomac, and pass through a gap known as the Hanging Rocks. The object was to get on the enemy's rear, and attack him both on the front and rear at the same time. The plan was all that could be desired. The trouble was

that some of the officers lost their heads when the critical moment came.

About daybreak we crossed the South branch of the



HANGING ROCKS

Potomac near the Hanging Rocks. There was a heavy fog on the river. When about half way under the Hanging Rocks we came upon another of their obstructions. From behind this barricade a volley was received but it did us no harm. At the same time a company from above opened fire upon us and began to throw large rocks and stones

into our ranks. Some of the infantry were wounded, and others, jumping into the river, swam to the other shore, only to be shot down from the rocks above, while some were drowned. While in this condition the men in the infantry were heard calling for their officers. Just here Captain Keys took in the situation, and he was heard calling out to the men, urging them to advance on the enemy. Had it not been for the cool deportment of Captain Keys and his officers a most disgraceful disaster would have followed.

In a few moments we were quietly moved back across the river, and up the valley where we could see the enemy on the rocks above. A mile above we recrossed the riven and moved up in sight of the town. While here we could see troops moving about in the place. Here we waited to hear from the troops that were to attack in front, as we were to move on the rear at the same time. We remained in view of the town until four o'clock, when we were ordered back to join our other forces. After dark we came to Mechanicsburg gap, where we got something for man and horse to eat, the first for thirty-six hours, being in the saddle all that time.

After supper we lay down on our arms, with our horses saddled and every thing ready to move at the first blast of the bugle. In the morning, long before day, all were ready for the move on Romney. Intense excitement reigned among the boys. At seven o'clock the bugle called to horse. Soon after we fell into line, and by half past seven we were moving through the Mechanicsburg gap, one of the most naturally fortified places in all that section of the country.

There was no resistance offered. The Ringgolds were in advance as usual. At every turn of the road we looked for an ambush. We cleared the gap, crossed the river beyond, and were raising the bluff to the cemetery, when we received our first call from a shotgun in the hands of a horseman at the entrance to the Indian Mound cemetery.

Just then Captain Keys ordered a charge. The Ring-

golds, with revolvers in hand, gave the yell and away all went in full pursuit of eight or ten men who had been instructed to fire on our advance and then fall back through the town, and draw us into a gap at the south of that place, where the enemy was strongly ambushed with artillery, cavalry and infantry. From the colored people we learned the strength as well as the position of the enemy. After skirmishing with them for some time we were ordered back to town. Here we rejoined the infantry which had come up, and remained for some time, caring for our wounded horses, and taking a short rest for man and beast; in the meantime we destroyed the printing office.

As we had accomplished the purpose of our visit, having destroyed the printing office and learned the strength of the enemy, we were ordered to fall back to New Creek. We had scarcely crossed the river, a mile from the town, when Captain Keys, who was covering the forces, cried out, "There they come!" Looking back we saw coming, at full charge in our rear, some cavalry. We prepared to meet their charge. When within one hundred and seventy-five yards the boys were ordered to fire. When the smoke cleared away, we could see horses without riders going toward the town. We learned later that several men were killed and a number wounded.

The volley from the cavalry checked them only for a short time to let their artillery and infantry come into full view. We kept up a running fight all the way from Romney back to New Creek, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles. The enemy picked up a number of the boys who gave out from continuous marching. We reached New Creek about dusk on the evening of the 25th.

Our loss on this expedition was four men slightly wounded, John M. Myers, Amos Queene, Christian Kinder, and Lieutenant H. A. Myers. We had one horse killed and six wounded. Colonel Quirk resigned soon after giving as his reason the fact that he was not competent to hold such a position. We remained at New Creek until

the commanding general could concentrate his forces for a move on Romney. The idea was to hold the place as an outpost to protect the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the great artery of supply for the army, both East and West.

CHAPTER VI

CAPTURE OF ROMNEY

On the evening of October 23rd the Ringgolds were in camp on the Armstrong property at New Creek. We were located on the bluff to the right of the beautiful mansion occupied by Mr. Armstrong at the breaking out of the war. This was now used as the headquarters of General Kelly and Captain John Keys.

About four o'clock Captain Keys, accompanied by General Kelley, came into camp and told us that the Fourth Ohio infantry would arrive from Camp Pendleton, Maryland, about six o'clock, after a march of some sixty miles. He also told us that they were without rations, and asked whether we would get supper for them if rations were provided. All along the line could be heard, "Yes!" "Yes!" "Yes!" General Kelley said to Keys, "Captain, it is a great honor to have charge of such a set of men as you have in your company."

The boys of the old Ringgold cavalry were soon busy building fires, cutting meat, grinding coffee by pounding it in rags, cleaning beans and looking for our callers that arrived late in the evening. We had a good supper for a set of tired-out, hungry soldiers. General Kelley and Captain Keys, with an escort, went out to meet them. When they arrived in camp and stacked arms, the first order was, "Attention, Fourth Ohio infantry! three cheers for our friends, the Ringgold cavalry!" Weary as they were they gave the old Buckeye yell. Then they set to the work of satisfying the needs of the inner man. How they enjoyed that supper! They ate as only hungry soldiers can eat. The old Fourth Ohio always had a kindly feeling for the Ringgold cavalry. They always had a cracker or a blanket for us, even if it was their last. We met some of the boys who were with us at the taking of

Petersburg some time before, under Major Goodwin. After taps we all divided our tents with our visitors, and turned in for a rest.

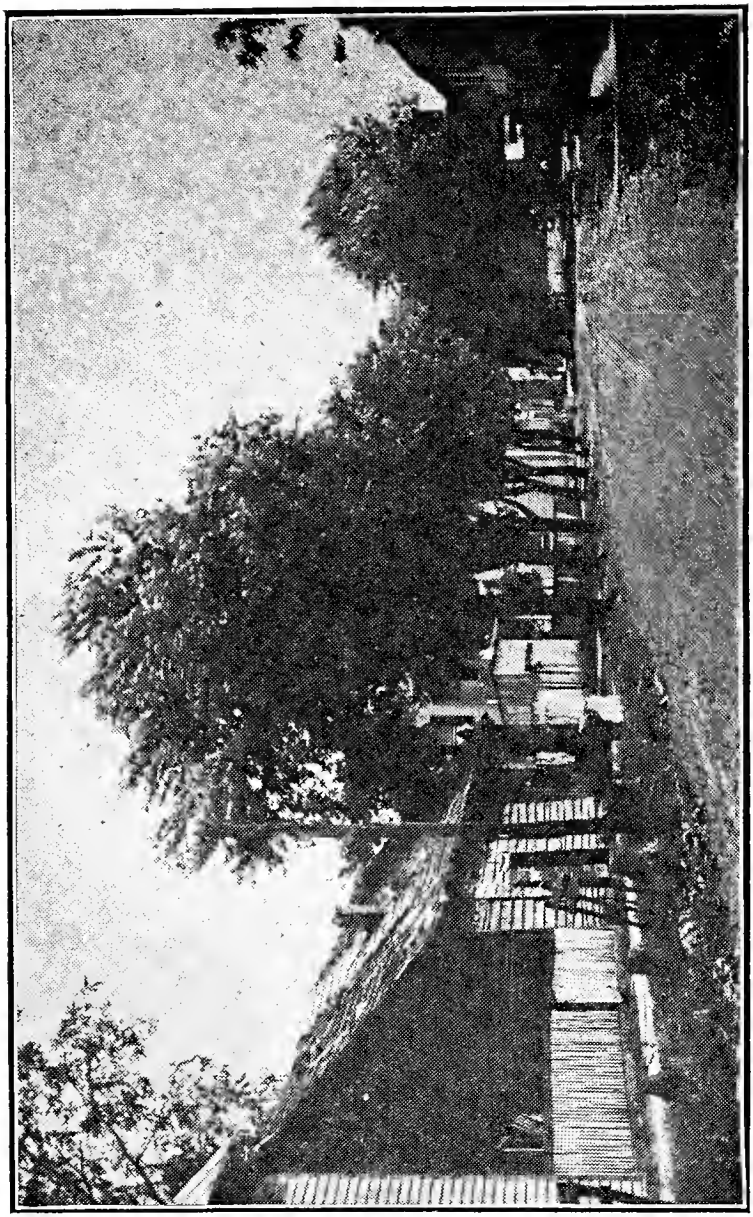
The next day was a very busy one. Every one was cleaning arms and drawing and cooking rations for a three days' move. The cavalry was ordered to have all horses properly shod. Reinforcements were coming in during the day. Orderlies at the headquarters were carrying dispatches to the different commands.

All things being in readiness we broke camp at New Creek on the morning of October 25th at five o'clock. Regiment after regiment began falling in, artillery, infantry and cavalry, General B. F. Kelley commanding in person. Captain John Keys was ordered with his company, the Ringgold cavalry, to take the advance. We moved up New Creek until we struck the Northwestern pike. Turning south we took the road to Romney. This is a beautiful mud pike, passing through the mountains to the Shenandoah valley of Virginia.

We passed Ridgeville on the mountain, arriving at Burlington, now in Mineral county, lying in a beautiful valley on Patterson creek. Here the command halted for dinner, after which we resumed our march in the direction of Romney, where there was known to be a large Confederate force under Colonel McDonald, consisting of artillery, infantry and cavalry. We had reliable information that he had been reinforced by "Stonewall" Jackson from Winchester, as this was an outpost of Jackson's army at that place.

When we left Burlington nothing out of the usual order had happened. When we came in sight of the road leading to Moorefield, better known as the Junction, we came on their picket, twenty-five or thirty cavalry. They opened fire on us with shotguns. Keys ordered a charge. We were over a half mile in advance of the head of our column.

We drew our revolvers, and away we went in full view



MAIN STREET, ROMNEY, HAMPSHIRE CO., W. VA.

of the enemy They exchanged shots with us for at least three miles when they came to Mechanicsburg gap. Instead of entering the gap they turned to the left and took shelter behind an old log barn. We naturally supposed we had them or soon would have them. In this charge we had gotten away from our command which was about three miles in our rear.

Some one on a fine sorrel horse, who seemed to be in command, would ride out from behind this log barn, as though taking in the situation. Captain Keys ordered the writer and his camp mate, Isaac T. Dawson, to come forward, dismout and shoot this man. Dawson was a dead shot with a carbine. In a moment this same man came out in view again. We let go on him. He got under cover quickly as one of us had the range on him.

Just as this man moved behind the barn, a puff of smoke came from the corner of that building, from a twelve pound howitzer. A solid twelve pound shot came crashing through the brush, and tore up the ground all around us. We gave up the idea of getting those fellows as prisoners at this particular time. Keys ordered a retreat until our artillery could be brought forward to shell their situation. The Confederates threw two or three shot, then limbered up, moved through the gap and took up their position in the Indian Mound cemetery, with one or two rifle cannon.

Sergeant Hopkins Moffitt had an experience on this charge that he will never forget to his dying day. The sergeant always was an admirer of a fine horse. When in the service he aimed to have the best in the command. And by the way, Hopkins knew a good horse when he saw one. As usual on this occasion he was riding a fine young horse which became unmanageable, and was running away with him while on the charge. He was getting far ahead of his companions, and was about to be carried into bad company,—right into the ranks of the enemy He could not control the animal with the severe army bit which he used. The sergeant saw that something desperate must be done

or he would be a prisoner. Visions of every prison pen in the South passed before his mental gaze. But Hopkins did not have the least desire to put up at any one of these hostelries. He did a daring thing. Leaning forward he took both reins in his hands, close to the horse's mouth, and threw himself from the saddle. He succeeded in keeping his feet and drew his horse into a fence, just in time to prevent his capture. The enemy understood the situation, and slowed up in hope of securing him as a prisoner.

After our forces came up we moved through this gap without a shot being fired, where, in less than a month before, we had quite an engagement. The cavalry came as far as the white house, when, from the cemetery beyond the river, we were fired on from three pieces of artillery,—two six pound rifle guns, and one twelve pound howitzer. Their rifle guns were in position to rake the road leading from this gap. The first shot, a six pound ball, passed just over the company from front to rear, and lodged in the side of this same white house, after traveling a mile and a half.

Captain Keys drew his men from the range of the guns into a ravine to wait until General Kelley came up. The latter was traveling in a carriage as he had not fully recovered from the wound received at Philippi. When he came up his troops were halted out of range of the enemy's guns, until he could see what could be done. Keys informed him that the river was altogether impassable for the infantry, and that the enemy held the bridge, with three pieces of artillery The only thing that could be done was to let him storm their position with the Ringgold cavalry. General Kelley told him that he would never give such an order for they would annihilate his company.

Captain Keys returned to his company The enemy kept up the artillery fire. He went to where the general and his officers were holding a council, and again asked that he be allowed to charge the enemy. General Kelley said, "Captain, for me to sacrifice such a body of men as

you command, sir, I will never give such an order." Meanwhile the enemy was pounding away in great glee, thinking that they could seriously dispute any further advance from this approach. A third time Captain Keys went to General Kelley, and assured him that he could drive the enemy from their position, if he would permit him to do so. General Kelley told him that, if he would stand responsible to the War Department, he could use his pleasure about the matter. Keys replied that he would stand responsible both for his boys and for himself.

Sometime near three o'clock Captain Keys came riding down to his company. He knew they were as brave and true as ever mounted a horse or drew a blade. There was something in his manner that attracted our attention when he called out, "Attention, Ringgold cavalry!" He took his place in the front of his company, fully realizing the situation. He knew this charge would cover himself and his company with glory, or hurl them down to shame and contempt. Here, like Hannibal, he called on his fifty-four well-tried and brave men for what he wanted them to do. Said he, "My boys, you represent the grand old Keystone state and Washington county, the banner county in the state. You are called on today, in the face of a hostile foe, to seal your love for your country with your blood. We are about to attempt something not heard of in all the annals of warfare, fifty-four men to charge an enemy, having from six hundred to seven hundred men, artillery, infantry and cavalry; we are able for the task."

At this he took his place at the head of his men, and gave the order, "Forward, march!" Here was a time that tried the mettle of men. We were moved down this ravine. Here we secured the services of a negro who knew of a ford above the bridge, out of the enemy's view The Captain told this man that he would shoot him if he led him into any trap. The company crossed the river without any trouble, and was taken through Mr. Gibson's yard, and up the hollow above the house, where we were drawn up

in line. Here we re-capped our guns and our revolvers. We were in a position in which not one mistake must be made. Every thing must tell in our favor. A single mistake would, in all probability, have proved disastrous

Just before we raised the bluff in our front our captain rode along the line, giving each man a word of encouragement. When we came to the top of the bluff we were to give the Washington county yell. At the moment Keys began the charge Kelley was to move at a double-quick with all his forces.

It was nearly four o'clock when the order was given, "Attention, cavalry! forward, march!" When we ascended the bluff we saw that we were on a level, or nearly so, with the cemetery, where their artillery was posted. Before we could reach this place we had to cross a ten acre field and a deep ravine. Just as we came on top of this bluff we raised the yell. Kelley's men took it up. I do not suppose for a moment that the town of Romney ever heard any thing like it before. Captain Keys expected the enemy to turn their guns on his men as soon as they came in sight. Every man in his command was nerved for this. Instead of this, as soon as they heard the Washington county yell, they began to limber up for a retreat. Why they did this will always remain one of the mysteries of the war. One thing is sure they must have been panic stricken at the sight of the cavalry which they thought was beyond the river.

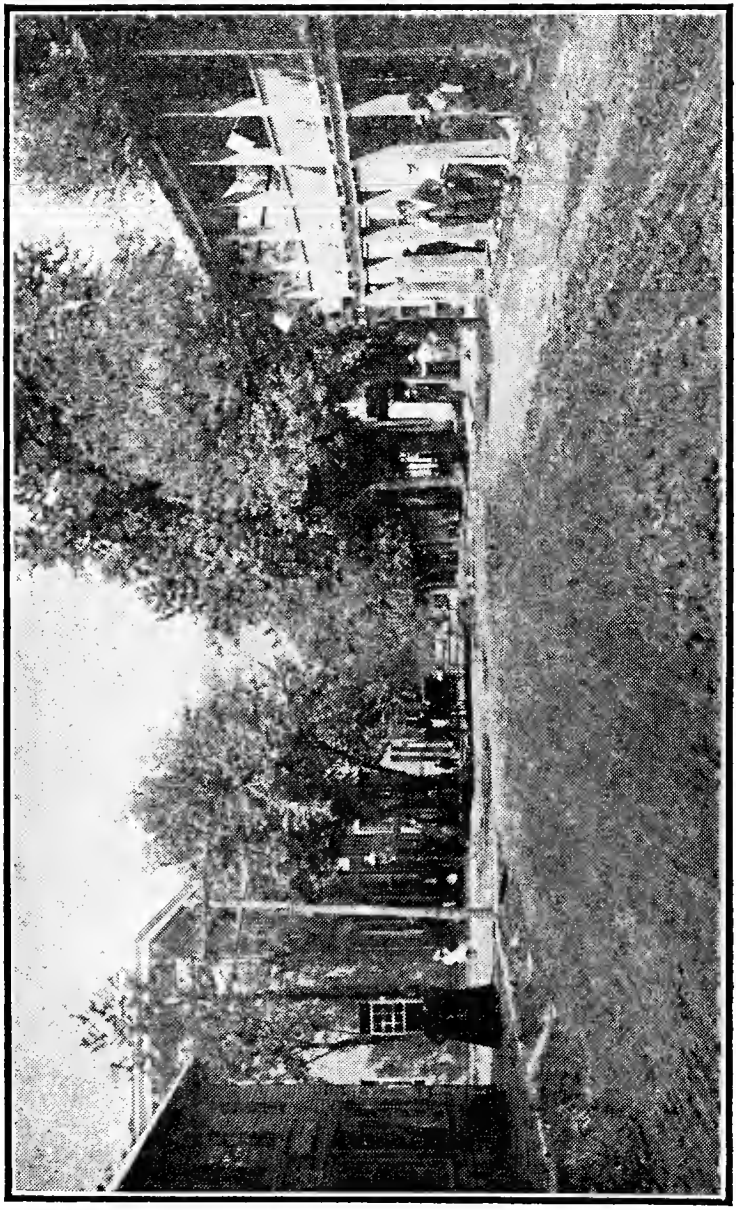
When Captain Keys saw their move at the cemetery he pressed on about a quarter of a mile into the town. The enemy had placed a twelve pound howitzer in front of the court house near the center of the town, shotted with grape and canister to sweep the street. The quick eye of Captain Keys took in the situation at a glance. He ordered his men to file to the right and left into a cross street. At this the enemy pulled out for the gap beyond the town, no doubt thinking that they were being flanked by the movement of Captain Keys. Just as the howitzer got

under way the company was ordered to charge. We were not to let the enemy have time for any thing but to surrender, which some of them did.

The Ringgold cavalry took every thing in sight, and pressed the enemy for some seven or eight miles toward Winchester. Louis Arthurs and Hopkins Moffit went the farthest out of any of them. The last capture was made by the courageous Moffitt. He came on the commander of the Confederate forces, Colonel McDonald, who was riding in a carriage drawn by two mules. When he saw the yankee in pursuit he left the carriage and took to the bush. Sergeant Moffitt drove this team to the Marshall Hotel in Romney and presented it to General Kelley in the name of the Ringgold cavalry. In turn General Kelley presented to the Ringgold cavalry the twelve pound howitzer with the congratulations of the entire command.

In this charge our company captured three cannon, the entire camp outfit and all the teams and wagons loaded with the valuables of the enemy. The value of these things was established at $75,000 by the United States government. The only loss of the cavalry was two or three horses killed, some eight or ten wounded and three or four which died from over exertion. This camp which had been such a great annoyance to the forces at New Creek and such a source of trouble to the Ringgold cavalry since early in August of that year was, in an hour and a half, wrested from the enemy.

The magnitude of the work done in this short time by Captain John Keys with his force of fifty-four men will be better understood by refering to General Kelley's report of the charge at Romney, October 25, 1861, by Captain John Keys of the Ringgold cavalry. This report was made to General Scott. In this report he calls the attention of the country to the brilliant charge of Captain Keys of the Ringgold cavalry. As a compliment to the bravery displayed by Captain Keys and his company, General Kelley ordered that the post at Romney be called Camp Keys, and



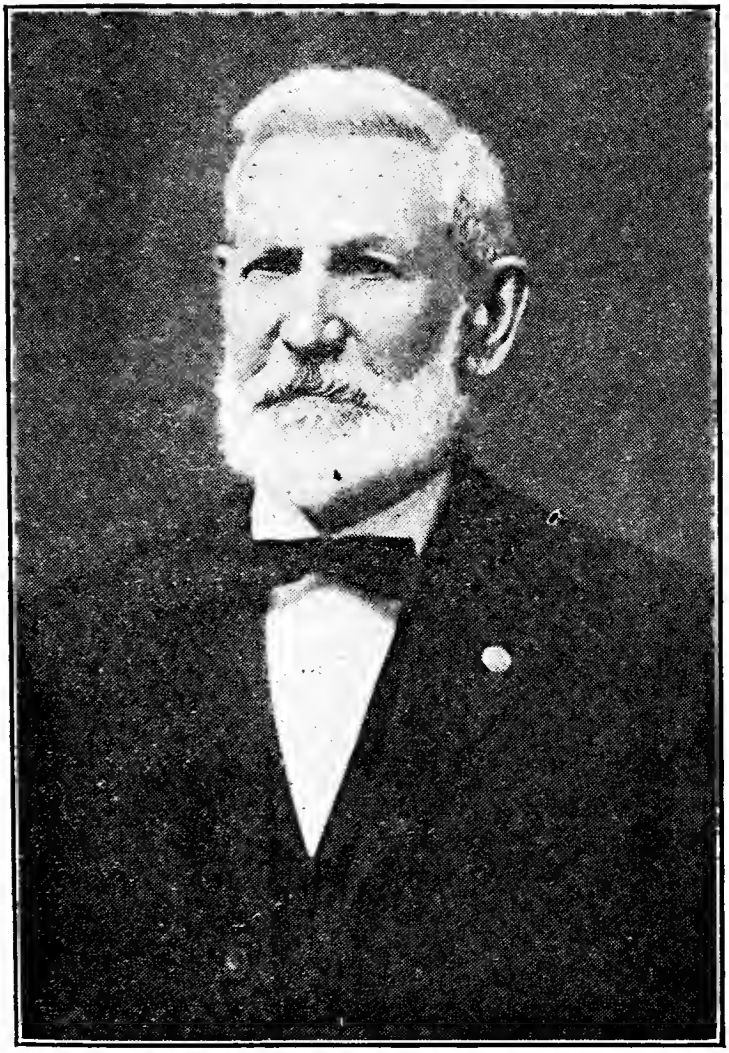
SOUTH MAIN STREET, ROMNEY

that all communications to headquarters should be addressed accordingly.

One capture made at Romney must not be forgotten. The Confederates left behind a barrel of apple-jack. They were surely badly frightened or they would not have forgotten their "nerve builder." Perhaps the commander forgot to issue rations that morning. Had some of them come back to Romney that night they could have witnessed an amusing sight. In the evening Captain Keys went to confer with General Kelley One of our boys reported his capture. Soon we were all on the scene. The head of the barrel was bursted in. Then the fun began, some with tin cups, some with pans, all drawing liquid rations, which was kept up for quite a while. When the rush seemed to be over, one of the boys delivered a rousing speech, urging the boys to stand up to the good work in hand, and do justice to the occasion. I might add that the orator was able to stand and make his address by holding on to the barrel. But the fun quickly came to an end when the captain returned. He ordered "Daddy" Wickerham, with a guard to put a stop to our merriment. Every one knew Wickerham. When he once came upon the scene the fun was all over. He was one man who never swerved from the path of duty as a soldier. I might add also that he was never known to drink while in the service, or use profane language, or even to take a chew of tobacco. He was a man that every one in the company esteemed highly. He was a true soldier and was true to his family as well as to his country.

A few days after the capture of Romney a force of three thousand men was thrown across the Potomac river at Ball's Bluff, in charge of Colonel Baker. They were attacked by General Evans with a strong Confederate force and driven back to the river. Colonel Baker was killed and fully eight hundred of his men were killed or taken prisoners.

After much discussion the authorities at Washington



LOUIS ARTHURS

agreed on a plan for the war. It will assist us in getting a good idea of this great conflict to keep this plan in mind. It was carried out in every detail. There were four things that all felt must be accomplished. The first thing was to blockade all the Southern ports so as to cut off their getting supplies from abroad for carrying on the war. This was a great help to the Union cause, and without this the war might have been prolonged many years. The second thing was to capture Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. The third was to open the Mississippi river, with the Tennessee and the Cumberland, which the Confederates had closed to navigation. The fourth was to break the Confederate line in the West, march an army to the Atlantic and north to Virginia.

CHAPTER VII

IN CAMP AT ROMNEY

As a fact of interest let me say that this was the eighth time that Romney had changed hands during the civil war. Winchester, Virginia, changed hands seventy-eight times during the war. If the complete record could be obtained it is believed that Romney would surpass Winchester. Romney has fifty-six times placed to its credit. Those who are familiar with the facts claim that there are many more, but, as no record can be found, the fifty-six captures of the town will have to suffice. There was not a battle every time the town changed hands. At times the soldiers of one army would march peaceably in, and those of the other side would march out. At other times a few shots would be exchanged. The most severe engagement took place when General Kelley captured the town.

Camp Keys at Romney became an established outpost of the United States. Here there was a force of about two thousand men, under command of Colonel Samuel H. Dunning, of the Fifth Ohio infantry. This place was regarded as an important outpost.

You will understand why the old Ringgold cavalry was kept so busy here when I tell you that "Stonewall" Jackson had been assigned to the department covering the lower Shenandoah valley and the adjacent mountain counties including Hampshire and Hardy. His headquarters were at Winchester. General Jackson was a man that was feared by all our commanders, and his presence at Winchester, so near Romney, meant a great deal of work for the old Ringgold cavalry. As a commander he was able and aggressive, and was thoroughly devoted to the Confederate cause. He was to hold this part of Virginia for the Confederacy and to prevent the operation of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

The War Department, fearing an attack from Jackson, sent two thousand more troops to Romney. The Washington cavalry was summoned from the Cheat mountain district. Though there were over four thousand soldiers at Camp Keys, there was not a large body of cavalry. This will help to explain why we were kept so very busy while at this place. One or more cavalrymen were detailed for each outer picket to serve as couriers in case of an attack.

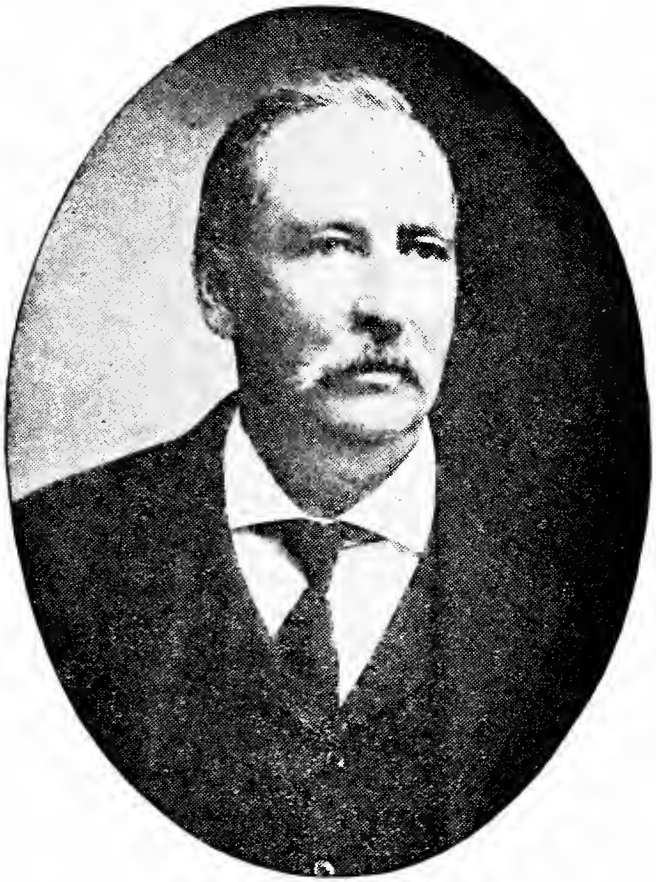
General Jackson reached Winchester, November 4th. The next day he wrote the Confederate War Department for more troops. His ambition was to capture General Kelley and all his forces, or drive him out of West Virginia. He was anxious to drive every Union man out of his district, and was counting on capturing Cumberland so that he could replenish his stock of supplies.

He was urging that he be given more men so that General Kelley's army, or a large portion of it, "with God's blessing," would soon be in his possession. This was to be his first move. He wanted to see Northwestern Virginia, as it was then called, in the hands of the Confederates as soon as possible, as the resources for sustaining the troops were more abundant at that time of the year. He urged the fact that the Union troops were not expecting an attack; that if they waited until spring they might be reinforced and be ready for their coming. The forthcoming additional troops were not provided at once. As it was Jackson had over ten thousand men at Winchester.

Not long after we were settled down in Romney an incident took place that helped to break the dull monotony of camp life. Two of the Ringgold boys, Thomas C. Buckingham and Samuel D. Bane, were detailed for picket on the Winchester road with orders to report to Lieutenants Freeman and Hall, who were in charge of the outpost with over fifty infantry. There was a large force at Blue's gap, eighteen miles from Romney The cavalry boys were at this outpost to watch the enemy. Should there be a sur-

prise or move of any kind they were to report the matter at once to General Kelley at Headquarters.

On the morning of November 3rd the lieutenants in charge of this body of infantry decided they would go



T. C. BUCKINGHAM

down the road to Mrs. French's store, about a mile outside of the lines. They asked permission of the cavalry boys to use their horses. It had been a custom for the boys to go to this place, and Captain Sheetz, of the Confederates, decided that he would capture the next move of this kind. On this morning, contrary to all military rules and regulation, these two lieutenants, Freeman and Hall, on the two horses belonging to our cavalry boys, were proceeding, so

they thought, in all safety, when Captain Sheetz, who was on the lookout, gave the signal and a squad came on the road in the rear of them, cutting off all retreat, while he closed in on them as prisoners. This all was done quietly; not a shot was fired.

Our boys back at the picket were waiting for the return of the officers with their horses. Besides it was about time for the relief to arrive from Romney. As they were slow about returning the boys walked down the road hoping in this way to hurry matters up a little. When out of sight of the infantry, just at a turn in the road, they were charged on by a squad of the same men who had captured the lieutenants a little while before. At first the boys thought that this was a scouting party of our own men as those in the front ranks had on blue coats. They discovered their mistake when a ball whizzed past them, and they were called on to halt. The Confederates came after them in full pursuit, and caught Buckingham in the road. He was a poor soldier on foot, with a saber to trip him, but a good one in the saddle. Bane outran Buckingham, and jumping over into the field, took to the brush and got away, minus a good horse and a full set of equipment.

I never heard what became of these lieutenants. No good soldier would leave his post of duty, as they did, and endanger the whole command at Romney. This did away with the Ringgolds loaning their horses while on duty. Buckingham went the rounds through the South, and was gone nearly a year. When "Buck," as we called him, came back from his Southern excursion, he swore that the next officer who got his horse while on duty would be a fine looking fellow; that if he furnished any more horses for the Southern army he would make the delivery himself. This was a trifle expensive as the Ringgold cavalry owned their own horses, the government paying them for the use of the same. Besides losing his horse "Buck" was not well pleased with the fare at the different hotels where he was invited to stop for a time, such as hotel Libby, hotel

Belle Island, and so on, all along the route; but some people are hard to please.

On November 4th, General Kelley ordered Lieutenant James P Hart, with a force of twenty-four men from the Ringgold cavalry, to reconnoiter the road to Winchester as far as Frenchburg, some eight or ten miles from camp. When out about five miles from Romney we were fired on by a party of bushwhackers, secreted in the brush near the road. Their first and only volley, for they ran as their custom was, badly wounded Sergeant Hopkins Moffitt, who was in charge of the advance. A horse belonging to Corporal Adam Richardson was shot through the neck.

As soon as Lieutenant Hart heard the firing in his front he came up in time to see some twelve or fifteen men on the mountain side. We gave them a few volleys after which Sergeant Moffitt returned to camp in charge of A. B. Richardson. The company went on to Frenchburg without any further annoyance. Right here the Ringgold boys swore vengeance upon the cowardly bushwhackers. Had we gotten any of them that day all they would have been worth to their friends was their life insurance, provided they had any The enemy seemed to divine something of the kind from the manner of their retreat

The scout returned to Romney where we found Sergeant Moffitt suffering from a very painful wound. The ball was extracted, so they thought, at the hospital at Romney. Over thirty years after a physician removed a part of this same ball, and one year later another piece was removed. The sergeant believes that he still has enough lead in him to kill a Confederate, though not quite enough at first to kill a yankee.

This was the first man that we had shot from the bush. We had three or four men wounded when we advanced on Romney in September before. This we looked upon as the legitimate results of war. To bushwhack was a thing beneath the Ringgold cavalry. Only cowards were ready for this cold-blooded warfare. There were a few men,

well known to the Ringgold cavalry, that Camp Chase, Ohio would never have seen, had the boys of our company gotten hold of them the first winter of the war. They were a terror, not only to the Federal soldier, but to the Confederate as well.

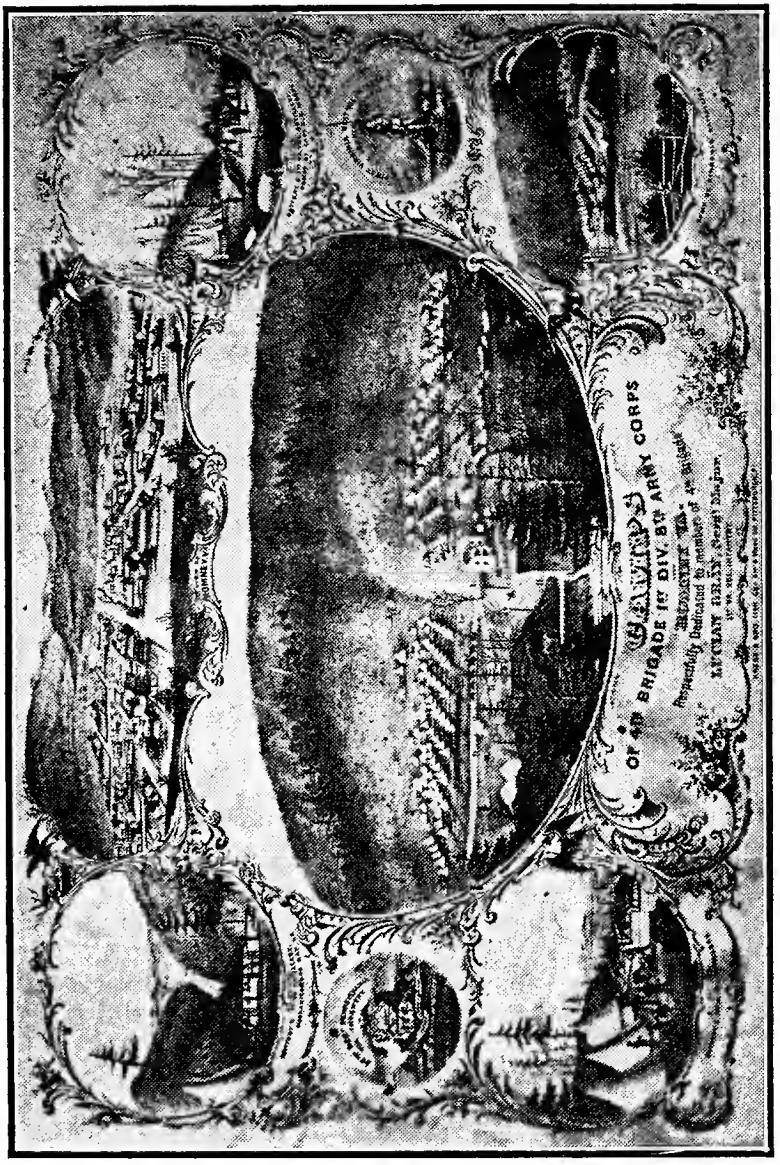
On November 5th General Kelley decided to move on Blue's gap, about eighteen or twenty miles from Romney. There were a force of Confederate cavalry and some militia located at that place, in all about three hundred and fifty or four hundred, who were recruiting and drilling for the Southern army This force at Colonel Blue's was never met in an open fight; they were usually in the brush. If they were caught in the open, they would take to the woods.

This movement to call on Colonel Blue's friends was in charge of Captain John Keys. He had with him fifty men from the Fourth Ohio infantry, fifty men from the Kelley lancers, six men from Daum's battery with the howitzer and forty-three of the Ringgold boys, in all one hundred and forty-seven men.

This command left Camp Keys (Romney) about three o'clock in the morning, going south over the Winchester road. When the advance was out seven or eight miles, just as it was getting cleverly light, the boys saw two horses hitched in front of a house, a few hundred yards in advance. They made a dash for them, but the Confederates mounted in time for their usual skedaddle. They had ventured about a half mile from their home,—the brush,—and ran because they could not fly.

The command moved on until in sight of this wonderful gap. Beyond the river we could plainly see troops moving about. Captain Keys ordered the Dutch to bring the howitzer forward. The infantry was to support this gun. Lieutenant Hart, with the Ringgold boys, was to charge this bridge. Just beyond the bridge, in a field, there was a large squad of Confederate infantry The lancers were to remain for a reserve in case they were called on.

The ball was opened by the Confederates when Lieu-


OF 4th BRIGADE 1st DIV 8th ARMY CORPS

tenant Hart approached the bridge. The Ringgold boys soon returned the fire from their carbines, something which these Confederates had never heard before. At this the captain ordered the Dutch to salute them with the howitzer. This was more than they could endure and soon they were at their old job, running away Somehow our Confederate friends did not like the old howitzer. When it began its work it never took them long to get out of the way

Lieutenant Hart now ordered a charge, but before anything could be done we had to cross the bridge. Before we could do so we saw an old lady beyond the bridge, waving a white handkerchief, which was to apprise us that the floor of the bridge had been torn up. So much for this old lady whom we found to be a strong Confederate. We soon replaced the floor, and the command all moved on to the Blue's, who lived in the mouth of this gap. The infantry went on into the gap and found that the road was obstructed with trees. They returned and we remained here about an hour, and captured several Confederate citizens. The captain had them take the oath of allegiance. After this we all returned to the camp at Romney, reaching there before dark. Not one of our men had received a scratch. This Blue's gap was one of the most naturally fortified places that we saw in all our travels. There was no place to flank; we had simply to pass the gap or withdraw.

On November 13th General Kelley ordered Lieutenant H. A. Myers, with twenty-four men from the Ringgold cavalry, with Lieutenant Jenkins, of the Washington cavalry, with twenty-four men, to move south over the Winchester road as far as Frenchburg.

The command had gone as far as the gap just before coming to the village. The advance had gone well into the gap, and the head of the column had fairly entered when, from the bluff to our right, we were fired on from the brush. The first volley killed private Drumm of the Washington cavalry. William Hartranft of the Ringgold

cavalry saw him fall from his horse, and, jumping from his own horse, he lifted Drumm, who was already dead, up in front of a comrade. The enemy kept up a sharp fire. The man who was carrying the body of Drumm dropped it, as his horse was struck with a ball and became unmanageable. A second time Hartranft jumped from his horse to rescue the body of his friend. Just as he was in the act of lifting him up before his brother, Silas Drumm, he fell dead with the body of his friend in his arms. A bullet fired from the bushes had pierced his own heart.

In this bushwhack, for such it was, we had two men killed and twelve or fifteen horses wounded. The enemy got two sets of arms from the dead. The command fell back out of range and dispatched to Romney for an ambulance, when we were reinforced. We removed our dead to Romney.

After preparing for burial the bodies of the dead were sent home to Brownsville in charge of the writer and Silas Drumm, a brother of one of the men killed. Acting on instructions received from Captain Keys, as soon as we reached Wheeling, I reported to Governor Pierpont. I soon found his office; when I introduced myself he at once took my hand. I then told him of my business. I shall always remember his look as he exclaimed, "My God, have they killed two of my Ringgold boys!"

Governor Pierpont ordered two white hearses to convey the bodies to the Custom House. A sergeant and a file of infantry were placed as a guard of honor until the next morning, when the bodies were delivered at the depot for Washington. When we reached Claysville, Edward Smith, then the sheriff of the county, boarded the train, with quite a number of men from Washington. They had come to meet us as Governor Pierpont had notified the authorities at Washington on our arrival at Wheeling the evening before. Sheriff Smith virtually took charge of the whole thing.

On our arrival at Washington the bodies were left at the Baltimore and Ohio depot in charge of the good people of the town. Drumm and I were taken to a hotel and had supper which had been previously ordered. While we were at supper the sheriff and his friends, in twenty minutes, raised forty-three dollars to keep Comrade Drumm and I free of all expense. In addition to this they furnished a two-horse spring wagon to convey the bodies to Brownsville where they were buried in a twin grave. They also furnished us with a buggy free of charge. Let me say here that few men were more loyal to old glory than Sheriff Smith. He had two brothers in the Federal army.

This is one of the saddest incidents that happened while we were in camp at Romney. The noblest place for man to die is where he dies for man. The Confederate squad that killed these two men was in charge of John C. Leps, orderly sergeant of George Sheetz's company, with a force of men from Blue's gap. I am indebted to Charles Vandiver for this information. He was with Leps at the time and got Hartranft's revolver.

Before we pass on to the events of 1862, it may be of interest to my readers to call attention to what had been accomplished by the Navy In April President Lincoln had declared all the ports from Virginia to Texas blockaded. The South had been sending 4,500,000 bales of cotton to Europe every year. He saw that a terrible blow would be struck at the Confederacy if this shipment could be prevented. Our vessels were to stand on guard and prevent the ships of all nations from entering or leaving any of our ports. This was a thing easier commanded than done. There were only about ninety vessels in our Navy Some of these were out of repair. Still others were in foreign seas. Then our little Navy had to assist the army by carrying supplies and troops. They had also to bombard the forts along the coasts and give battle to the war vessels of the enemy.

The result of the blockade was a raise in the price of

cotton in Europe, while it went still lower in the South, as there was no sale for it. Vessels that were small and swift were built in Europe to steal into our ports on dark and stormy nights and get cargoes of cotton. These were called bockade runners. The cotton was taken to the West Indies and reshipped to Europe. About one bale now reached Europe for every hundred that were sent there before the war Great suffering was caused to the South by this, as this section had to depend on the trade in cotton to buy manufactured articles in foreign countries. No longer could it be said that "cotton was king." This was a deathblow to the Confederacy

When the South found that the nations of Europe would not join in with them in breaking the blockade, she was forced to rely on privateering. Armed Confederate vessels put to sea and destroyed the merchant ships wherever they could find them. The "Sumter" was among the first and the most successful of these privateers. In a month she had destroyed vessels and commerce worth many thousands of dollars. A half dozen vessels were sent in pursuit but she continued her work of destruction for more than six months.

To get aid for the Confederacy John Slidell and James M. Mason were sent as commissioners to England and France. They were taken from the steamer "Trent," by Captain Wilkes of the "San Jacinto." In the excitement each nation forgot their own history Both Lincoln and Seward remembered that the searching of American vessels was one of the causes of the war of 1812. This incident brought the United States and England on the verge of war. Trouble was averted by giving these men up to the British government.

CHAPTER VIII

ATTACK ON BLUE'S GAP

At the beginning of 1862 the Federal forces numbered four hundred and fifty thousand. Under command of General McClellan in the vicinity of Washington there were nearly two hundred and fifty thousand men. The latter had taken command of the army of the Potomac August 20th, 1861. November 1st he succeeded General Winfield Scott as commander of the army of the United States. Great things were expected of him. The people were anxious for a move, as the war expenses were becoming enormous. Edwin M. Stanton had been made secretary of war. President Lincoln made repeated efforts to get General McClellan to move against the enemy He issued an order for a general movement of all the land and naval forces on February 22nd.

There was to be an advance up the Shenandoah valley of all the forces along the Maryland border. General Banks was to command this army. This was the movement that concerned the old Ringgold cavalry. The War department was aiming to have the Baltimore and Ohio railroad put in operation from Harpers Ferry to Cumberland. In the spring and early summer of 1861 this road, from Harpers Ferry westward to near the mouth of Patterson creek, had been torn up. This all meant extra work for us as the enemy had to be kept away. By February 28th trains were running as far as Hancock, Maryland.

A whole chapter is given to this move on Blue's gap because it meant a great deal to our company. It was the cause of our forces leaving Romney as soon as they did. On January 7th General Kelley ordered Colonel Dunning of the Fourth Ohio infantry, with a portion of the command that had been assigned him, to move on the Confederate forces that were harboring at or near Blue's gap, Hamp-

shire county, West Virginia, and to capture or drive them from their camp.

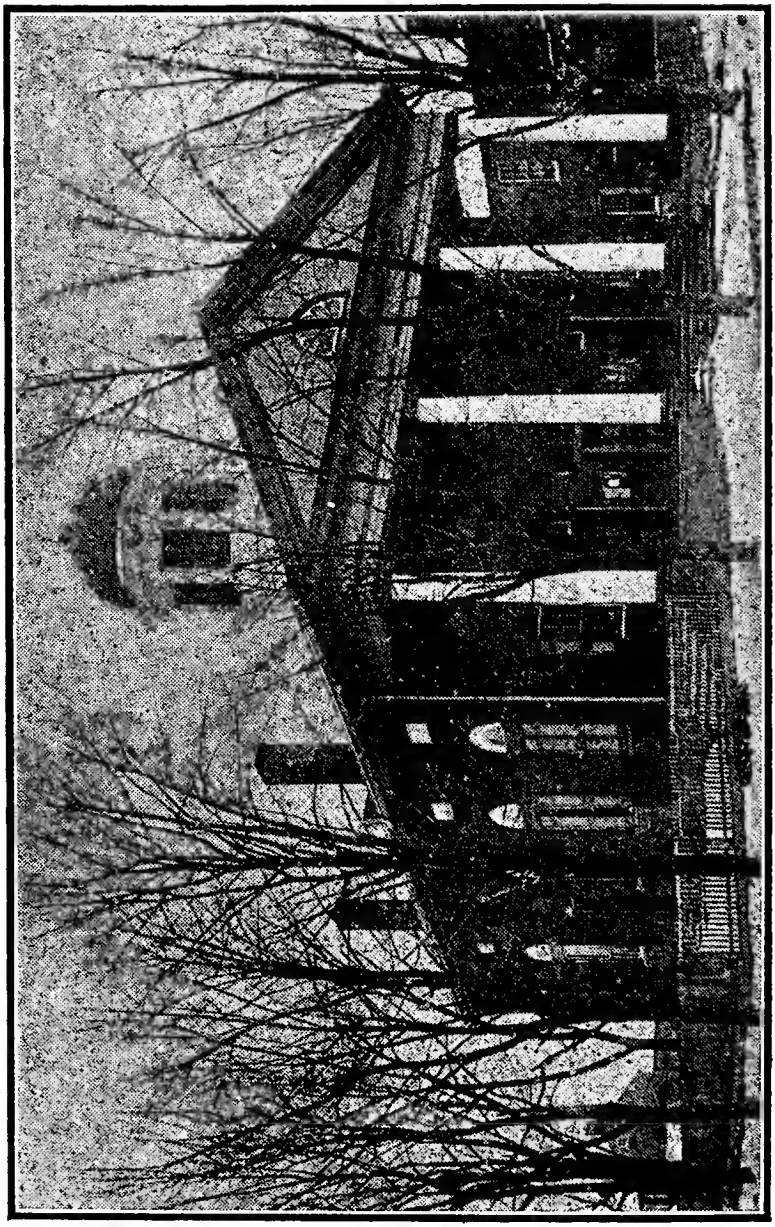
This was an event that meant much to the old Ringgolds: what it meant you will see later. Early in the morning the command, consisting of infantry, cavalry and artilery, parts of the Fourth and Eighth Ohio, Fourteenth Indiana, First West Virginia infantry. Washington and Ringgold cavalries and two pieces of Daum's Battery, in all rank and file from eight hundred to one thousand men left Romney. This force left camp shortly after midnight over the Winchester road. It was an extremely cold night. The men had been routed out before midnight and ordered to fall into line. The ground was covered with snow and the men were shivering with cold. The snow made hard marching for the infantry. The cavalry was placed at the head of the troops. The writer will never forget that night, as he was out some six or seven miles on the road to Blue's gap with a picket. His headquarters were in a church where the men, when not on duty, slept on the seats. When the command came along, with the permission of Colonel Dunning, the men at the picketpost joined them.

We marched along in silence fully expecting to meet "Stonewall" Jackson's forces which General Kelley thought were at Blue's gap. Jackson at the time was no nearer than Winchester, Virginia, forty-seven miles from Romney.

The Confederate forces at Blue's gap were as follows: militia, one regiment from Berkeley county, Virginia, and another from Frederick county. These two were commanded by Colonel Sencendiver, a man from Berkeley county, the old 17th of Hampshire county under Colonel Monroe; one regiment from Page county; Major Ed McDonald with a few Hampshire militia mounted; Captain George F Sheetz's cavalry and also one battalion of artillery, composed of green Irishmen, under Captain Cut-

shaw. This composed the Southern army at Blue's gap when the forces from Romney came in view.

These forces were located as follows: the militia were camped up in the gap around the mill in tents or in rude shacks constructed of logs and brush. The cavalry occupied the advance, and slept in the Blue dwelling. Their horses were in the stable, and their pickets were out as far as Pleasant Dale. When Colonel Dunning struck the Confederate picket his command pushed forward until within full view of their quarters. As the Federal forces advanced the enemy withdrew into the gap, cutting down timber and obstructing the only passage in all that country. When the Federal troops opened on the Confederates they were poorly armed, and as a matter of good sense retired from their camp. As the road was blockaded in our front we came back to the Blue home. Here we took breakfast, after which Colonel Dunning ordered the Blue home, barn and some other dwellings burned, which was anything but a credit to him or the command. After this we returned to our camp at Romney. For the facts stated herein in regard to the Confederate forces the writer is indebted to Charles Vandiver, a member of Sheetz's company who was present. The enemy lost one man killed, two horses and two pieces of artillery



CHAPTER IX

UNDER GENERAL LANDER

The attack on Blue's gap enraged General Jackson. He determined to attack our forces at Romney as quickly as possible. He was afraid that Kelley and Banks would unite forces and march on Winchester by way of Martinsburg: this was the reason of his great haste in this matter. He wanted to strike one of these commands before they could unite.

On January 10th, 1862, General Lander took command at Romney This was a day long remembered by the Ringgold boys. Everything was put in order for a move; the infantry struck their tents, and the commissary stores were loaded into wagons. Everything denoted a move of the entire command. General Lander kept the orderlies about headquarters busy all day. Sometime in the afternoon a cavalry scout came in announcing that a heavy force, under command of General "Stonewall" Jackson, consisting of infantry, cavalry and artillery, was moving on Romney by way of Bloomery. This report put on the finishing touch, as the name of "Stonewall" always brought terror to the hearts of our forces, and the main body was soon on the march. Romney was a strong Southern town and yet the Ringgold cavalry had, in this short sojourn from October 25th, 1861, until January 10th, 1862, formed some lasting acquaintances. About seven o'clock we bid farewell to our friends, as everything had now left, and we had no desire to meet "Stonewall," and set out to cover the retreat. The company had not reached the Hanging Rocks, three miles out, when "Stonewall's" advance moved into Romney, occupying what was left of Camp Keys, to which place we today look back with no small degree of pleasure.

General Lander's command was on the move all night

over desperate roads. It had been raining continually for three or four days. The troops arrived at the ford of Patterson creek, and found the stream was beyond its banks. This, the only ford, is nearly a mile from the Baltimore and Ohio depot. Here we learned with sorrow that General Lander was drunk. Let me say that no officer is fit for a commander who allows himself, under any circumstances, to become intoxicated. While trying to pontoon this stream with mule wagons, we lost four four-horse mule teams, which were carried down the swift current and drowned. It was here that Lieutenant H. A. Myers came near losing his life in obeying General Lander. His horse was swept from under him, and horse and rider were carried down stream. Myers caught a limb of a tree on the bank, and was rescued, and the horse came out below. Here the writer formed his first and only opinion of General Lander. While he was perhaps a brave man and no doubt could handle troops, he was one of the wickedest men I ever met. I, unfortunately, was his orderly that day. While standing on the banks of the creek, I heard him utter these words: "The next time I undertake to move an army, and God Almighty sends such a rain, I will go around, and cross hell on the ice." Such men are never to be classed with Hancock or Thomas, Grant, Meade and a host of others. The Bible says, "The wicked shall not live out half his days." With many this has been known to be true.

January 12th we were in camp or rather in the mud, at the railroad station on Patterson creek, seven miles east of Cumberland. This was the worst camp for man or beast that we had in all our four years and over of service. Mud is only a mild term to use in this instance. While here the cavalry was kept busy looking after Jackson who occupied Romney, fifteen or twenty miles away. We remained here scouting and picketing the different roads until the 6th of February, when we moved from Patterson creek. On the next day we continued our March to

French's store on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Here we drew whisky for the first and only time while in the service. If the government provided it, it never got farther than our officers.

On February 8th we made a demonstration in the rear of the enemy's forces then lying at Romney. On February 10th we went into camp at Paw Paw on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad over thirty miles east of Cumberland. While in this camp the cavalry were compelled to undergo laborious duties as we had within a short distance a foe worthy of our steel. Besides we did not have any tents. The first two nights we slept in a barn. The orderly sergeants had difficulty in getting the men down out of the hay during the night to go on scout duty. The result of this was that we had to sleep out side after the second night. The only shelter we had was made by driving stakes into the ground in a slanting position, to which we fastened our rubber blankets, and built fires along the exposed side. We had no other protection from the cold by night for two weeks, during which time we had very cold weather and one deep snow.

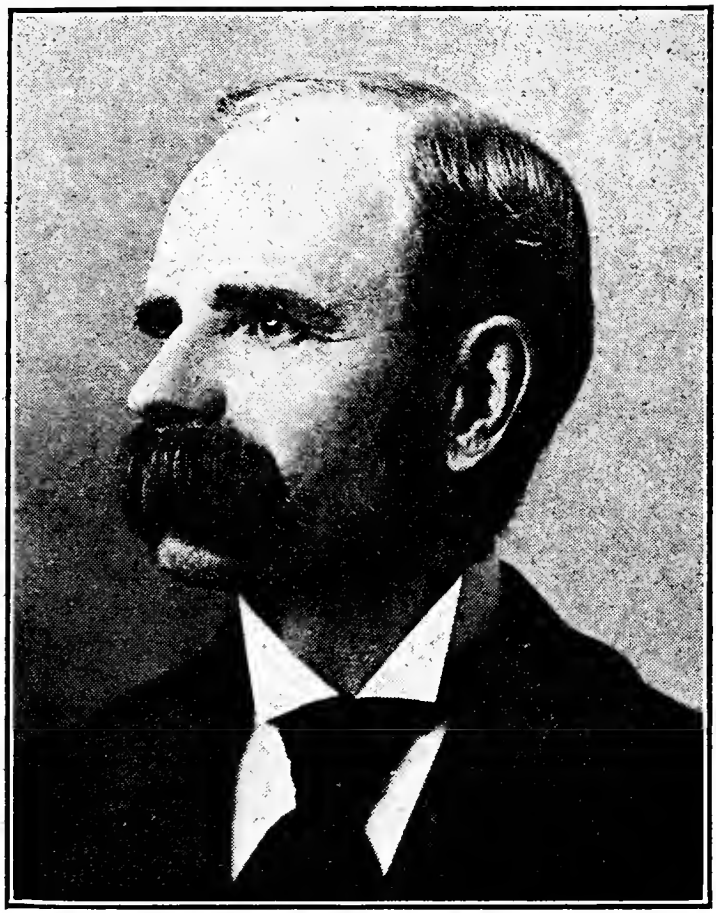
General Jackson had expected to accomplish great things when he once got to Romney. He was two months in carrying out his plans of getting into the place. His men suffered greatly from hardships and exposures. Many of them were from the states farther south, and were not accustomed to the wintry blasts of West Virginia. Besides they were nearly all poorly clad and not equipped for the rigorous winter weather. The result was that many of them were taken ill. Matters became so desperate that General Loring did not have a single brigade in condition to go into battle. General Jackson with Garnett's brigade reached Winchester on February 23rd. He left Loring in Romney with a force all told of something over four thousand men. In a few days General Loring withdrew his forces and followed Jackson. The expedition of "Stonewall" to Romney had been a dismal failure.

While in camp at Paw Paw, soon after "Stonewall" had fallen back to Winchester, General Lander ordered Captain Keys, with thirty-eight men, to proceed to Romney and burn the town or at least the court house, jail and bank. I shall never forget our friends at Romney. This was our first visit after leaving January 10th, and it was really like calling at home. The people little dreamed of our mission. After hunting up our friends, who were glad to see us, we fed our horses and gave them a short rest. Captain Keys had the boys assemble in front of the court house where he gave us to understand what we were there for. The wind was blowing a regular hurricane. The old captain said, "If I carry out my orders, the way the wind is blowing, the entire town will be consumed. Rather than turn helpless women out of doors, at this time of year, I will disobey this order;" and he did. How Captain Keys fixed this with Lander we never knew.

On February 13th, General Lander, in command of the Ringgold cavalry, and the First West Virginia cavalry, under command of Colonel Annisansell, marched all night. In the morning we came out at Bloomery gap where there were a few Confederate troops. The Ringgolds were Lander's escort. When we came to this gap he stopped at a large house for his breakfast, ordering Colonel Annisansell to move on. When the latter had gone, perhaps a mile in advance, the enemy fired on him from ambush. He halted his command in order to feel the enemy as a careful man should. While he was doing this, General Lander came up at full charge, drunk, cursing and damning, and put Colonel Annisansell under arrest for cowardice. There was no braver man than Colonel Annisansell. He simply did his duty to himself and men. I never knew certain what became of him. It is supposed that he returned to France and died in the Franco-Prussian war. In this move, J. E. Abell, of the Ringgold cavalry, had his eyeball bursted from being struck in the eye with a brush as we were following the general through the mountain on the fly. We

returned to camp entirely exhausted and not a thing of any note accomplished.

On March 3rd, the command was ordered by the War Department to reinforce the forces at Martinsburg, and



JOSEPH E. ABELL

move on Jackson then at Winchester, and drive him out and hold the place. General Lander, on receiving the above order, at once prepared to move on Jackson singly, and alone drive him out of Winchester, then report to General Patterson at Martinsburg to know what he wanted with him. Lander got everything ready and started for

Winchester. When about nine miles on his way the command for some reason was halted. The weather was simply awful,—snowing, raining and freezing. The men were wet, cold and hungry. After enduring this for about two hours, away in the distance could be heard cheer after cheer coming from our front. Finally the word was passed down the line that General Lander was dead: he had passed away a few moments before. This put a stop to what would, in all probability, have been the destruction of Lander's entire army. The command was then taken in charge by Colonel Tyler and marched back to Paw Paw. On the 5th of March the whole command was drawn up in line at Paw Paw while General Lander's body was conveyed from headquarters to the depot, enroute for his home. This closes up the experience of the Ringgold cavalry, short as it was, from January 10th until March 3rd, 1862, with General Lander.

CHAPTER X

BATTLE OF KERNSTOWN

By order of the War Department the Ringgold cavalry left Camp Chase, at Paw Paw, March 9, 1862. On the 14th we reached Camp Shields, Winchester. We remained here until the battle of Kernstown was fought. In describing this battle let me first tell how it came about.

McClellan was greatly elated by the dispatch from the president that McDowell's forty thousand men would soon be added to his command, giving him a force sufficiently strong to overpower the large army confronting him. His elation was brief; on the afternoon of the same day he received another dispatch from Mr. Lincoln announcing that the order for McDowell to march toward Richmond had been revoked. The reason for this sudden change of order is to be found in the bold and skillful operations of "Stonewall" Jackson, who was one hundred and fifty miles from McClellan and half as far from McDowell.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

In the previous autumn, as we have already stated, Jackson had been assigned to the command of the Confederate forces in the Shenandoah valley. During the winter and early spring of 1862 his forces were about ten thousand men, but this number was apparently doubled by the celerity of his movements. "The rapidity of his marches," says a Confederate writer, "is something portentous. He is heard of by the enemy at one point, and before they can deliver a blow he is off at another. He

keeps so constantly in motion that he never has a sick list and no need of a hospital."

Simultaneously with Johnston's abandonment of Manassas in March, Jackson fell back up the valley from Winchester toward Staunton, followed by General Shields with a division of Banks' 5th corps. This retreat was kept up as far as New Market which brought Jackson within five miles of Johnston, who lay near Gordonsville awaiting development of McClellan's plans. Shields undertook to decoy Jackson from joining Johnston by feigning a retreat back to Winchester, marching his whole force thirty miles in one day. The result was crowned with success. Jackson turned to pursue. Banks, who thought it impossible that Jackson would venture to attack him, moved his whole corps, with the exception of the division of General Shields, toward Centerville. Shields, who still hoped Jackson would venture an attack, secretly posted the bulk of his division in a secluded position two miles from Winchester. The people of the town, ignorant of all this, reported to Jackson that the place was evacuated, except by a small rear guard.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of March 23rd, General Shields moved out the pike beyond Winchester with a small body of his troops to ascertain the enemy's strength as well as his design. The Ringgold cavalry was acting as a guard of honor for his person. When out quite a distance beyond the town a force of men could be seen moving in our front. Captain Daum's battery was pushing to the front for position when the Confederates opened on us with a battery. They had the range, for the first shell bursted in our midst and a fragment struck General Shields, breaking his arm. Turning to Captain Keys who was near him he said, "They have wounded me, Captain, order an ambulance; do not let the men know this." The next shot killed two of Daum's artillery horses, and badly wounded two or three men. This got the Dutch on their dignity. As soon as our pioneers cut down a post-and-

board fence for Daum's boys to get a suitable position, they opened with their brass horns loaded with shell. This quickly put a stop to the firing of the enemy, and they withdrew, but the Federals held their position until dark.

General Shields sent for Captain Keys, who was the ranking cavalry officer in his division, and ordered him to take his company, the Ringgold cavalry, move cautiously out on the enemy's right, and ascertain, if possible, whether the enemy was moving on his (Shields') left flank.

Captain Keys left Winchester about eight o'clock under cover of darkness with twenty-four men, and moved in the direction of Stephenson's Depot. After traveling about six or eight miles he seemed to take in the situation. He halted his company, and, dismounting the writer and J. Householder, he ordered us to get over the fence into the field and travel about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in advance. In case we heard any stir, one of us was to stand fast, while the other communicated with him. We proceeded two or three miles in this manner. The dogs in the neighborhood kept up an unusual barking. This to a soldier was everything at night when looking for the enemy. Just here I heard Householder say, "Do you hear that? There is some one:" I replied, "Yes, I hear. You drop back and bring the captain forward." By this time I could hear a number of voices. Men were moving with arms sounding like sabers.

Captain Keys halted the company, came forward and spoke to me. We moved up the road a short distance, and came to a lane leading into a farm house. Keys spoke in a low tone of voice, saying, "There is some one coming from that house; get behind the gate posts and get your carbines ready." Householder and I took shelter behind the large posts. The captain rode his mare close up to the gate. Sure enough there came a man on a horse. It was intensely dark. He came up until his horse almost touched the gate when the captain said, "Halt!" The fellow replied, "Halt it is!" By this time I had the horse by the

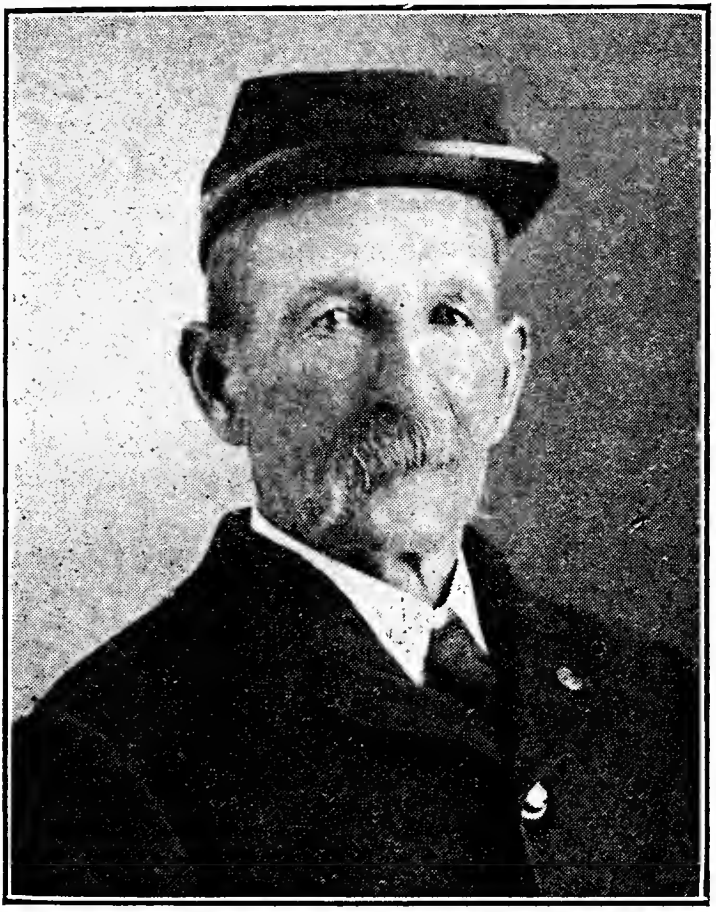
bit. The captain ordered Householder to open the gate. When the man came out into the road Keys ordered him to dismount. We soon had the man disarmed. He was well armed, having a gun, two navy revolvers, and a saber. When we had his arms Keys demanded, "Where do you belong?" The man said, "Who are you?" The captain's reply was, "Sir, that is not answering my question." He replied, "I belong to General Stuart's cavalry, Confederate." "Where is your command " "Just over the hill." "How many are there of you?" "Some six or seven hundred." This was about all we cared to know just then, and we returned to camp on the jump. We reached Winchester some time after midnight with our prisoner. Captain Keys took him at once to headquarters. From this man General Shields received valuable information.

Sunday, March 23, 1862, at dawn, the bugle was heard calling to fall in for one among the hard fought battles of the Civil war at Kernstown. The forenoon was principally spent by each commander in massing his troops for the onslaught. The cavalry were on the enemy's flanks watching every move. General Tyler, who was in command on the field, received his orders direct from a signal station which had been established at General Shields' headquarters and a similar one on the field. The fact is that General Shields fought this battle lying on his back. Every order he gave was carried out by General Tyler.

There was sharp fighting all through the day. Some heavy assaults were delivered and received from both sides. About four o'clock the two armies, which had been watching for the opportunity to strike the death blow, both seemed to think the time had come from what followed. Tyler all day had been trying to deliver his main force in Jackson's rear, and still draw his attention at what had been his front, when the fatal hour came. Tyler came up in the rear, as well as in his front, and crushed the army of the famous fighter, "Sonewall" Jackson. General Tyler afterward remarked that the Federal army was three times

whipped on this field on that memorable 23rd of March 1862, and the men never knew it.

The Confederates retreated, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Banks returned the next morning,



JOHN CROUCH

and pursued the retreating enemy thirty miles to Woodstock, ceasing the pursuit only when his men were thoroughly exhausted. The Federal loss in this engagement was one hundred and three killed, and four hundred and forty-one wounded. The Confederate loss was estimated at five hundred killed and one thousand wounded.

This repulse was a severe check to Jackson. He fell back, faintly persued by Banks, to Harrisonburg, where he remained for three weeks. On the 19th of April he crossed the south fork of the Shenandoah, thus placing himself within supporting distance of Johnston. Banks, who was now at Harrisonburg, was ordered to fall back fifty miles to Strasburg, and there fortify himself.

The Federal forces in this region were so widely scattered as to invite an attack on some one of their several portions. Banks, stripped of the division of General Shields, with barely six thousand men, was at Strasburg. Freemont was at Franklin, seventy miles away to the southwest, with the Shenandoah mountains between him and Banks. McDowell was near Fredericsburg as far to the southeast, just ready to march toward Richmond. A single regiment and a few companies, fourteen hundred men in all, were at Front Royal under Colonel Kenly. These, with a few at Rectortown, formed the only connection between Banks and McDowell.

Jackson, who had his forces at Harrisonburg, was practically nearer each of these bodies than any one of them was to any other. Banks was the nearer, as well as the weaker, enemy. Jackson resolved to strike at him. Here is where the Ringgold cavalry performed difficult service all the way from Winchester to Harrisonburg. We helped to fortify Strasburg and were finally driven into Maryland.

Jackson concentrated his entire forces at New Market. He marched down the south fork of the Shenandoah, placing the three ranges of the Massanutten, the North and the Shenandoah mountains between himself and Freemont. He struck Kenly at Front Royal at noon of the same day, the 23rd. The Union forces were posted here, merely as a protection against guerrilla raids, and were far from being able to resist an attack in force. They were swept away after a brave resistance of some hours, four-fifths being killed or captured.

The Confederates then pushed toward Winchester, hop-

ing to gain the rear of Banks, who was still at Strasburg, and cut off his retreat down the valley. The position of Banks was perilous. To remain at Strasburg was to be surrounded and starved out or beaten. An attempt to retreat westward over the mountains would involve the abandonment of his train at the outset with the certainty of being attacked on his flank by a superior force. All that remained for him to do was to withdraw down the valley.

Here began a race for Winchester, the key of the valley At nine o clock on the morning of the 24th the retreating army was on its march, the train in front. The rear had hardly gone three miles when word came that the enemy held the roads in our front. Captain Keys took his company to the front, as we were covering the retreat. After a short encounter the enemy's cavalry was driven away General Banks succeeded in reaching Winchester, and none too soon. Before daybreak the next morning he was assailed by Jackson with a far superior force. After a desultory conflict of five hours Banks began a hurried retreat toward Martinsburg. Here he halted a couple of hours, and then pushed on for the Potomac which we reached, at Williamsport, Maryland, just at sunset.

At Martinsburg the Ringgold cavalry remained behind, bringing up the rear. We came up with the main army late in the evening without rations or forage. We lay down on mother earth to rest our weary bodies to be called some time in the night to take our place in the column, and cross the Potomac into the State of Maryland. "Never," says Banks, were more grateful hearts in the same number of men than when, at midday on the 26th, we stood on the opposite shore of the Potomac, after a retreat of fifty-three miles, in the face of an overwhelming army."

Banks lost six or eight hundred men, the greater part being captured. Of his train of five hundred wagons he lost fifty-five, besides considerable stores destroyed at Strasburg and Winchester. Banks, some days after, esti-

mated his entire loss at about nine hundred of whom thirty-eight were known to be killed and one hundred and fifty-five wounded, the rest missing. Jackson reached the river just in time to see his enemy safe on the Maryland shore. Here he rested for a single day, held divine service in his camp, and issued an address to his army, congratulating them upon driving the Federals from Virginia.

This move caused quite a stir in Washington. Mr. Lincoln telegraphed McClellan, "I think the time is near at hand when you must either attack Richmond or give up the job." The secretary of war informed the governors of several states that intelligence from various quarters left no doubt that the enemy, in great force, was marching toward Washington. He directed them to send forthwith all available troops to the capital. Military possession was ordered of all railroads for the transportation of troops to the exclusion of all other business.

Thus the reader will understand how the battle of Kernstown came about and how it ended. The Ringgold cavalry went into the fight with General James Shields, followed Jackson up the valley under General Banks, helped to fortify Strasburg, and was in the saddle a great deal of the time,—one among the hardest campaigns on both man and horse, we were called on to endure.

General James Shields, in writing to Governor Curtin in regard to the battle of Kernstown, in speaking of the Ringgold cavalry, says: "I take pleasure in stating, as an act of justice to Captain John Keys and his men, the Ringgold cavalry, that, while serving in my command, Captain Keys exhibited the highest qualities of energy, courage and capacity as an officer of cavalry. I esteemed him the best cavalry officer in my command, as he was by far the most active and successful in several engagements with the enemy. I regret his loss and have felt it on many occasions since. Had he remained with me I intended to have made him chief of cavalry in this division, if in my power."

While in camp at Woodstock, General Banks, on April 16th, sent Captain A. J. Greenfield on a scout on the left flank of Jackson, who was then lying in our rear at Mount Jackson. Captain Greenfield took with him for this perilous undertaking his own company and the Ringgold cavalry. His instructions were to locate, if possible, the position of the men, as well as his whereabouts. Greenfield determined to pass to the rear of Jackson's army in order to learn what he had failed to learn up until near dawn, as he was marching under cover of night. As the gray streaks of dawn were becoming visible in the eastern skies, Greenfield found himself, with his hand full of men, in the rear of the army of "Stonewall" Jackson, who was in camp in and about Mount Jackson in the valley of Virginia. Greenfield learned of a company of the famous Turner Ashby's cavalry on picket, Captain Harper's company He determined to capture this company as a trophy. He soon was on the ground and took the entire command. This was a great blow to Ashby who was a brave, daring officer. The Ringgold cavalry had ample opportunity of testing his mettle in the valley of Virginia. Greenfield took fifty-five prisoners, sixty horses, arms and equipments. This was one of the yankee surprises while in the Shenandoah valley under General Banks.

Soon after this we were ordered by Secretary Stanton to report to General Kelley at Cumberland. We protested against this as did General Banks, but all to no purpose. Kelley had called for the Ringgolds, stating to the secretary, that they were the only cavalry in the service who knew the country as they did from Parkersburg to Harpers Ferry Thus we bid farewell to General Banks and the army of the Shenandoah, where we had shared alike in victories as well as reverses so many times. We had learned the first great duty of a soldier, obedience. Thus we went back to the hills of West Virginia, not from choice, as we wished to remain with General Banks.

CHAPTER XI

OUR LONGEST MARCH

After the wounding of General Shields, March 22, 1862, on the 25th the division moved up the valley after Jackson's army which had been defeated on the twenty-third. The Ringgold cavalry was in advance. Just beyond Newtown Captain Keys pointed to a lone cavalryman sitting on the fence, holding his horse. This man did not seem to notice our approach. He was apparently interested in something he was reading. We soon charged on him when we heard from him. In a moment he was in his saddle, and turning his horse toward us, fire. Then he turned to flee, when just beyond, at a turn in the road, we received a salute from a six pound rifle cannon. This horseman was the brave and daring Turner Ashby, who was covering Jackson's retreat. This was our first experience with Ashby, who was to dispute our march up the valley. We skirmished all the way from Newtown to Mount Jackson where we were ordered in camp for a short rest and to let our supply train come up. This was among the first yankee troops in the Shenandoah valley.

On our march the night of the seventeenth, Andrew B. Grant, of the Ringgolds, passed himself off as a Confederate, and marched with them for some hours. Just before day he dropped out and returned to his company with valuable information. The company remained at Mount Jackson scouting and skirmishing until April 22nd, when we were ordered to report to General Kelley at Cumberland.

On the morning of April 22nd, 1862, we bid farewell to Shields' old division in the valley of Virginia, where we, with other forces, had the honor of defeating one of the greatest generals of the Confederacy, "Stonewall" Jackson. On April 23rd, we reached our old camp at Winchester. On the 24th we arrived in the town of Romney.

Here, as was usual, we all had our particular friends to call on, and see whether any of the ladies were married. If so, we wanted to get a look at their husbands. We found our friends here well and glad to see us and to know we had been ordered back from the valley.

Perhaps some who look over the pages of this history will wonder why people, who had all they possessed that was dear to them gone into the Confederate army, were always glad to see a yankee troop of cavalry This can easily be explained. Of all people, those living along the border in the time of the Civil war, were to be pitied most. The general government was in control of all the counties lying along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from Wheeling to Harper's Ferry, except when a raid was made. This was just in and out, of few days' duration. Under these conditions, the families living in the districts above mentioned, which were almost always under martial law, their farms run over, fences burned, stock all gone, hostile armies surging to and fro, could not raise anything with any degree of hope. This is only a faint picture of their real condition. Their money, with which their soldiers were paid, was of no value where they were compelled to buy. Where is the man so utterly void of feeling that he would pass a helpless creature thus situated even though an enemy?

Better fully to illustrate the above I will relate one incident which came under my personal observation. This took place at Romney on this visit. Just after coming to town I said to my partner that we would feed our horses, and then call on a family whom we had become acquainted with and had learned to esteem. On knocking on the door the lady of the house lifted a window up stairs and inquired what was wanted. We told her who we were. We were soon in the house, asking after the family, who soon came down. I said to this grand old lady, "Mrs. ————, could you give us a little supper as we have had nothing since noon?" She replied, "Mr. Elwood, there is not a

mouthful in this house. We ate our last meal yesterday for supper." I got up, walked over to where she was sitting and said, "My God, you don't tell me." She assured me that such was the case. We went out to where our supply train was, and got enough to keep a small family in sugar, salt, beans, rice, flour, crackers and coffee for several months. We made several trips, and then all sat down to a good supper later. This will, in a measure, explain why the Ringgold cavalry were, and are today, welcome at Romney, West Virginia.

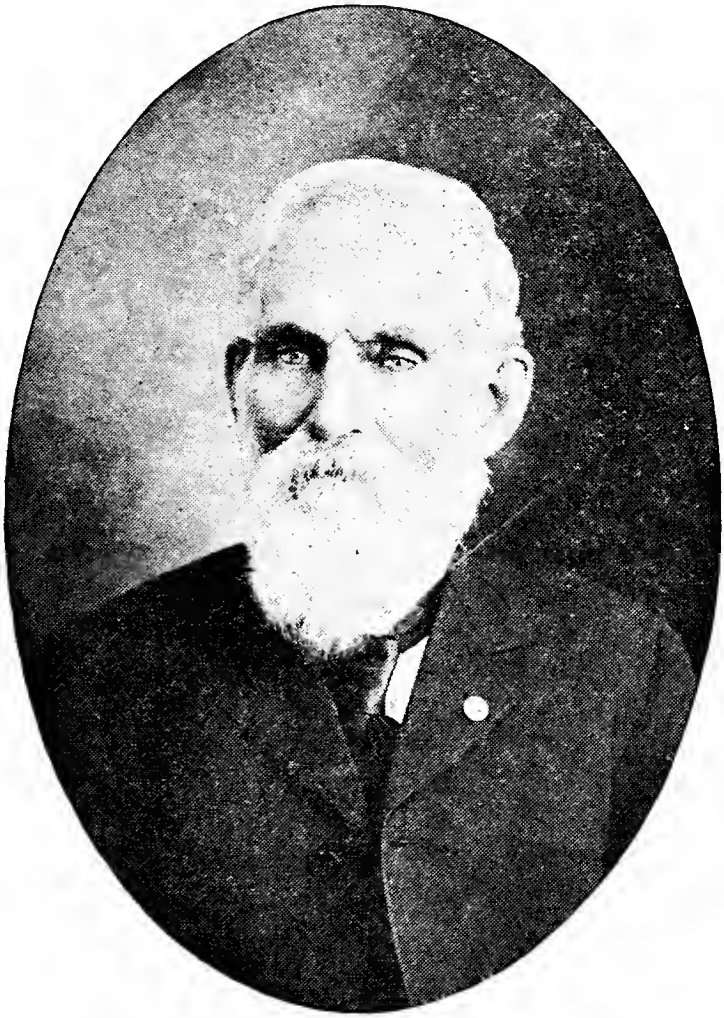
April 26th we moved to Cumberland and remained here until May 1, 1862, when we were ordered back to Romney. We remained here for some time when we were ordered to Cumberland, and there we shipped our horses to accompany General Kelley and staff to Parkersburg, West Virginia. We were on the cars, for the horses were inside, all night and until the evening of the tenth of May when we arrived at Parkersburg. We were all glad to get rid of our Pullman on which we had been traveling.

When we came to New Creek on this trip, the place was full of soldiers, finely dressed up and wearing white collars. This was Fremont's army Here we took on some flat open cars in which to stow our saddles and arms. While this was being done some of our boys noticed several kegs of ale lying on the platform for Fremont's Dutch. Our boys rolled three or four kegs on one of the cars for ballast. The saddles were soon piled on the ale to keep our officers from finding out our joke on the Dutch at New Creek.

Before we reached Piedmont, where we had to have another engine to help up the mountain, the boys had sampled their capture and began to feel, "How came you so." When we reached Oakland, we were in fine order for singing. We called our choir on top the cars and gave the good people of Garrett county a few yankee songs which were appreciated by them. Our next stop was at Grafton, where we had been sworn into the service in 1861.

Nothing of importance transpired until we came out on the Ohio river at Parkersburg. Here we were to remain over night. The old captain was in a bad humor because he could not find the ale. He gave stringent orders to Adam Wickerham, sergeant of the guard, not to let a single man out of camp; to put on a guard and to see that his orders were obeyed. The boys soon began fixing to move on the town. To our dismay, we learned the captain's orders. General Kelley and staff were in the town at the hotel, and Captain Keys joined them, after giving orders as to his men. To get into town was the all important question. We well knew Wickerham. As a soldier he was firm. Then we knew the guard could not be forced. Here we were in prison. Our camp was on the banks of the Little Kanawha. The guard ran from the river above to the river below. We had the privilege of going to the river for water. Some of the boys found a dougout, or canoe, tied to the root of a tree. This fact was at once communicated to headquarters, for we always had something of this kind when anything desperate was in the wind. It was decided that two of our expert scouts should take this dugout, strike the town, and get a quart of whisky. Soon they were back. We knew that the only way we could get out of camp that night was to get one of the guards drunk. There was one man on duty that night whose weak point was the love of old Bourbon. Our two boys approached him while he was on picket. He halted them and ordered them to advance and give the countersign. They held up the quart bottle of whisky. That was all the countersign needed in this instance. The boys gave him all that he could hold. Soon this man, who was number two of our camp guard, was sound asleep. This was our chance. We soon told all the boys, slipped out of camp by the sleeping guard, and captured the town of Parkersburg. Our plan worked admirably. When Wickerham went to awaken his relief he was about the only man in camp. The rest had gone to town. The eleventh day of May was

a beautiful morning. General Kelley was ready for a move by nine o'clock. Captain Keys was hunting his men who were any and every place. He got them in line about



ADAM WICKERHAM

eleven o'clock when we received one of the greatest lectures from the captain in all our history

We, in company with General Kelley, left Parkersburg, for what is known as Burning Springs, situated in the little Kanawha valley. This was then a great oil town. We re-

mained here over night. General Kelley had received information of a lady spy in that region, who was supposed to be carrying information to the enemy. The general sent out a scout and brought her into his quarters. After several attempts to draw her out had failed, the old general said to her, "Miss, if you will answer my questions, I will give you your choice of any of my staff officers." She looked them carefully over, and then, turning to Kelley, said, "I believe I prefer the old man to any of his officers." There was no reliable proof she was a spy, and the general set her free. General Kelley often laughed about his lady spy.

The 12th of May, 1862, we left this oil town and came to Charleston, now the capital of West Virginia, and here we halted for the night. On our entering this town, a farmer, who had been in town, saw the cavalry and started to run. The company saw his move. At once we took him for a Confederate and we started to charge the town. In this bloodless charge we came near losing Lieutenant Myers' hostler, William Wedlock, a colored gentleman, whose horse fell and threw Mr. colored man who was nearly killed; only for the want of wind he soon was all right. While at Charleston the writer found a Pennsylvania family related to Add Hopkins of Washington county, Pa. We spent a very pleasant evening with our Pennsylvania friends.

On May 13th General Kelley began to establish, at the different county seats, civil law beginning with a judge and so on down until a court of justice was fully established. We visited the following counties: Wood, Wirt, Roane, Calhoun, Gilmer, Lewis, Upshur, Randolph, Barbour and Harrison.

Just before entering Spencer, the county seat of Roane county at the forks of Reedy creek, the captain discovered a man, who, from his actions, at once caused suspicion. This man was the lookout for a band of guerrillas in the brush. This party had heard of our coming, and was lay-

ing for us. We came on their outpost at a time when he was off his guard. The moment he saw the yankees, he began turning over stones in the creek, as if hunting for something. The captain sent for him, and when asked in regard to bushwhackers in the neighborhood he did not know of any After a few moments the captain let him return to his former job of hunting fish bait, as he said he was doing when General Kelley's force came in view.

The company had not gone one hundred yards, when about twenty or thirty of them fired on us from the brush. When they opened fire on us the man at the creek started to run. Keys dispatched two men after him while he turned the twelve pound howitzer on the men in the mountains. The Confederates seemed to think an earthquake had happened from the way we could see them going. We took our man who said there were no bushwhackers in that county in to Spencer and found him to be a notorious one. He was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. On May 18, 1862, we arrived on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Clarksburg, after one of the greatest continuous marches while in the service, something over eight hundred miles.

While the old Ringgold cavalry was operating in the valley of Virginia we were greatly rejoiced by the good news that came from the armies farther West. The first military movements of the year were in Kentucky. On January 19th General George H. Thomas drove the Confederates out of Mill Spring. The engagement was a hot one and both sides lost heavily.

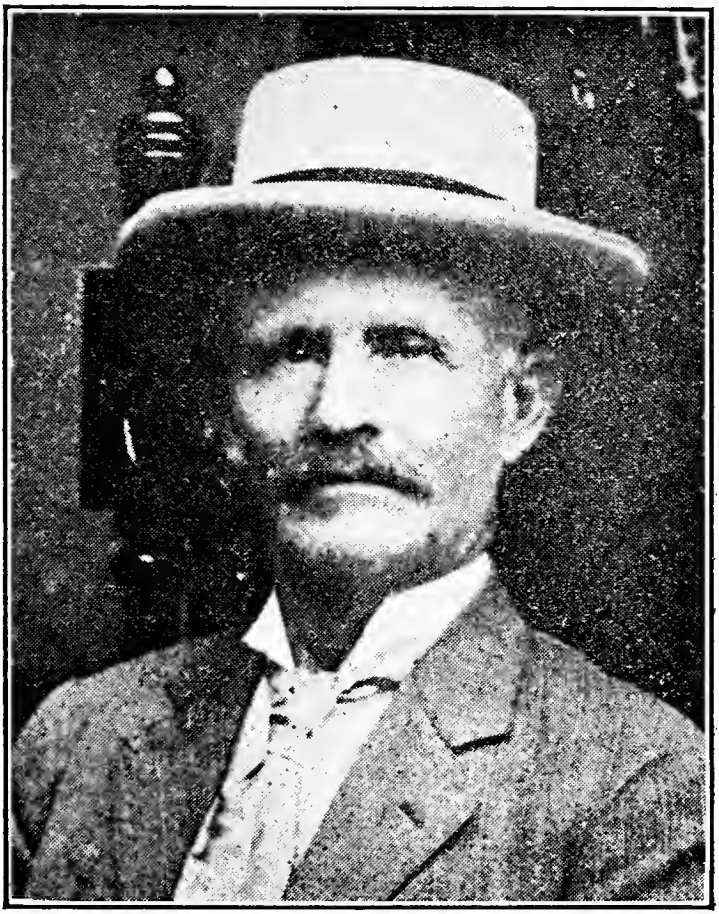
The Confederates had built two forts in northwestern Tennessee to protect that state from being invaded by the Union forces: Fort Henry on the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland river. General U. S. Grant was ordered to capture these places. Commodore A. H. Foote was to cooperate with him, with a fleet of gun-boats.

Before General Grant could reach Fort Henry it had surrendered to the gun-boats. The forces at that place escaped to Fort Donelson. Eighty-three prisoners and a

large amount of stores were captured. The Federal gunboats dropped down the Tennessee and ascended the Cumberland to Fort Donelson, which was defended by more than ten thousand Confederates under General Buckner. Grant marched from Fort Henry and as soon as the fleet arrived he began the siege of the fort. He had a force of nearly thirty thousand men. After three days of hard fighting the commander of the fort asked what terms would be given? General Grant replied, "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." The fort was surrendered and about fifteen thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the Union army, as well as the magazines, stores and guns of the fort. Up to that time this was the largest number of prisoners ever taken in any one battle on the continent. This was the first great victory that was won by the Union cause, and it was an important one, for it compelled the Confederate forces to abandon Kentucky, and leave a large part of Tennessee in control of the Federal forces.

General Grant marched up the Tennessee river to Pittsburg Landing. A camp was established at Shiloh church, a short distance from the river. Here he was attacked, April 6th, by General A. S. Johnston and driven back with tremendous slaughter on both sides. Night came on with the conflict undecided. During the night General Buell arrived from Nashville with strong reinforcements. The Union men now outnumbered the Confederates by seventeen thousand, and the next day General Grant gained his second great victory. Making his official report he said, "I am indebted to General Sherman for the success of that battle." In this engagement twenty-five thousand men had fallen killed or wounded. Among the number was General A. S. Johnston, who had been called one of the South's noblest men. After he was wounded, he sent his surgeon to attend to some wounded Union prisoners. While his surgeon was gone General Johnston bled to death. In this

engagement the Union forces numbered fifty-seven thousand; the Confederate, forty thousand. On the next day, Island Number Ten surrendered to Commodore Foote, after



GEORGE W. BUMGARNER

nearly a month of desperate fighting. This victory was an important one, as it opened the Mississippi river to Union vessels as far down as Vicksburg.

On the 8th of March the "Merrimac," which had been given a double coat of iron, slowly steamed into Hampton Roads to destroy the Union fleet. The ships and all the shore batteries rained shot and shell upon the monster,

but they produced no more effect than hail on a tin roof. The "Merrimac" sank the "Cumberland," which went down with her flags flying and her guns firing. The "Congress" surrendered and was set on fire.

By the light of the burning "Congress" a queer-looking object came into Hampton Roads, and took position so as to protect the "Minnesota." It was the "Monitor" invented by John Erricsson. This vessel had come to save the fleet. The iron deck of the vessel was but three feet above the water. On this was a revolving iron cylinder or turret in which were two immense guns. The turret was moved by machinery and could be turned so as to fire at a vessel in any position. Men said that the "Monitor" looked like "a cheese box on a raft."

When the "Merrimac" appeared the next morning the two iron-clad monsters turned their guns upon each other. The fight lasted for five hours. The "Merrimac" gave up the conquest and returned to Norfolk. Neither vessel could destroy the other. During the conflict it is said that an officer of the "Merrimac" asked a gunner why he had quit firing at the "Monitor?" He replied, "I can do her as much damage by snapping my thumb at her every two minutes and a half."

The advantage of the conflict was on the Union side. Washington and the blockade were safe. The United States could build any number of "Monitors." The Confederacy could build but a few ironclads.

The navies of the world were changed by the battle between these two vessels. The time had come when iron-clad war vessels would be used. Neither of these vessels ever saw much service. When Norfolk was captured the "Merrimac" was blown up, and the "Monitor" was lost in a storm off the coast of North Carolina.

CHAPTER XII

IN CAMP AT BEVERLY

On June 18, 1862, by order of General Kelley the company left Clarksburg, for Beverly, Randolph county. This march was through a mountainous country and over very rough roads. It rained all day and all night. We remained in camp here for some time, scouting the mountains which were full of guerrillas.

On June 27th we were on a scout to Huttonville as far out as Elkwater. We were to rout a force of Confederates that was operating about the head waters of the Elkwater river. Here we saw some of General Rosecrans' winter quarters of 1861. The country showed the effects of the army having been there as buildings, bridges and fences, were burned. To reach our destination meant a march of two days and a night. We returned to camp at Beverly as the enemy had heard of our coming and had left before we arrived at Elkwater.

On June 29th when on a scout at Hightown, Highland county, we had a severe skirmish with some guerrillas. On July 4th, on our return from Hightown, we came onto a squad of General Imboden's Confederate cavalry which had gotten between us and our camp for the purpose of capturing the entire command. Lieut. Myers ordered a charge at once which proved a success. We captured Major Stewart, who was in command of the Confederate cavalry, and ten or fifteen of his men. We had two or three horses wounded slightly

H. B. Hedge in his journal tells an incident in connection with this scout which will be of interest to our readers. On our return Frank Fitzsimmons loaned his horse to a foot-sore infantryman. This man was not acquainted with cavalry riding, and pulled too hard on the severe curb-bit, throwing the horse and breaking the in-

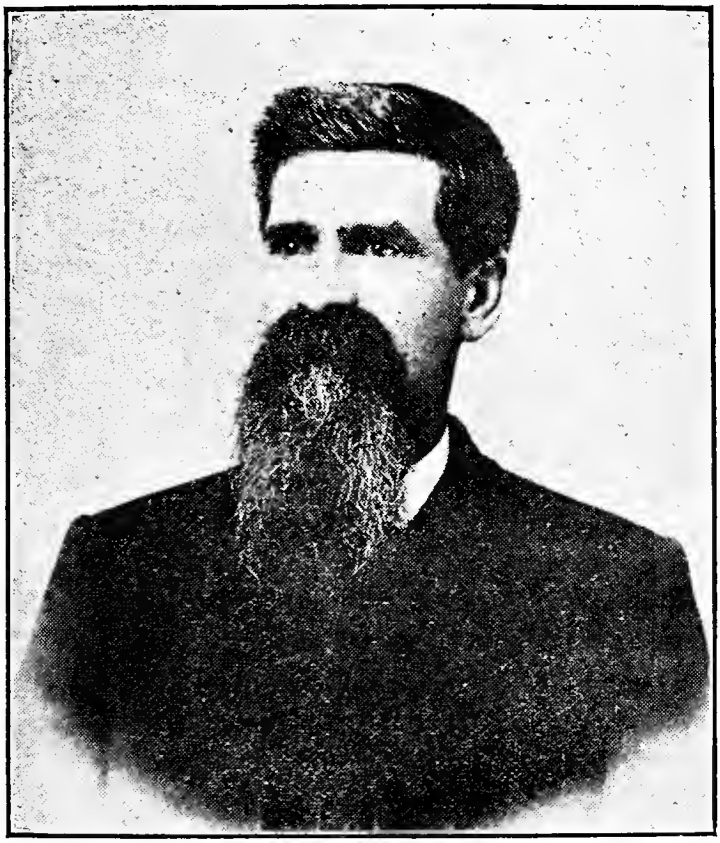
fantryman's leg. Hedge suggested to his captain th we peel a section of bark from the trunk of a tree for splint, fit it to the sound leg, and then transfer it to tl broken one. A piece of bark was taken from a sma hickory and some underclothing used as bandages. Tl man was put in an ambulance and we continued ou journey. We were in danger of being cut off by tl enemy, and hurried along over the rough mountain roa for two days and two nights. When we got back to cam the doctor examined the limb and pronounced it well se

An amusing incident occurred on a scout to Seni gap, sometime in July, where we were sent to intercept band of guerrillas that was causing the people of th community some uneasiness on account of their depred tions. We left camp in the afternoon, marching unt about midnight. It became so intensely dark that it w impossible for us to go forward, as we could not see our fi leaders. This was one of the darkest nights we exper enced during the whole war. Captain Hart, in speakin of that night, loved to tell that he found some of that dar night in his vest pocket a week afterward.

Herman Sherholtz, a jolly dutchman, got lost. A least he thought so. The fact is he had fallen asleep o his horse. When he awoke he could not see Irwin Greg his file leader, who was riding a white horse. He bega to call out, "Irwin, Irwin, where are you? Where ar you? Mine horse is plind. I can't see a dam pit." A our boys enjoyed this joke on Sherman. I might add tha this man was from Greenland gap, West Virginia. H was a man that every soldier of our company respecte highly on account of his genial good humor and manl courage. He returned home after the war, raised a larg family, died and was buried in Laurel Dale cemetery nea his old home.

On July 14th, 1862, Colonel Harris, of the Tenth Wes Virginia infantry, commanding the post, ordered Lieu tenant Myers, with the Ringgold cavalry, forty men in al

on a scout sixty miles distant to Crab Bottom. Colonel Harris was to accompany this scout. In the meantime his wife's sister came from Ohio to Beverly on a visit. This lady, finding there was an expedition to go out, insisted on



CHAUNCEY R. DEVER

going along and riding one of the colonel's horses; she would and did go. When out about twenty-five miles it began to rain. This, to a soldier, was a dreary march but what must it have been to a lady unaccustomed to such a life! Just before reaching our destination, we came on a body of Confederate cavalry, and, as was usual, we were ordered by Colonel Harris to charge them. The company raised the yell and dashed away. At this the horse the

lady was riding became unmanageable, ran away, thro ing her, and almost killed her; in fact, for a little time was thought she was dead.

Then arose the question how to get her back to Bever without a team; in fact there was none in all the counti The boys called a council, and, in a few moments, decid to make a stretcher and carry her back to our camp, six miles away. We had to wade many streams where t waters were up to our waists; we finally laid our burd down at camp where she recovered. After returning to h home in Ohio she came back and visited our camp, not go on a scout, but to give the Ringgold boys a grand su per to show her appreciation of their kindness. This su per was prepared at the home of Mrs. Jonathan Arnol a strong Union lady, a sister of the noted Confedera chieftain, "Stonewall" Jackson. The home of Mrs. A nold was always open to a sick or wounded soldier. C account of her many charitable acts during the war, sl was afterward pensioned as an army nurse. All enjoy that supper. This was the first and only lady soldier th the old Ringgold cavalry ever had.

On August 18th we were sent on a scout to Pocahont county, fifty-six miles distant, Colonel Harris being i command of the expedition. On our return we were an bushed just above Huttonville on Elkwater. We had tw men killed, Corporal George Snyder, of Beallsville, Pa and private Christian S. Snyder from West Brownsvill Pa. The cavalry was under the command of Lieutenai H. A. Myers, who had forty men. The enemy was co cealed close to the road in the brush, and the first volle killed both the Snyder boys. It came from a cliff of rock where they had been waiting for us, as we afterwar learned. Christian Kinder was wounded in two places wit buckshot, Scott Lever was shot in the arm, Mike Core wa wounded in his foot, C. R. Dever's horse was badly sho Colonel Harris' horse was shot from under him, and Lieu tenant Myers had his hat shot off his head with a charg

of buckshot. Quite a number of horses were wounded, some of them seriously. There were one hundred and twenty of these guerrillas, under Captain Marshall of the Beverly valley.

We moved back to wait reinforcements, as our infantry was back, and an ambulance for the dead bodies, which were sent home to Pennsylvania. Before the command could come to our relief the Confederates had gone, crossing Cheat mountain summit into the county of Highland, West Virginia, where they belonged. William Harford, John W Gray and Frank Fitzsimmons were detailed to take the dead to their friends in Pennsylvania. September 14th we left Beverly where the Ringgold cavalry did the hardest service for the length of time in all the war. We camped near Philippi, on the 15th moved to Webster and on the 17th arrived in Clarksburg, Harrison county.

On September 28th, General Kelley ordered Captain Keys to send Lieutenant James P Hart into Doddridge county with all his available force. He had reliable information that a band of Confederate cavalry was conscripting for the Confederate army, and driving off all the stock belonging to Union men. Lieutenant Hart was to move by way of Weston and Bulltown with as little delay as possible.

The same day Lieutenant Hart left Clarksburg at four o'clock with forty-one men. He told the men where they were going and what for. He pushed on at a lively gait for some thirty miles, when we began to hear from our Confederate friends, and about two o'clock we struck their trail. We began to increase our speed in hope of overtaking them before dark. We were gaining on them, as we learned from the people along our route. They were traveling slowly as they now felt sure of being beyond all danger. The yankees were on the jump in their immediate rear.

Sometime about five o'clock the enemy went into camp for the night, stripped their horses, turned them loose in

a meadow to graze, and were in the act of building fires to prepare supper when the yankees from Clarksburg, under Lieutenant James Hart, about half past five o'clock, knocked at the picket for admission, with a volley from Sharps' carbines. This was all sufficient. The picket turned to flee and were soon picked up or killed. The Confederates were struck with amazement when they beheld the yankees coming at full charge, and broke and ran in all directions. Some of them mounted horses, without saddle or bridle, and fled to the mountains; some were killed, others wounded. We found six killed, eight or ten wounded, captured four prisoners, and released several Union men who had been conscripted for the Confederate army. This Confederate company was commanded by Captain Smith from near Salem, Virginia, who had sixty men with him. This was a complete surprise to the Confederates as we learned from the prisoners taken. We captured eight horses and equipments: also quite a number of guns and old horse equipments which we burned to get rid of them. On this expedition the Ringgold cavalry marched, inside of twenty-two hours, eighty-four miles, with forty-one men, surprised and routed a Confederate company of cavalry of sixty men, without a scratch to man or horse.

I wish here to call the attention of the reader to the fact that the Ringgold cavalry owned their own horses and knew a good horse when they saw one. Lieutenant James P. Hart reported, on returning to camp, the results of the scout to General Kelley who listened attentively. When Hart had finished the General remarked, "Lieutenant Hart, this is your Paul Revere and is unsurpassed in endurance by man and beast of anything in the annals of American warfare. Your men are deserving a merited rest, which they will now take with the thanks of this entire post."

While the old Ringgold cavalry was at Clarksburg and Beverly, important events took place in Virginia. The

Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, marched on Richmond. General McDowell was to co-operate with him by moving on the capital by way of Fredericksburg, while General Banks and Freemont were to guard the Shenandoah valley. About one hundred thousand men were landed at Fortress Monroe, April 4th. His plan was to move up the long narrow strip of land between the James and York rivers, called the Peninsula. Yorktown was besieged for a month before the place was evacuated, and a fierce battle lasting nine hours was fought at Williamsburg, May 5th.

The result was a great panic in Richmond. The Confederate congress hastily adjourned. An attack was expected any moment: McClellan was waiting for General McDowell with thirty thousand men. The latter was coming from Fredericksburg, and his arrival was hourly expected.

But "Stonewall" Jackson, with his army of fifteen thousand men, prevented the arrival of McDowell. He got after Banks and drove him across the Potomac, and made the authorities at Washington think that the capital was in danger. The governors of the Northern states were called on to send militia for the defense of the capital. McDowell was ordered to help Freemont and Banks capture Jackson, and so he failed to come to the help of McClellan at Richmond.

June 1st McClellan repulsed the Confederates at Fair Oaks. Then General Jackson appeared on the scene, and joined forces with General Lee, and all thought of moving on Richmond was abandoned. After seven days of continuous fighting McClellan was driven back to the James river. His attempt to take Richmond was a complete failure.

When General Lee saw that Richmond was no longer in danger he thought that it would be a good time to invade Maryland and capture Washington. General John Pope had charge of the Union troops between Richmond

and Washington, numbering about fifty thousand. On August 28th and 29th these two armies met on the old Bull Run battlefield where there was terrible but indecisive fighting. Pope's reinforcements were purposely delayed by General Porter, and on the 31st the Confederates bore down upon the Union army at Chantilly, fought all day, and won a signal victory. That night Pope withdrew his army within the defences of Washington.

ROBERT E. LEE.

Then General Lee crossed the Potomac at Point-of-Rocks and captured Frederick, Maryland, intending to move against Baltimore or Philadelphia. McClellan followed and Lee turned westward. In the meantime "Stonewall" Jackson frightened Colonel Miles into the surrender of Harper's Ferry, and nearly twelve thousand men became prisoners of war. The armies of Lee and McClellan met at Antietam creek, near Sharpsburg, Maryland, and after a severe conflict on September 17th Lee retreated across the Potomac. McClellan lost about twelve thousand men and Lee ten thousand. The promised uprising of the people of Maryland in behalf of the Confederate cause did not materialize. Lee gave up a fruitless and hopeless invasion which cost him, inside of a month, nearly thirty thousand men. The people of the North were sorely disappointed in McClellan's army.

Early in the spring an expedition under Captain Farragut sailed from Fort Monroe to capture New Orleans. This was the most important city and port in possession of the Confederates. The approach to the city was defended by two strong forts, nearly opposite each other. Above the forts were fifteen armed vessels. Two of these were iron-clads, like the "Merrimac." Just below the

forts two heavy chain cables were stretched across the river; thus defended, the city defied attack.

In Farragut's fleet there were nearly fifty wooden vessels. This was regarded as the most powerful that had ever sailed under the American flag. General Butler followed the fleet to take command of a force of fifteen thousand men. General Farragut, with the aid of Commander Porter's mortar boats, was to capture the forts, break through the chains, conquer the Confederate fleet and take the city. One of the men belonging to this fleet was Lieutenant George Dewey, now Admiral Dewey, the "Hero of Manilla."

For six days and nights Commander Porter bombarded the forts and finally Admiral Farragut determined to cut through the chains, and make an attempt to pass the forts. He succeeded in doing this, and, after a terrible combat, destroyed the Confederate fleet and captured New Orleans, the cotton depot of the South.

Terror now reigned in New Orleans, hundreds fled from the city and thousands of bales of cotton were burned, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Union forces. On April 27th the "Stars and Stripes" floated once more over New Orleans. This victory left but two Confederate strongholds on the Mississippi, Port Hudson and Vicksburg.

Already many of the fortified places along the Southern Atlantic had fallen into the hands of the Union fleet and army Among the number were Hatteras Inlet, Roanoke Island, and Newbern, Port Royal and Beaufort, and Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah river. All the good ports were already lost to the South except Savannah, Charleston and Wilmington in North Carolina.

One incident that happened during our stay at Beverly must not be passed by. It was the visit of the noted scout, Charlie Smitley. He, with a man named John W Wilhide, started from Martinsburg to carry a message to Colonel Hall at Beverly. They went throught the Confeder-

at lines, dressed in full Confederate uniform, under pretense of buying stock for the Confederate army. They had their saddle pockets filled with Confederate money They reached Staunton where they remained over night and went to a Confederate ball.

There was present at this ball Belle Boyd, a famous lady spy, who recognized Smitley, who, not long before, had done her a great kindness. She took him aside, telling him that he was under suspicion, and that he had better escape. Both got away in time to escape with their lives by riding all night and all the next day About four o'clock they came on Captain Marshall's forces who had ambushed us and killed the Snyder boys. They were on their return to the valley. They had stacked their guns and were cooking their suppers by the side of the road. Both spurred their horses and rushed right through these men. Some of them had to get out of the way to keep from getting run over. As soon as they could get their guns the bullets began to fly thick about the fugitives. Wilhide was struck in the hip. Smitley left him on the mountain and late at night went on toward Beverly

When he reached the Elkwater river he was halted by J. F. Fitzsimmons who was on guard. He refused to tell who he was. Hopkins Moffitt had charge of the picket and was summoned. The latter could get nothing from him except that he wanted to see Colonel Hall. Moffitt detailed two men to take him to Colonel Hall's headquarters in Beverly, telling them that if they were fired on the first thing they were to do was to shoot this man. As soon as Colonel Hall saw him he recognized him. Smitley asked for a screw driver, with which he removed a plate from the heel of one of his boots and produced the dispatch for Colonel Hall.

The next morning an ambulance was sent out with a detail of the Ringgold cavalry and John W Wilhide was brought to Beverly. Twenty-four hours from the time he was shot his wound was dressed. He was taken to the

home of Mrs. Jonathan Arnold. This noble Christian woman cared for him and nursed him back to health. To this woman Wilhide, as well as many another wounded or sick soldier, owes a debt of gratitude that he was never able to repay.

CHAPTER XIII

AT NEW CREEK AGAIN

On October 19, 1862, the Ringgold cavalry, with other forces, was ordered to proceed to New Creek, now Keyser, West Virginia. This was a hard journey through the mountains, over rough roads, and required three days. We were greatly rejoiced when we came in sight of our new headquarters.

New Creek was an important place on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. It was the most strategic point on the road west of Martinsburg, and was guarded by a force of infantry, a battery of artillery and a number of cavalry. The old Ringgold cavalry was sent here because they were familiar with all the surrounding country. They knew every road, every mountain path, all the short cuts, the streams, the fords, the lookouts and the places where the enemy was in the habit of gathering for their raids. This was necessary knowledge in dealing with the native Confederate rangers, with whom our forces were engaged in constant warfare.

Here at New Creek a military post was maintained to protect this exposed point on the railroad, and also as a frontier outpost, where the movements of the enemy were watched for a distance of fifty or sixty miles in all directions. The section about Moorefield was a noted rendezvous for the enemy when planning raids on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Several new cavalry companies were also located here, and we were called on to help break them into the service. It was a great advantage for them to go out on a scout with men that had seen service.

As soon as we reached this new point we had to get down to hard work. On the 28th of October, 1862, with other forces, the Ringgold cavalry left New Creek, with

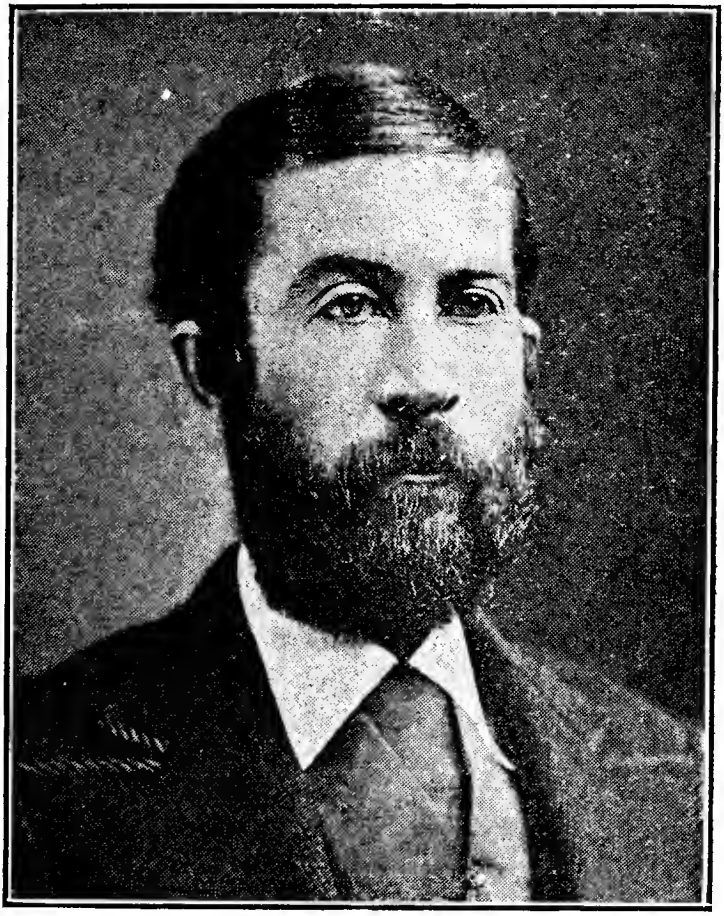
orders to intercept a body of Stuart s Confederate cavalry, some seven miles north of Petersburg. They were reported to General Kelley as gathering all the fat cattle in that neighborhood for the Confederate army. The command left camp in the evening of the 28th of October, marched all night in a drenching rain, over swollen streams and terrible roads.

Sergeant Hopkins Moffitt, who was in charge of the advance, just at day break, came on two horses tied in front of a farm house, the equipments of which denoted that the owners were cavalry men. We soon found the Confederates, who were at breakfast. We took them along. This was quite a surprise to them. They were from a camp at Moorefield. One of them had been in Pennsylvania working at Centerville, Washington county, and was the worst, outspoken, bitter rebel I ever met.

About eight o'clock the command halted at Greenland for breakfast. Here lived one among the many warm friends of the Ringgold cavalry, Mrs. James Babb, a thorough Union lady. Her husband had been killed early in 1861 for his Union principles. While here we fed, got our breakfast, cleaned our arms, ready for anything we would be called on to do, and resumed our march. The morning cleared and every body felt the better for the beautiful day.

About noon the cavalry came out on a bluff where the road descended into a fine valley. Just as we came out on the bluff we could see, in the valley, men riding in all directions, trying to drive a large herd of cattle into a woods, so as to get them away and under cover. The yankees, fully awake to the move, brought forward one gun from Captain Rourke's battery, and began throwing shells in front of the cattle. Soon we had them running in a circle. Then Lieutenant Hart led the charge, taking everything in sight, and the enemy turned to flee. When they took in their hopeless situation they ran up a white flag. They were poorly mounted, and consequently at our

mercy We captured twenty prisoners, twenty-four horses, arms and equipments and one hundred and seventy-five head of fine cattle which were intended for the Confederate army. This skirmish took place seven miles north of



A. B. RICHARDSON

Petersburg, Grant county, West Virginia. The company marched in all about eighty miles.

On November 14th Captain John Keys left New Creek with his command consisting of the Ringgold cavalry, forty-five men, with the following troops: Captain Work, Captain Young and Captain Mitchener with their cavalry

companies. He was joined on the way by Captain Greenfield's company, in all three hundred and fifty men rank and file. He reached Moorefield, Hardy county, the same night at one o'clock, and halted the command for a few moments' rest. While here he learned of the whereabouts of General J. D. Imboden's camp, some fifteen miles farther on. He at once pushed forward expecting to surprise the enemy at day-break. His advance came on the enemy's pickets at seven o'clock in the morning. The enemy was slow to open fire on our advance as he thought he was perfectly secure, so we learned from the prisoners later.

Captain Keys at once ordered a charge; the whole command responded. The Confederates were completely surprised. We drove them from their camp, killing quite a number, capturing forty prisoners, three hundred head of fat hogs, twenty-five head of fat cattle, twenty head of horses, several stands of arms and nearly all his camp equipments. This was one of the most complete surprises that we had the honor to witness during the whole war. Every officer and soldier did his full duty. Our loss was one man seriously wounded, A. B. Richardson, of the Ringgolds, who was shot through the shoulder. Until the time he was wounded he was the ensign of his company. He was taken back to New Creek where the doctors took the knuckle of the shoulder joint away, leaving the arm only in name. Later he was honorably discharged from the United States service. James Lever's horse was shot dead from under him. We had about fifteen or twenty horses wounded. The command returned to New Creek, being absent three days. In this time we defeated J. D. Imboden's forces, said to number five thousand, capturing from the enemy twelve thousand dollars worth of property, and traveling one hundred and twenty miles.

One of our captures was Major Stewart who got away from us. He was in charge of Isaac T. Dawson, who allowed him to ride his own horse, which was a fine one and a good traveler. He watched his chance, and, putting

spurs to his horse, rode right away in the presence of our men. Had Dawson exchanged horses with the man he could never have accomplished this daring feat. The Richmond papers contained lengthy articles about the escape of this prisoner from the yankees. This was the second time we captured this man.

On December 6th, 1862, while in camp at New Creek, Lieutenant H. A. Myers was ordered on a scout as far as Moorefield with a squad of Captain Rowand's company, First West Virginia cavalry. On nearing Moorefield Lieutenant Myers learned that parts of two companies of Confederate cavalry were in the town. Myers with his cavalry, which consisted of forty of the Ringgold and twenty of the First West Virginia, determined to capture this bunch.

We came to Moorefield about daylight. We came up in the rear of the town in order to get into the town about midway, so as to get to the mill above town as soon as possible ,when the dash would be ordered. The road passing this mill was the one generally taken by the Confederates. All this was well known to Myers who had been there some few times before. Early as was our arrival the town was all in a stir, which in a measure confirmed the report gotten from an old black man a short time before. We worked our way, without being discovered, to the coveted spot. Myers ordered Adam Wickerham to make the different details for such points as he wished, before dashing into the place with his main command. The instructions were, when once we started for the post to which we were assigned, to get there as quickly as possible. Some of the guards, in getting through the town, caused an alarm among the Confederates, who began to evacuate on double-quick.

Eliot F Weaver belonged to Sergeant Nutt's squad, which was to go to the mill, just on the edge of the town, on the South Fork of the Potomac. In his hurry to get there he passed several soldiers whom he supposed were our own men, as the morning was intensely foggy. He

crossed the river, drew up at the place where he was instructed to go, and waited for his comrades to come. Several men came up, whom he thought were our own men. One of them took his horse by the bit, while the others gathered around him thinking, on doubt, that they had him. He said to the man who was holding his horse, "Let go my horse I belong to the same squad you do." The Confederate replied, "The h—— you do."

This was his first intimation that he was surrounded by the enemy and not a comrade in sight. He saw something desperate depended on him, or he was a prisoner. He shot at the man holding his horse, but he does not know whether he hit him or not. He loosed the horse, and, when he touched him with the spur, he sprang past them. They all fired at him not touching him or his horse. Just here he met Sergeant Nutt, who had been detained in an encounter with a man whom he had shot and seriously wounded. When Nutt came up they both returned and went beyond the mill, where they came on the squad who thought they had Mr. Weaver a few moments before, and Mr. Weaver about half thought so himself. They opened fire on them at sight. They exchanged a few shots when Sergeant Nutt shot one of them in the chest. Just then the Confederates charged them, and a big fellow came out, took aim at Weaver and hit his horse. Nutt and Weaver did some fine running. Weaver's horse carried him across the river and fell dead. He knew he was shot, but did not know he was that bad.

At this quite a number of the company heard the firing and came to their relief, and drove the enemy away. Weaver stripped his horse of equipments and fell back to town. There were several of the Confederates wounded and some four or five taken prisoners. We had one horse killed and three or four wounded. On our way to New Creek, Weaver was suddenly taken violently sick. On arriving at camp he was taken to the hospital at Cumberland, and later transferred to the Reserve Corps as a nurse.

While the old Ringgold cavalry was at New Creek another move on Richmond was attempted. General McClellan wasted the whole month of October with delays. On November 7th he was succeeded in command by General Burnside. The latter set out to march on Richmond. He crossed the Rappahannock on pontoon bridges at Fredericksburg, and attempted to storm the works in the rear of the town, where the enemy was intrenched behind a long stonewall. On the hills the Confederate artillery was posted. The result was that the Federal forces met with a disastrous defeat. The Union loss was over twelve thousand. Nearly half of these fell before that fatal stone wall. During the night General Burnside's army withdrew quietly across the bridges to their old camping-ground. This was the last battle of the year in the East. General Hooker, or "Fighting Joe" Hooker as his men called him, took charge of Burnside's army.

Late in the summer a determined effort was made by the Confederates to regain control of Kentucky. General Bragg left Chattanooga in Southeast Tennessee and marched rapidly northward toward Louisville. The city was saved by a hasty movement by Buell. Bragg's army retreated and was severely dealt with at Perryville on October 3rd by a force of one hundred thousand men. After this the Confederates gave up all attempts to recover Kentucky.

Early in October Van Dorn and Price attempted to recapture Corinth, Mississippi, but after two days fighting they were repulsed. Grant and Sherman moved on Vicksburg, but the Confederate cavalry cut off Grant's supplies and Sherman met with defeat.

Then General Rosecrans moved against Bragg whom he met at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, December 31st. Each General had forty thousand men. The contest raged for three days. Rosecrans said, "The battle must be won." The Union forces held their ground, and during the night Bragg retreated.

CHAPTER XIV

AT ROMNEY AGAIN

In December the Ringgolds found themselves back in Romney again. About the middle of the month, General Kelley was given the command of all the forces on the upper Potomac, west of Harpers Ferry His chief work was to look after the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

In the afternoon of December 22nd, 1862, General B. F. Kelley, commanding the Department of West Virginia, ordered Captain John Keys, commanding the Ringgold battalion, to proceed to Winchester with as little delay as possible as word had come that there was a large Confederate force in and about that place. He was to make a thorough reconnoissance of the neighborhood and have his command well in hand, so as not to be surprised. He was to take the Ringgold cavalry and move over the Northwest grade.

The command left Romney December 22nd, 1862, at six o'clock in the evening in fine condition, arriving at Winchester, a distance of forty-two miles, at six o'clock in the morning of the next day The news all along the way was unfavorable. Reports were that a large body of cavalry and infantry occupied the roads a short distance beyond the town, and that a heavy cavalry force was guarding the North Mountain pass. They began firing their alarm guns when we were nine miles away. The night was intensely dark and raining. One of our ambulances upset. It was loaded with surgical instruments and other medical stores. We had to leave it in a deep gulch. When we went for it afterward the top was cut off and all the contents taken.

The Confederate cavalry left the place as we marched in, after some sharp skirmishing, after which we took possession to the great joy of the Confederates as well as

Union people, as they were suffering for the necessaries of life, except flour and meat. Flour was worth $16.00 a barrel, tea $16.00 a pound, sugar and coffee $2.50 a pound, matches fifty cents per box: no calico or muslin could be bought at any price. Paper, pen, ink or any kind of notions was simply out of the question. We went in camp fully expecting to be attacked before morning. We heard, however, that General Cluseret was twenty miles up the valley with a large force at the town of Strasburg.

Captain Keys sent a dispatch to General Kelley, at Romney, telling him where he was located and what he had been doing. He also told him that, if General Cluseret remained in the valley, he would hold Winchester. I. T. Dawson, Louis Arthurs and the writer were selected to carry this dispatch. We made the journey by night, a distance of forty-two miles, through the enemy's country. The journey was one long to be remembered as we did not know at what moment we might be surrounded by a band of Confederates. On the way we met two men carrying a dispatch from General Kelley to Captain Keys. We came very near shooting them. A little later both were captured and sent South. The country was full of rebels and how we happened to escape capture was regarded as nothing short of miraculous by each of us. We heaved a sigh of relief when we reached Romney, and turned the dispatch over to General Kelley.

Captain Keys received in reply from General Kelley, "Cluseret has fallen back; you must open the jail, set at liberty all Union men who are therein confined, parole all sick Confederates and stragglers, destroy the telegraph wires and then fall back on Romney" He at once prepared to carry out these orders, when a black man came in with a report that the Confederates were moving in his rear. This, with the knowledge that we were the only yankees in this section, caused the captain no little uneasiness for the safety of his command.

While in this condition of things one of the scouts came

in with the word that, instead of the Confederates, it was General Cluseret's forces falling back from Strasburg. On receiving this information the command went into camp for the night.

Next day (Christmas) the Confederate cavalry, one thousand strong, with four pieces of artillery, attacked us. We soon drove them back. A six pound shell exploded just in the rear of I. K. Gregg and Captain Keys. Fortunately no one was the worse for it, except a good scare. Every day, for three or four days, the enemy's scouts came in sight of our pickets, but not near enough for a fight: they were watching our every move.

Robert Hart, John Holland and Lieutenant James Chessrown were out on the battle field where nearly a year ago, General James Shields defeated "Stonewall" Jackson. Captain Keys was acting Chief of cavalry at the time for Shields. The boys were busy looking where the Fourth Ohio infantry delivered their famous charge at Kernstown, when they noticed a body of cavalrymen approaching. For some time it was difficult to distinguish who they were, but at last they saw they were Confederates, trying to cut them off from camp. Here began a ride for their lives, with from thirty to forty of the enemy in close pursuit. The boys escaped by good horsemanship, but were nearly captured several times in the four mile chase.

Captain Keys was back at Romney by December 29th to make out his pay rolls where word came to him that he was to winter there. It was understood that the Ringgold battalion was to be ordered out of the valley as soon as other cavalry could be secured to take their places.

In a letter written to his wife under date of December 29, 1862, Captain Keys says: "I suppose you have seen by the newspapers they have made me a 'paper general', as 'General Keys has taken Winchester, Virginia.' I suppose this is as far as I will ever attain while I remain a Democrat, which will be as long as I live and do honor to

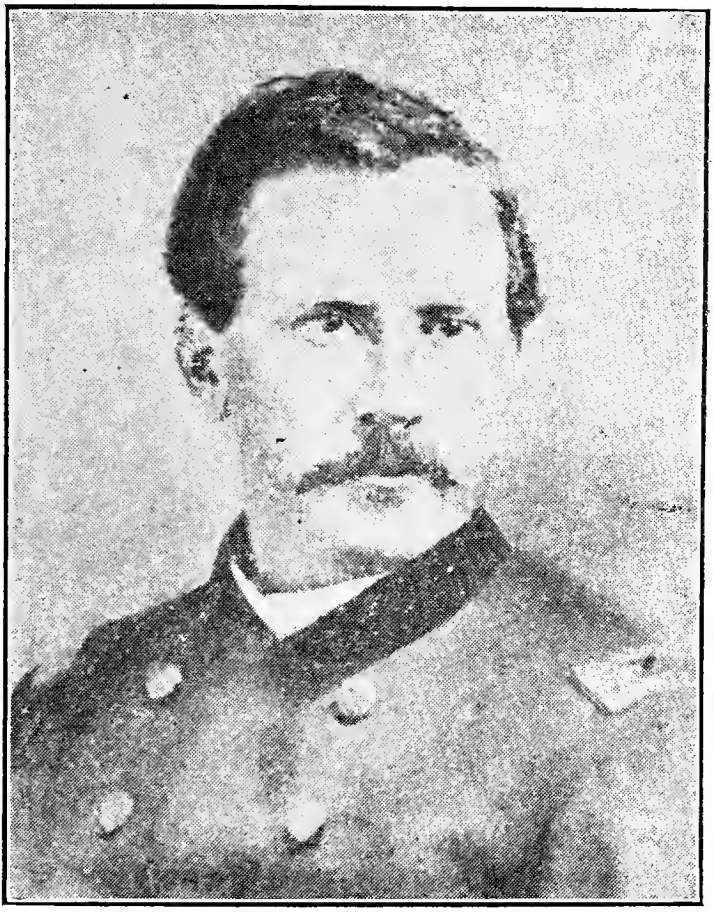
the suit of blue I wear, and to the men I have the honor to command. Black Dan is with me still, and takes great interest in my welfare. He is at a darky ball tonight at Mr. Gibson's down at the river. The darkies always have a general spree between Christmas and New Years, and I have been greatly annoyed in writing passes for them. Greenfield had two of his men wounded by the Confederates last night. I understand they came into town and shot them; Hiram Sargent was one. He has nine buckshot in his arms and legs, and had several more cut from his flesh. A man by the name of Bane was badly shot. Two of Work's men were taken prisoners returning to Winchester with a dispatch. The forces are ordered from the valley to Romney, and I am detailed for the time being on General Kelley's staff and ordered to report at Cumberland, Maryland. I have the company in good quarters if we will only remain here."

While here the procuring of hay for our horses was no easy task, as every wagon sent out had to be guarded by a force of cavalry and infantry. About the middle of February a train of twenty-two wagons was sent out on Patterson creek for hay With these wagons there were seventy-five of the 116th Ohio infantry, and six cavalrymen from the Ringgold cavalry, all under command of Captain Brown. The hay was loaded. The train came up the creek, and turned to the east along the Northwestern pike to the junction, and then to the north, along the road leading to Romney. Sergeant Hopkins Moffitt had charge of the cavalry which rode a considerable distance in front as an advance guard, and the infantry climbed up on top of the loads and made themselves comfortable in the hay

Nearly forty years after this incident the writer met Captain Jesse McNeill, who had charge of the McNeill Rangers, and who told him the story of the capture of this hay train.

McNeill had come there that morning, with twenty-four of his men, and concealed his force on a small ridge

near the road, to watch for small parties of cavalry that might pass that way. His sole aim was to secure horses and arms. He watched the hay train as it went by, and was especially struck by the comfortable soldiering of



MAJOR H. A. MYERS

the seventy-five infantrymen. He saw that they were all on the top of the loads of hay resting very comfortably. Each man had stuck the bayonet of his gun down into the hay. To a soldier of McNeill's stamp the whole scene was an amusing one.

The train halted at the creek, a short distance from

where the force of Confederates was concealed in the brush and the men began to water their horses. It was at this point that McNeill charged on them and captured the whole outfit, except the cavalry which was some distance ahead. The infantrymen declared afterwards that their captain never gave a command.

Hearing the shooting and the yelling Sergeant Moffitt, of the advance guard, came back in haste to find the train and the guards all in the hands of the enemy They opened a vigorous fire on the Confederates from their carbines, and caused them to withdraw in time to save three of the wagons. The report of this capture reached Romney about three o'clock, and in a few minutes every available man of the battalion was mounted and, under command of Captain Young, the race began for the scene of the capture. Reaching there they found nineteen wagons burned, and, as the enemy had the start of our forces by nearly two hours, it was decided that it was useless to follow them. Captain McNeill, as the result of this capture, turned in one hundred and five horses and mules at Harrisonburg, in the valley of Virginia.

On the morning of April 4, 1863, Lieutenant Myers, with fourteen men, went on a scout to Moorefield, where he arrived about noon the same day. Not hearing of any Confederates, after feeding his horses and taking a short rest, he was returning, when he discovered a superior force in his rear in full pursuit. Myers had then marched nearly twenty-four miles, and he determined to fall back so as not to endanger his command. The enemy knew, to a man, his strength, and determined to capture his entire command before they could possibly reach camp, and began pressing him for this.

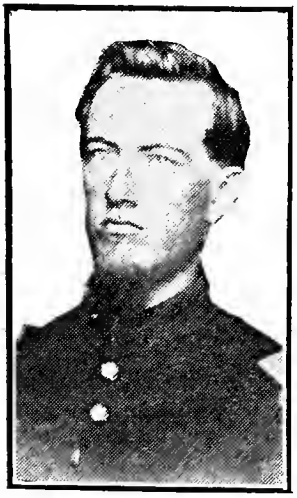
The force following Lieutenant Myers was Captain Kuykendall's men who had been left at or near Moorefield that morning, while McNeill, with his and other forces, would move down in the neighborhood of Burlington and attack the hay train from Romney. McNeill had struck

the hay train and captured it, along with some prisoners, sometime in the afternoon of the same day. Alexander Artist of the Ringgold cavalry was one of the prisoners.

This capture of the hay train alarmed our camp, and at once a force was ordered to look after Lieutenant Myers who, we supposed, would meet McNeill on his return from Burlington. McNeill, not knowing of the scout of Myers, returned to Moorefield by the way of Williamsport, which was all that saved Myers and his squad from capture.

Captain Work, in command of two hundred or two hundred and fifty cavalrymen, was soon in the saddle and away to the rescue of Myers, whom we found near Purgitsville, midway between Romney and Moorefield. Myers had been hard pressed this far by Kuykendall, who had, for some reason, halted his men just out of view.

A plan was soon decided on. Captain H. H. Young, a gallant soldier, with his company, was ordered to go meet Kuykendall, and draw him into a trap, which had been hurriedly set for him. When Young went back for the Confederates, Kuykendall's suspicion was in a measure, aroused, as he and the writer had quite a long talk on this years after. When Kuykendall saw Captain Young coming back he knew there was something in the wind. He spoke to some of his men who seemed to think it was a yankee bluff. Kuykendall tried to reason with his men, how they had driving Myers with fourteen men, then for him to come back was a strong intimation something was wrong.



Captain H. H. Young

Some of them treated his warning lightly, and, rather than have any reflections cast on him, he charged on Young who gave way. Work's men were posted on a ridge above

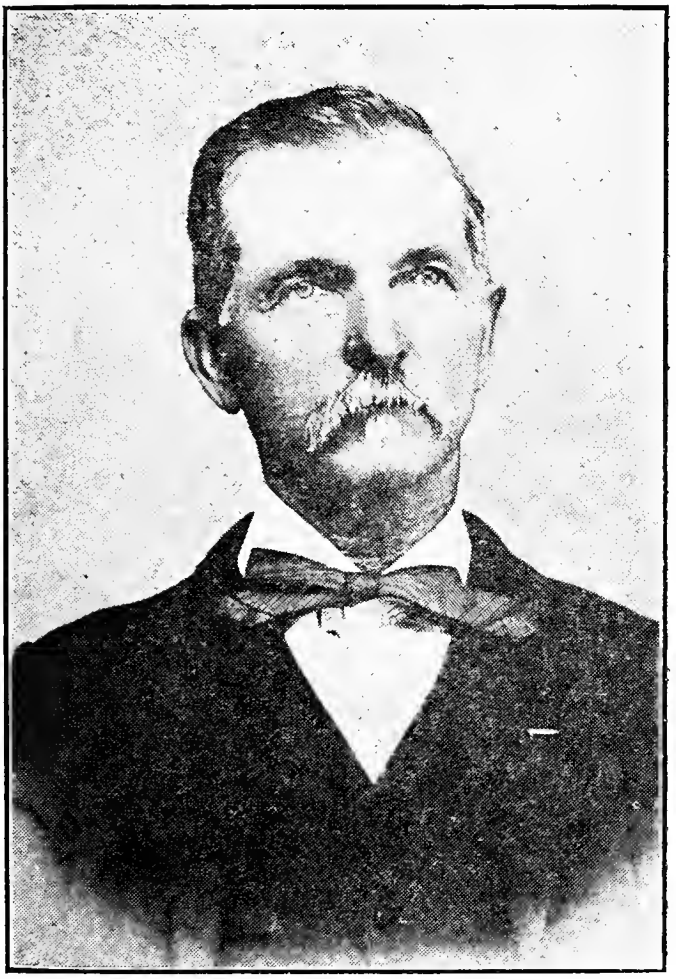
the road. Young was to pass Work's men, and when fully past turn and fall in on the rear of the column. At this Work was to charge them, and cut them off from Moorefield. The plan was well laid, but some of our boys gave it away by firing before ordered.

The Confederates then checked up, and we moved down in the road at a full charge. The enemy retreated in full view. Work closed on his rear, handling him rather roughly. The enemy in falling back clogged where an old wood road led up a steep bank. This threw their rear in a position to do some fighting. I would like to know whether the man is living who shot at me as I struck him with my saber. I had emptied my revolver and drawn my saber, when he turned on me, just as Lieutenant Gass came to my relief, which saved me from capture or perhaps a worse fate. This fight was in full progress when Captain McNeill came in hearing on his way from the capture of our hay train near Burlington the same day. The Ringgold cavalry in this fight had two horses wounded. Sergeant Adam Wickerham's horse "Bully" was shot. Corporal James Robinson's horse was also shot. We returned to camp without any hay for our horses as McNeill had taken the train.

When the Ringgold cavalry charged at Purgitsville and we came on the rear of the Confederates, where they were clogged in front, Lieutenant George Gass was in command of our company, as Lieutenant Myers' horse ran away with him and came near carrying him into the Confederate ranks.

I will always remember "Tip" Wickerham of Company D. "Tip" captured a big, long haired fellow and was taking him to the rear, when the fellow took "Tip" foul and they both

fell from their horses. The Confederate jumped up and into the brush and away. "Tip," it will be remembered, had a stoppage in his speech. When he came to the rear he could not talk at all.



GEORGE W. BREVARD
The "Hero of Purgitsville"

Near the Wickerham capture, Lieutenant Gass and Boyd Hedge were using their sabers rather lively on some Confederates, but Gass' man proved to be a full match for him in way of handling a saber. Just at this moment, the

Confederate, who was contending with Gass, was relieved by a companion shooting Lieutenant Gass' horse from under him. Horse and rider plunged over a steep bank. Just here came Boyd Hedge, after a Confederate. Seeing Gass go over the bank, horse and all, Hedge called out, "Never mind that lieutenant, I will stand by you." Hedge passed on after his man and outstripped all our boys. Afterward he returned to see what had become of his friend Lieutenant Gass.

Over forty years after the war the author of this work was at Moorefield, Hardy county, West Virginia, at a reunoin of McNeill's Rangers. On walking out to Toll Gate Hill, to look over the ground where my company had some hard tilts with the enemy, I said to one of McNeill's men who was walking with me, "That hill does not look natural. The time we came over here from Winchester, Virginia, I shot at a man, sitting on a large gray horse, about where that large dwelling now stands." He turned quickly and said to me, "Did you do that shooting? I am the man. One of your balls just passed my ear." I then said to him, "Give me your hand. Let us take a shake that it was no closer." And he grasped my hand and gave it a hearty shake.

He then asked whether there was any one in the Ringgold cavalry by the name of Elwood besides myself. I told him there was not. He said, "Then I saved your life at Purgitsville. When you struck one of our men with your saber, Boggs and myself had been unhorsed. We were above you in the brush. Just as you hit your man, Boggs raised his gun saying, 'The g—— d—— yankee.' Just then, one of your men, an officer, called to you to come back, that they would kill you. When I heard your name called I threw his gun down. It went off, tearing a hole in the ground as large as a man's hat." "Well," said I, "We will take another shake," and we did. On what a slender thread a life sometimes hangs, and all unawares to

us! He saved my life here because he had learned of my kindness to some of his friends at Romney.

Lieutenant H. A. Myers, with thirty-four men from the Ringgold cavalry, and others, was ordered to proceed to Williamsport, with as little delay as possible, by way of Burlington and make diligent inquiry as to any Confederate troops in or about Petersburg, in sufficient numbers to imperil our supply trains or mail from New Creek.

Lieutenant Myers left camp about seven o'clock, April 26, 1863, over the Northwest pike, as ordered by Colonel Campbell, of the 54th Pennsylvania infantry, who was commanding the brigade. Lieutenant Gordon, of the 54th Pennsylvania infantry, being a personal friend of Lieutenant Myers, requested the privilege of going along for company, which was cheerfully granted. It will be remembered that the road from Romney to Burlington is a beautiful mud pike, running from Parkersburg on the Ohio river, to Winchester in the valley of Virginia. Myers, in company with Lieutenant Gordon, when he came in sight of Burlington, some distance away, could see, from his position, troops moving in and about the place. He at once took them for Confederate cavalry, and, according to rule, ordered a charge.

On the same morning Corporal F.M. Hirst, of Myer's company, had left New Creek with the United State mail for the brigade at Romney. Hirst had just come to Burlington when he sighted Myers in his front with a far superior force of cavalry. Hirst, being a careful, brave man, determined to save his seven men and also the United States mail, gave Myers a volley from their carbines, and turned to flee, thinking all the time he was being pursued by Confederate cavalry.

Hirst with his men took his stand at Ridgeville on the mountain to ambush the advance of the enemy, when, to his surprise, he recognized Thomas Nutt of his own company. Nutt had learned from Mr. Markwood, father of J. W Markwood, who served in McNeill's Rangers, that the

men they were following were the mail carriers. This was the first intimation we had that we were following our own men. Myers' squad, in this dash of six or eight miles, were strung from Burlington to Ridgeville in the mountains.

This little episode was to end more seriously than we anticipated. Lieutenant Myers, Lieutenant Gordon, John Meeks of Myers' company, Lieutenant Wishart and one other man had all been captured somehow in this chase. While Hirst and his men had proved to be friends, there was an enemy somewhere. We soon prepared for a round up with ten or twelve men in a squad. The Confederates were eight men in all, who were watching for small details of cavalry, to get horses and arms. Why they did not attack Hirst with his seven men who had just passed them is evident; they were fully prepared for any and all emergencies.

Of the Confederates who captured the three officers and two privates, I only have the names of two, John B. Fay and John Ullum. Fay got Myers' arms and lost them in the general round up. He finally got away with the fine black horse taken from Lieutenant Gordon and belonging to his lieutenant-colonel. The Confederates got five horses, and, as there were eight of them, this still left three without a mount, and they turned the prisoners over to the three footmen, who got safely away.

The five who had been fortunate in getting horses were, as they thought, in a fair way for escape, and had dismounted to let their horses breathe when the yankees, who were on their trail, came on them. Fay left the Sharps' rifle that he had gotten from Myers a short time before, sitting against a large tree, as the yankees were not in the humor for anything but to shoot. Fay soon after lost the saber, belt and revolver in making his escape, which he claims was a marvel surrounded as he was. The boys were soon parolled by Captain Kuykendall, and were permitted to retain all private property, such as money, watches and

jewelry. This whole thing was rather a smart yankee trick played by the Confederates. The writer is under lasting obligations to John B. Fay, of McNeill's Rangers, who personally captured Lieutenant H. A. Myers, for his willingness on all occasions, to impart any and all information called for. I will say, however, we captured Fay later at Moorefield, and still he got away John would have made an excellent yankee as well as a good soldier. Myers, with Meeks, was soon exchanged and back in the saddle, both serving their time and were honorably discharged.

The winter of 1862-3 was a time always to be remembered by the Federal army of Virginia. The number of sick and wounded was something awful. The North was becoming anxious for a move on Richmond. Congress had passed extreme war measures. One of these gave the loyal people of what is now West Virginia the opportunity to hold an election to decide whether a majority wished a separate state or not. The Confederates, living in the district set apart by this bill, swore venegeance on all Union men who attempted to attend such an election. This created quite an excitement all through the mountain district, which was full of guerrilla bands, which were not worthy the clemency of any honorable soldier. They would not go into the Confederate army where a true soldier would be found, but would lie in the brush and murder men they were afraid to meet.

On March 19, 1863, while in camp at Mechanicsburg gap, General Kelley, commanding the department, ordered Lieutenant J. P Hart, with twenty-two men from the Ringgold cavalry, to march into Doddridge county to a place called West Union, one hundred and sixty miles from our camp. The command was to remain here until after the coming election and see that all loyal citizens were allowed free franchise. Here the Ringgold boys had the honor of helping make West Virginia a state on March 26, 1863. We protected the men on the way to and from

the polls. The next day we were ordered to return to our former camp.

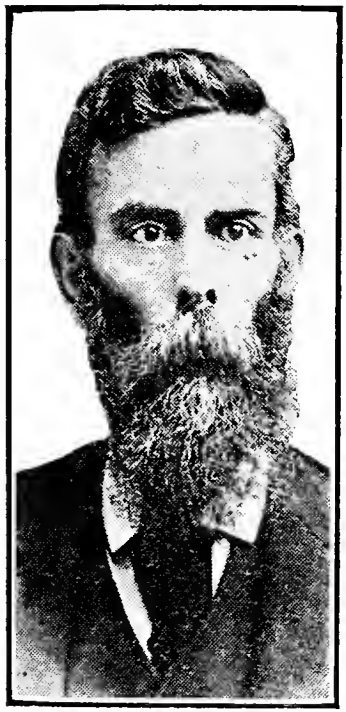
March 4th Lieutenant Gass, with twenty-three men, left camp at Romney, with instructions to proceed by way of New Creek to Claysville on top of the Allegheny mountains, some sixty-eight miles. They were to gather all the cattle in that neighborhood, that would do for beef, and bring them to Romney for the forces then in camp there. We left camp sometime in the afternoon, and spent that night at Reese's on New Creek. Mr. Reese was very inquisitive about our business and when we were expecting to return. There are always, in every company, some men who talk too much. We had one in this particular scout as things turned out afterward.

We left Reese's on the morning of March 5th, got on top of the mountain, traveled until after dark, then turned off the main road through farms for quite a while before going into camp, so as not to be surprised by the enemy, if we were being followed, as was sometimes the case. This night was quietly spent on the mountains with a Dutchman, where we remained until all the cattle were gathered together. Lieutenant Gass gave the farmers an order on Uncle Sam for the amount, if they could prove they were Union men. Otherwise it was no good. The men in the district were generally for the Union and got their money for the stock.

On March 8th we got in line for camp with twenty-seven head of good beef cattle, the farmers helping us into the Northwestern grade. We met with nothing of any note until we came down the mountain on New Creek at Reese's, where the command was halted for the night. This man Reese was a noted Confederate, and had a large farm well stocked with negroes. The cattle were turned into a field near the barn in which our horses were and in which we intended to quarter later.

After we got our coffee and crackers, which was sometime after dark, we could see that the darkies were not

out among the men as they had been on our way out, and especially the old gentlemen. This was quickly noted. The writer and I. T. Dawson went to the rear of the mansion to the negro quarters to inquire if Mr. Reese was at home. The colored people, we could see, were on their guard from some cause. Finally we came to the black man we afterward shipped north. This man informed us his boss had just come home from Moorefield, and that the family was looking for the McNeill men to take "you-ens all," and that Mr. Reese was in the house.



Sergt. I. T. Dawson

We were not long in finding a way to persuade Mr. Reese to come out on his front veranda where he was compelled, at the open end of a revolver, to say where and how we knew when we would return. Every man in that squad knew before we left how and where he got his information. One of our men had told him when we were there some days before. Lieutenant Gass, a careful officer, at once determined to move a little farther out with his pickets, and remain where he was at Mr. Reese's expense. If his men were fired on during the night he and his would then and there pay the price. The whole command of twenty-three men was up the entire night. Woe to the command that had come for us that night! All passed off quietly. Next day we pulled out for camp at Romney, where the company arrived after a march of sixty-eight miles.

In closing this chapter I want to refer to the subject of

slavery which has been brought up by the reference in a preceding paragraph, to the negro that we sent North, and who spent the rest of his days at Uniontown, Pennsylvania. This poor fellow was sent out on the mountains on the coldest days in winter to chop wood. Often the only food given him to take along for his dinner was a piece of cold corn bread, and sometimes a small piece of bacon was added.

The boys of the Ringgold cavalry saw slavery in all of its forms, from its very best to its very worst. President Lincoln entered upon his duties not intending to interfere with slavery. As the struggle went on he became convinced that it was the real cause and the main source of the strength of the war against the Union, and that a blow must be struck at this great evil.

On the 22nd of September, 1862, he issued a proclamation, declaring that on the first day of January, 1863, "All persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free."

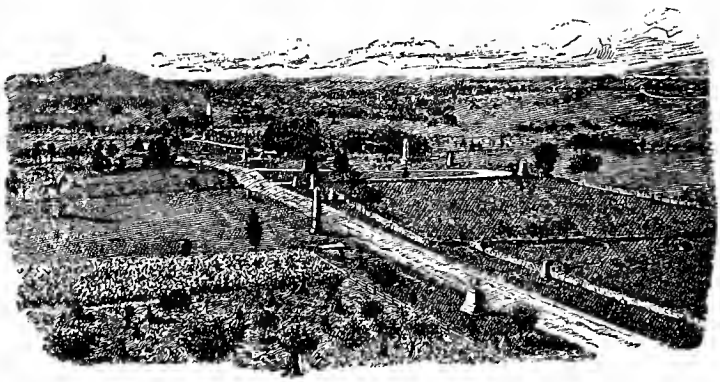
No attention was paid to this by the districts named. On January 1, 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, freeing all the blacks in the states which were in war against the Union. By a single stroke of the pen that most precious of all rights, the ownership of themselves, was given to three millions of human beings.

This is the greatest event recorded on the pages of American history. This was the first official blow struck at slavery This made the war, henceforth, not only a struggle to maintain the union of the state, but also to give the slaves of our land their freedom. This act had a wonderful effect on the nations abroad. They saw that any recognition of the Confederacy, or any help extended to the South, would be an indirect support of slavery

About one hundred and eighty thousand negroes enlisted in the Union army. The greater portion of them,

however, remained at work on the plantations of the South. The freedom of the whole body of slaves was not effected until the close of the war, when the Thirteenth Amendment was passed, declaring that slavery should no longer exist in the United States. This final act of emancipation has been of greater advantage to the white race than to the negroes themselves. Free labor has brought a much greater degree of prosperity throughout the South than slave labor ever did.

In the spring of this year the Confederate general, W E. Jones, made his famous raid through West Virginia. He left the Shenandoah valley, April 21st. His plan was to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad so completely that it could not be used for six months. He reached Oakland and Altamont where the property of the railroad was destroyed. Such a stiff fight was put up at Rowlesburg that he withdrew his forces and went to Morgantown. From there he marched to Fairmont and destroyed the railroad bridge, and then he turned south passing near Clarksburg, and the first week of June was back in Virginia. In thirty days he marched seven hundred miles. His entire loss upon the raid was ten men killed and twenty-two wounded. According to his report he burned sixteen railroad bridges, destroyed one tunnel, captured seven hundred prisoners, and brought back for the use of the Confederacy one thousand head of cattle and one thousand two hundred horses.



THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL MILITARY PARK.
Hancock Avenue looking south.

CHAPTER XV

WHY NOT AT GETTYSBURG

In this chapter I shall give you my experience in the Gettysburg campaign, or what we were called on to perform near Clear Spring, Maryland. I will preface my sketch to show why we were there July 10, 1863.

On June 2, 1863, Lee's army encamped on the south bank of the Rappahannock, near the city of Fredericksburg. Hooker's army was on the north bank of the same river, among the Stafford hills, and nearly opposite the city. Hooker's army consisted of eight corps commanded by Reynolds, Hancock, Sickels, Meade, Sedgwic, Howard and Slocum with Pleasanton's cavalry corps. Lee's army consisted of four corps commanded by Longstreet, Ewell, A. P Hill, with Stuart commanding the cavalry.

There has been much dispute as to the strength of the two armies which met at Gettysburg, but, after a careful investigation of all the various statements on the subject, it has been thought safe to assume that Lee's army numbered eighty thousand and that Meade's army, as stated by himself in his testimony before a committee of congress on the conduct of the war, numbered ninety-five thousand. His precise language was that his army numbered a little under one hundred thousand, probably ninety-five thousand. They were nearly equal in artillery and cavalry. Lee's army, flushed with repeated victories, was entirely confident that it could defeat the army of the Potomac on any field where they might meet, North or South.

The Confederacy could not survive without the recognition of foreign governments. This was doubtless expected by Southern leaders, in accordance with the most reliable advices from their friends in England and France. The transfer of the war to Northern soil, the defeat of the Union army, and the capture of Baltimore and Washing-

ton would command the recognition of the Confederacy and end the war. This was a fond delusion, as will appear later.

Hooker could make no move against Lee in Fredericksburg. He kept close watch on his movements, and, as early as May 28th, he was fully convinced that he had decided on the invasion of Maryland or Pennsylvania, and so wrote Mr. Lincoln. His information given the president was vindicated, for, on June 2, 1863, Lee's army commenced moving, by Ewell's corps advancing to Culpeper Court House. This was followed by Longstreet's corps, and, on the 3rd, by General Lee and his staff. By June 8th all of Lee's army, excepting Hill's corps, which remained to watch Hooker at Fredericksburg, was concentrated at Culpeper.

Hooker was anxious to attack Lee's rear at Fredericksburg, and suggested it to the President, who promptly disapproved the plan, as he would have to attack Lee in his intrenchments. Hooker then suggested a forced march on Richmond, capture and destroy it, and let Lee move North. Lincoln replied, "I think Lee's army, and not Richmond, is your objective point." At this Mr. Lincoln called Hooker's attention to the fact, "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the rear on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?"

On June 8th Pleasanton crossed the Rappahannock protected by a heavy fog, and struck the main force of Stuart's cavalry corps, compelling him to retreat. Pleasanton came in possession of Stuart's headquarter papers, including Lee's outline of his movements in Maryland and Pennsylvania. The capture of General Stuart's headquarters was a set back to Lee, defeating one of his most important plans. General Jenkins, with a large cavalry force, led the advance of Lee's invasion, crossing the Potomac, at Williamsport, on the evening of June 14th.

General B. F Kelley, who was lying along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, had been apprised of

Lee's movements from Washington. He was ordered, by General Halleck, to concentrate his brigade along South mountain, near Clear Spring, Maryland, in a position to deliver a telling blow to the enemy's left flank. General Kelley pushed forward in obedience to orders. When he came near Williamsport he learned Lee's army had passed on into Pennsylvania. Kelley dispatched at once to Halleck, who, in reply, ordered Kelley to remain along the crest of Fairview mountain, ready to deliver the blow when he heard from Meade's guns, as Hooker had been relieved.

We lay here while the battle of Gettysburg was fought. It was a dreadful conflict lasting three days. This was one of the most important and decisive battles of the war. No field of battle was ever more stubbornly contested. General Lee was forced to retreat. The loss of each army was great. About forty-four thousand men, nearly one-third of those engaged in the conflict, were killed, wounded or missing. This was the greatest battle fought on American soil. It has generally been regarded as the turning point of the war. We lay in camp along the crest of Fairview mountain, in position, waiting for a fight, and who knows the suspense of an army under such circumstances?

While here in camp on the 9th of July, 1863, General Kelley dispatched Captain Hart on a scout to learn, if possible, something of General Lee's whereabouts. About three hours after the cavalry returned with the information that Lee's army had crossed the Potomac during the night into Virginia. Kelley was wonderfully disappointed.

Halleck ordered General Kelley to cross the Potomac and harass Lee's rear. We soon crossed at Back Creek, by swimming our horses, the men crossing on rude rafts constructed out of buildings near at hand, as the river was very high. We were soon on the Virginia side, saddled up and away. Going up North mountain, at a sharp turn in the road, we came on a body of the Confederate cavalry. At sight of them Captain Hart ordered a charge, and at them, with a yell, we went. We followed them to near

Martinsburg where a part of Lee's army was lying and gave up the chase after capturing one officer and seventeen men and horses belonging to Hampton's Legion, South Carolina. This was a complete surprise.

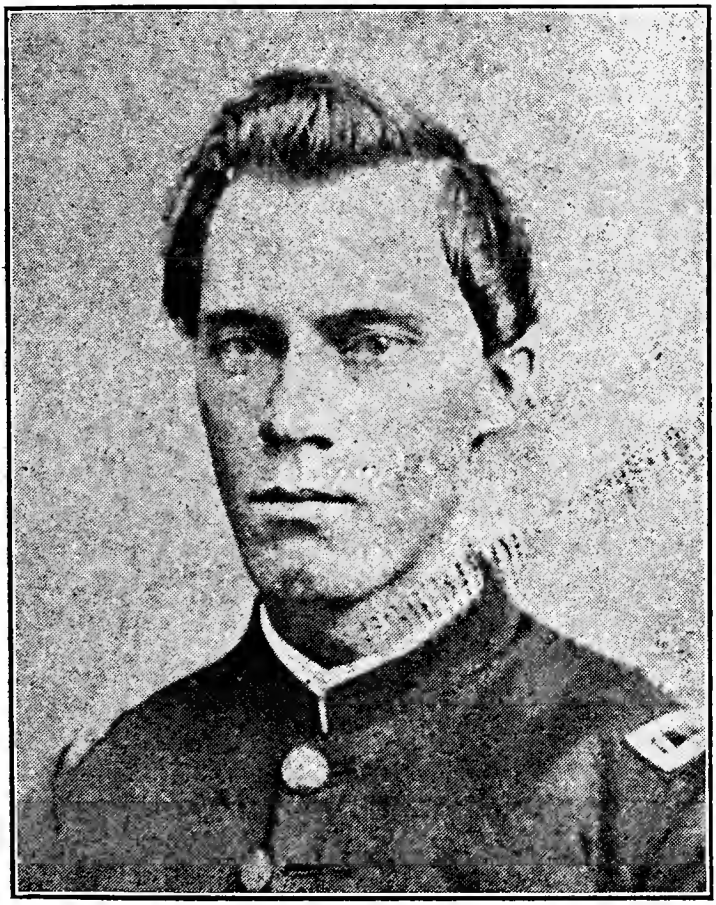
July 16, 1863, Kelley ordered Lieutenant Gass with his company to scout as far as Jarrettstown in the valley. Near Bunker Hill, Gass learned of a body of Confederate cavalry which was out foraging, and determined to capture them or give them a chase. The Confederates prefered the latter. And soon we came on them at a farm house. To say they ran was simply because they could not fly. We followed this cavalry within three miles of General Lee's headquarters, which were at Bunker Hill, as we learned from the prisoners we captured in this chase.

A few words right here in regard to the surrender of Vicksburg will not be out of place. In the West and Southwest in 1863, there were four Union armies: The first was in charge of General Grant, not far from Vicksburg; the second under Banks, in Louisiana; the third under Schofield, in Missouri; and the fourth under Rosecrans, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The main work before the first three of these armies was the opening of the Mississippi river. The fighting in the West and Southwest during 1863 centered about two cities, Vicksburg on the Mississippi, and Chattanooga on the upper Tennessee. The first had to be captured before the Mississippi could be opened to commerce. The second was the post of vantage for the invasion of the Gulf states, and was the objective point of the army of Rosecrans.

The expedition of General Grant against Vicksburg in 1862, had ended in Sherman's defeat. Early in 1863, a second attempt also resulted in failure. For two months Grant tried to reach the city from the north and gave up in despair. Then he attempted and carried out a bold resolve. He cut loose from his base of supplies and marched down the west side of the river. He sent his gun-boats and supply ships down the stream through a frightful

storm of shot and shell from the batteries located on the heights.

Then he crossed the river below the city on April 29, and fought five battles with the Confederate forces. In



GEORGE S. GASS

all of them he came out vietorious. Finally he had General Pemberton and his army shut up behind the fortifications of Vicksburg and for six weeks the city was beseiged.

During all this time the Union forces were shelling the city night and day. Food became so scarce that the Confederate troops had but one cracker and a small piece of

raw pork a day. The town was so knocked to pieces with shot and shell that the women and children were forced to live in caves dug in the earth. The people of the city had only a few mouthfuls of food each day When "mule steaks" gave out, many had to choose between eating cats and rats or dying of starvation.

The city could hold out no longer and surrendered on July 4th, the day after the battle of Gettysburg ended. When the Confederates marched out of the city of Vicksburg and grounded their arms in front of the Federal works, not a cheer was given by the brave victors, so great was their respect for the brave defenders. Grant took thirty-two thousand prisoners. Not the Union army, but famine had conquered them. Before noon of that day the "Stars and Stripes" were floating over the city. The Union men went about the city providing the hungry with bread. The victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg made a great "Fourth" for the Union cause. Five days later Port Hudson surrendered, and the Mississippi river was open from its source to its mouth. Thus another part of the Union plan of the war had been carried out, and the "Father of Waters" flowed unvexed to the sea. The Southern ports had been blockaded. Only two more things remained to be done and the Union plan of the war would be carried out in full; the one was to break through the Confederate lines in the West, march an army to the Atlantic, and North to Virginia. The second was the capture of Richmond.—*Written by George S. Gass.*

CHAPTER XVI

AT CLEAR SPRING

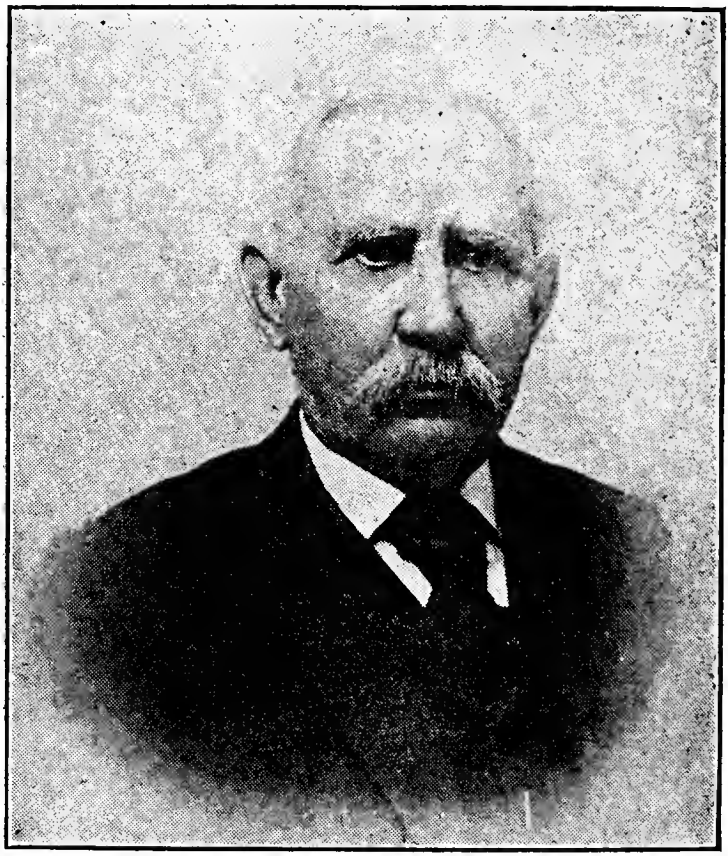
We were at one of our reunions. The speechmaking for the day was over. A group of the survivors of the old Ringgold cavalry were telling stories of their experiences during the awful conflict that raged from 1861 to 1865. One of the most interested listeners was Comrade David Hart. There was a lull in the conversation and one of our number said, "Davy, tell us about your experience at Clear Spring, Maryland." All listened with the closest attention while this battle-scarred veteran recounted the exciting scenes of July 10, 1863. I am going to reproduce this story as nearly as possible as he told it, wishing that you could hear it from the lips of Comrade David Hart for yourself, for no one else can tell it as he can.

While in camp near Romney, West Virginia, June 1863, Colonel Campbell of the 54th Pennsylvania in command, the forces were, by General B. F. Kelley, ordered to fall back to New Creek. Boyd Hedge and William Holland of my company were captured as they had been detained behind in caring for some loose horses. They were released the following day, and came to camp without horses or arms. We remained in camp at New Creek for a few days. All the reports reaching us as to the Confederates were magnified as to their number and misleading as to their location.

General Kelley came to the conclusion he would locate the enemy. Calling for Captain Hart with his company he ordered him on a scout as far as Cumberland, some eighteen or twenty miles below, to find out something of the enemy's strength as well as his location. We were soon in the neighborhood of Cumberland.

Early in the morning, Edward Abell and I were on picket, while Hart, with the rest of the company, rushed on

into the town to get the information desired, as the Ringgolds knew some good Union people in the place. It was beginning to get daylight when Comrade Abell and I could see men, moving on a bluff west of the town. The sun was



DAVID HART

just coming up when they saw me, by my arms glistening in the morning sun, and opened on me at once with musketry. Their balls fell far short. They then brought up a piece of artillery, and threw a shell over me which landed in a large pool of water. This brought Captain Hart and his men on the jump. Hart said it would not do to remain in town, and have them shell the town, as we were without artillery, so we fell back out of range of their guns.

On crossing the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, we saw a passenger car standing. The Confederates had burned the bridge beyond. On coming to this car we found General Kelley and Thayer Melvin, his adjutant general. The old general came out remarking, "My God, men, you are always just where I want you." This, I have often thought, was as high a compliment as any company could desire. The general said, that the enemy was just ahead of us, and that we would be compelled to cut our way through them. Two of our boys dismounted, took to the mountains, and gave up their horses to Kelley and Melvin. We soon started for New Creek, expecting every moment to encounter the Confederates. We could see quite a number on the south side of the Potomac.

Arriving at camp, without any scraps, we took a scout as far as Springfield. Then the whole command moved to Cumberland. We remained here a short time. The enemy having gone into Pennsylvania a petition was sent to headquarters, requesting our company to be sent to defend our loyal homes. We were marched some ten miles out the Cumberland road, when we were ordered back, and mustered for pay, after which the whole command was moved to Hancock, Maryland.

The Ringgold cavalry was ordered on a scout, under Captain Hart, to Fairview mountain and beyond, if he deemed it safe. Some of us went within a few miles of Williamsport, and captured J E. B. Stuart's adjutant general who was visiting some friends and looking for some way to cross the Potomac river. This was July 8, 1863. We returned to camp with our prisoner. The next day we were moved forward to Fairview mountain. It will be remembered that General Lee at this time was falling back from Gettysburg.

July 10th the old Ringgold's thirty-five men, with seven men from a Maryland company, who had been cut off from their command and who had been ordered on duty with us, all told forty-two men, were ordered on a scout in the vicin-

ity of Clear Spring. We halted at the Mountain House, on top of Fairview mountain, to get breakfast. As John Myers and I had no hard-tack we were soon up in the top of some cherry trees near by. We had scarcely located when we heard firing down in the valley below. The company was soon on the move in the direction of Clear Spring. General Kelley ordered Captain Hart to take his company, go down, and ascertain what this firing was about. We met some soldiers who informed Hart the enemy was at Clear Spring, in force. We moved to the foot of the mountain into a beautiful valley. Here we could see the enemy moving around in an apple orchard, which was in wheat, now in shock. Beyond this orchard we could not see how the forces of the enemy were located. General Kelley and staff were on the mountain with field glasses watching the outcome of this scout. Every thing in this valley denoted prosperity as the large meadows, the corn and wheat fields and good fences plainly showed that the army had not been there.

John M. Myers

Here Captain Hart ordered that Sergeant Wickerham take five men, throw down the fence on the left of the pike, go around this orchard, and see how the enemy was located beyond. Passing through a cornfield we came in sight of a meadow which had been mown. This meadow was separated from the cornfield by a pair of bars: four of the top bars were up. Just then I saw a Confederate running across this meadow. Four of us made for the bars, and over we went, Wickerham, Myers, Dever and myself. I was riding the horse captured the day before from Stuart's adjutant general. He was a good one and out ran all the rest, which brought me close to a fence where my man was heading but he got through and escaped.

From my advanced position I soon saw plenty of Confederates. One rode out from among the apple trees and stopped, with his gun at aim. I snapped my revolver which failed me. Then I heard Wickerham calling, "Look out, Davy, that fellow will shoot you." In a moment the man fired and missed me. I then thought it my turn. Turning on him I snapped my revolver the second time. Strange to say not a man in our detail fired a shot; every man's gun failed him. When I snapped my revolver the second time this same Confederate shot me. At this time there were a great many shooting at me, and I remember hearing Sergeant Wickerham calling on me to fall back, as there were too many of them for us.

I then made for the bars. Myers horse broke away from him. I reached the bars first not realizing my condition. Just here I heard John Myers say, "Catch my horse," which was coming my way I swung around and caught his horse. Then I saw Dever s horse had left him, and he was shielding himself among the apple trees as best he could. I then turned my horse, jumped the bars, and made for the pike in order to join my company

By this time I began to realize I was badly shot; how badly I did not know When I reached my company, which was drawn up in line across the pike, Myers was some distance behind me. I heard Captain Hart give command, "Draw sabers, this won't do, to let them fellows get Myers. Charge!" Myers was cut off from his company. When he came to a high fence, his horse, in the act of clearing this fence, which would give him the woods, was shot dead from under him, and threw him. Before he could get up they were on him; he threw up his hands to surrender when Captain Hart charged, which sent them pell-mell down the pike, leaving Myers at the fence. Dever came in all right.

I rode some distance to the rear, as my three wounds began telling on me, doing all I could to hold to my saddle. In this condition, faint and weary, I met Jack Davis and

Mike Core. They took my arms, and took me to a cabin near the pike where a lady threw an old quilt on the floor, when I became unconscious. With a German from some other company, who had been shot through his breast near the heart, I was removed to the hotel on top of Fairview; here I became conscious. I found at my side two of my company, Hopkins Moffitt and Chauncy Dever whom my captain had detailed to remain with me until a change, as I was thought to be mortally wounded, one ball in my lungs and two in my right abdomen which have never been extracted. Those who took charge of my horse said there was three balls in his neck. When I got home my people found nine holes in my old pants and jacket.

We remained on Fairview at the hotel for ten days when John Meeks brought an ambulance and moved us to Cumberland. I was taken to Mrs. Blucher's hotel where we were met by my wife and father-in-law, John Paxton. I remained here about ten days when David E. Hart took me to my home in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. General Kelley sent me a furlough for thirty days. Captain Hart sent me another for thirty days. I remained home until the second Tuesday in October 1863, when I voted, then joined my company, then in camp at Petersburg, West Virginia. Soon after I was promoted to quartermaster sergeant of my company. On the 18th of December 1863, General Averell appeared at camp on his famous Salem raid.

Comrade Hart did not tell the full story of the day's work at Clear Spring. When Captain Hart made the charge he speaks of, we were hard pressed by about three hundred Confederate cavalrymen. He held his position until Sergeant Wickerham returned who was being sorely pressed by some twenty-five of the Confederate cavalrymen. Captain Hart then fell back to the foot of the mountain, re-formed his handful of men, ordered them to draw sabers, and then charged the men who had Myers and Dever prisoners. The boys were in the act of getting on be-

hind two Confederate soldiers when they discovered Captain Hart and his men coming at full charge. They left their prisoners on the fence, and withdrew in the direc tion of their reserve, thinking we had been strongly reinforced, as we learned from the prisoners afterwards. We pressed them until we came on their main force, drawn up in line near Clear Spring. Here we charged the 13th Virginia Confederate cavalry regiment a number of times, eventually driving them through the town of Clear Spring, and held the place until General Kelley came up in the final charge. Harry Linn was wounded. Our loss in this engagement was two men wounded, one horse killed and several horses wounded.

General Kelley's aid, who took a position on Fairview mountain with field glasses, observed the fighting and sent orders to Captain Hart by three different orderlies to quit the field and fall back or his command would be captured. Hart returned reply, "When we are whipped we will give up the field."

On the evening of July 10, 1863, Brigadier-General B. F Kelley sent the following complimentary order to be read to all the command: "The general commanding desires, in compliment to the bravery and gallantry displayed by Captain Hart and his brave men, the old Ringgold cavalry in the late action near Clear Spring in holding and driving through the town an overwhelming force, the camp at this place be called Camp Hart, all official communications to these headquarters addressed accordingly."

General Kelley ordered my company to cross the Potomac river at Back creek, July 11, 1863. When Captain Hart arrived on the Maryland shore the river was beyond fording. Hart's orders were to cross the river. We built rafts from buildings near at hand to carry the men and their equipments over, while we drove our horses into the stream, Jack Davis, the duck from Fredericktown, riding the lead horse. All came out on the Virginia shore. We soon saddled up, and were the first yankees south of the

Potomac after the battle of Gettysburg. Captain Har soon had his company on the move in the direction o Martinsburg where he knew a good portion of Genera Lee's army was lying. On passing over North mountai the idea was to reach the summit and see what was beyon in the Shenandoah valley While passing up this moun tain, at a short turn in the road, we came on a body o Confederate cavalry, not fifty feet in our advance. Cap tain Hart, not knowing their number, ordered a charge At them we went shooting and yelling like mad. The broke and fled in the direction of Martinsburg. We fol lowed them to within two miles of that place, then gav up the chase, but not until we had captured seventeen o their men, horses, arms and equipments. When we re turned to camp, which we did in a hurry, we first learne we had captured one officer and seventeen men belongin to the famous Hampton Legion from South Carolina. Thi was one of the most complete surprises of the Clear Spring campaign. Had they charged first with their number they would have gotten our whole squad, for the river was t cross before we could reach camp. Captain Hart ofte laughed in relating how bad we had the Confederate scared. We stirred a hornet's nest at Martinsburg by thi little episode, and brought enough cavalry out after us t capture a brigade.

There has been preserved a letter from Captain Jame P Hart to his brother David Hart, written the day afte the engagement at Clear Spring in which he tells of th wounding of David Hart and Harry Linn of his company and informing him that he had but forty men left fo duty. He closes his letter with this significant sentence "Still my forty are as good as a brigade when it comes t a square charge."

CHAPTER XVII

THE STORY OF GENERAL KELLEY

Old Ben Kelley was one of the silent heroes of the war. Major Davis, the army officer who has charge of the publication of the rebellion records, told me that Kelley made less history for the amount of fighting he did than any general officer in the service.

Prudent, secretive, vigilant, General Kelley committed little to paper. No telltale order ever betrayed his plans to the enemy. His instructions always went by word of mouth, through trusted adjutants, and no correspondents were allowed in his camps. His reports scarcely showed which side licked when he had been victorious. They were characteristic of the man, terse, laconic, modest. In the forthcoming volume of War Records, covering some of Kelley's operations along the Baltimore and Ohio railway Major Davis will have to depend largely upon the reports of the Confederate commanders for his history The reports of "Stonewall" Jackson, Loring and McCausland relate interesting experiences with Kelley's ten thousand along the upper Potomac and in the Shenandoah valley.

Gen. B. F. Kelley

From the beginning to the close of the war Kelley operated in the mountains and kept open the Baltimore and Ohio road, the great supply artery for the armies of the East; and he was the man who kept "Stonewall" Jackson

out of Pittsburgh. Early in the war Jackson conceived the idea of invading Western Pennsylvania to ravage the rich farming country of the Monongahela valley, burn Pittsburgh and destroy the great arsenal there. It became his hobby, and every movement of his up to the beginning of 1862 looked to that end. The repulse and rout of Loring, commanding his advance, at Romney, West Virginia, October 27th, 1861, by Kelley, was a bad setback for the invasion scheme, and Jackson was summarily ordered to fall back to Winchester. It was this humiliation that caused the big fuss between Jackson and the Confederate secretary of war, which came so near losing Jackson to the Confederacy Jefferson Davis, General Lee and Governor Letcher patched up a peace and mollified Jackson only after the greatest difficulty.

It is generally understood from the war histories that the first set field action of the war was at Big Bethel church Virginia, June 10, 1861, between detachments from the command of General B. F Butler and Colonel (afterwards General) A. P Hill; but this is an error, due mainly to the secretiveness and modesty of General Kelley, for just one week before Big Bethel, on a beautiful Sunday morning, Kelley, at the head of a small brigade of Virginia, Ohio and Indiana troops, attacked and routed a Confederate force of one thousand five hundred men under Colonel Porterfield, at Philippi, West Virginia.

It was here that Kelley was shot through the lungs by a Confederate quartermaster named Simms, the first Union soldier to fall on the field with Confederate lead in him. And thus fell, desperately wounded, the first volunteer officer to receive a commission from President Lincoln, and the organizer of the first Union regiment mustered in south of the line.

About two months ago General Kelley was moving from Cumberland to his beautiful country place, Swan Meadows, near Oakland. A short time before his removal, I had a long talk with him. He was then on what he knew was his

last march, and he spoke calmly of the final halt. He was eighty-four and he felt that his time had been drawn out longer than he could have expected, shot and slashed to pieces as he had been. In this conversation he told me a thrilling war secret, which he said he had related to only one other person, and that was President Grant. It was to keep faith with a Virginia lady, who was the principal agent in the dramatic episode, that he had always kept it to himself. But the lady is no more, and now the old general is gone. I therefore feel at liberty to repeat the story.

Just after Lee's defeat by Meade at Gettysburg, in the second great Confederate invasion of the North, General Kelley received orders from Halleck, the commanding general at Washington, to concentrate his army of twelve thousand men on the north side of the Potomac, within striking distance of Lee's retreat.

Lee crossed the Potomac and escaped to galvanize the Confederacy into nearly two years more of life. Kelley had orders to advance from the West with his veterans and attack Lee's flank when he heard the first gun of Meade's action with the retreating Confederates. For three days Kelley's force lay along the crest of South mountain, anxiously awaiting the signal. It was known that Meade and Lee were in close quarters, and the thunders of battle were expected at any moment. The veterans were brought up to the fighting pitch, and were literally spoiling to get at the Confederates. This was especially so of Mulligan's famous Irish brigade. The morning of July 14, General Kelley, unable longer to stand the suspense, sent out a scouting troop from the Ringgold cavalry, to find out why General Meade had not delivered battle, and he was both amazed and disgusted when the troops came in three hours later with the information that during the night Lee's army had crossed the Potomac.

Kelley immediately marched without orders to Williamsport, thinking he might catch a belated brigade or

two, and he captured a lot of stragglers and property that had been left under guard to be carried over later. An order reached him here from General Halleck to proceed to Cherry Run, seven miles above, cross the river and harass the enemy's right flank. This order came near losing the whole of Kelley's force to the enemy, for Ewell's corps, after crossing, had gone ten or twelve miles up before striking back into the country, and Kelley's crossing at Cherry Run placed him, not on the enemy's right wing, but between two of his corps. Kelley marched up Back creek seven miles, in the night of July 15th and 16th, and went into camp in a gap of North mountain, with headquarters in the pretty little village of Hedgesville.

Lee's troops were struck with terror when they found out that the yankees were in force at Hedgesville. They thought it was Meade's army in hot pursuit, which had thus caught them saddle-bagged across North mountain. But there was joy in the Confederate camp when the report came that it was only Kelley's little army instead of Meade's host of one hundred thousand, and a plan was immediately projected to capture it. A council of war was held on the night of the 16th at the residence of Charles James Faulkner, Minister of France under Buchanan, which was temporarily General Lee's headquarters Mr. Faulkner's home is known as Boydville, and is near Martinsburg. It was arranged that General Jubal Early should take a large force and move swiftly through Baker's gap, about eighten miles above Hedgesville, and thence down Back creek to within striking distance of Kelley's rear, to be ready to attack at daylight on the 18th, while General Ewell was to engage Kelley in front. The plan was well laid, and General Kelley told me it would have been pretty certain to result in his destruction had he not been saved by an almost miraculous circumstance.

The council of war was attended by a negro man servant belonging to Dr. E. Boyd Pendleton, who had been loaned to the Faulkner household, on account of his talent

in the building of mint juleps, to wait on the distinguished officers. While serving juleps, cigars and other concomitants of Soutern hospitality, the darkey kept his ears open, and he picked up enough to learn what was going on. When the council was over he went home and told his mistress, Mrs. Dr. Pendleton, what he had heard. This lady was strongly loyal, and, at great personal sacrifice, she had held out alone and fearlessly against all her people in maintaining her Union sentiments. On hearing of the plot to destroy Kelley she resolved to apprise him of his peril, and she sent her faithful black man with the message; but Ewell's pickets would not let him pass, and he came back to his mistress. Then, with a woman's ready tact, Mrs. Pendleton decided to send her son Nathaniel, ten years old, to General Kelley's headquarters with the warning.

She gave the lad a small basket, and told him to say to the guards that he was going out to pick blackberries. The pickets patted him on the head, and let him through, telling him to watch out for snakes and yankees, and not to forget to come home. It was but half a mile to the Federal line, and there little Nat told the officer in charge that he wanted to see General Kelley; but no amount of quizzing could draw from him what his errand was. Finally the officer took the boy on his horse and carried him to headquarters. The General was alone. When the officer retired the bright little fellow told Kelley he was going to be killed, and he asked the lad how he knew it. The boy replied archly that he knew it because his mamma had said so. Then, with returning self-possession, he remembered more of his message, and he told the general sententiously that all the yankees with him were going to be killed, too.

The general's surprise had given away to amusement. He thought he had found a funny case in the youngster. He took the prattling child on his knee and coddled him after the manner of a fond parent. Presently he asked

sportively when these awful things were going to happen. The little fellow promptly answered that the yankees were all to be killed the next morning at daybreak. The lad's story was now taking shape, and the general, being a man of quick perception, had begun to divine its possible meaning. The thought flashed across his mind, he told me: Can there be a plot to destroy me that this child and his mother know about? Can this be a warning? Thoroughly aroused and a little alarmed he now proceeded to draw more information from the boy about the direful event.

General Kelley saw the importance of the warning, and, without a moment's delay, dispatched a squadron of cavalry under Captain Hart, a gallant and trusted officer, to scout the Back creek country, as far up as Baker's gap. This was at three in the afternoon. Between seven and eight the cavalry came back at a storming gait with a report that Early's troops in great force had gone into camp at Tomahawk Springs, a short distance above, at six o'clock. The warning was thus fully confirmed, and General Kelley concluded the best thing to do was to get out of there as soon as possible. He ordered his men to gather as many fence rails and dry limbs as they could and make a line of campfires which should satisfy the enemy that he was lying in bivouac, calmly unconscious of his impending fate. At nine an order was given to withdraw down Back creek to the Potomac, and the retreat was executed in perfect military order. The artillery moved first, the infantry next, and the cavalry guarded the rear. At midnight the little army was all at the river, and the first streak of dawn broke upon the last man to wade to the Maryland shore.

With as neat precision as an action in the drama, a large force of Confederate cavalry came dashing down the creek, with a mighty thundering of hoofs and the wild blare of many bugles, just in time to find its game beyond reach, and drawn up in line of battle on the other shore ready to receive early callers. But the cavalry had no mind to pay

such a call. With loud yells and a few stray shots, it headed back up the creek in a slow trot.

General Kelley did not forget his little savior. He had carefully noted his name and his father's name, and as the years passed by, after peace was restored, he watched the youngster's growth until he became of suitable age for a cadetship. Then General Kelley went to President Grant and told him of his providential escape through the agency of the boy and his mother. It was the first time the story had passed his lips. Then he said: "Now, Mr. President, I have never asked a favor from the government, and I shall never ask another. I want you to help me pay this debt of gratitude and of loyalty I want this lad appointed as a cadet at the military academy, and I want it done today, sir."

The old general told me the President sat and smoked two minutes at least without speaking, though it seemed ten. Finally he said: "It shall be done today, General Kelley. It is very appropriate, and I will take pleasure in doing it."

The young man went to the academy, but did not get in. Like most Southern youngsters of quality at his age, he was a good Greek and Latin scholar, but was deficient in the English elements. He is now the publisher of the prosperous newspaper at Berkeley Springs, a much better situation in life than to be an army lieutenant in time of peace.—*Edson Brace, in the New York World, August 9, 1891.*

CHAPTER XVIII

IN CAMP AT PETERSBURG

When in camp at Petersburg, West Virginia, in November, word came to us of the death of Captain John Keys. The hearts of the boys of the old Ringgold cavalry were all filled with sadness. Every man who served under Keys was much devoted to him. All admired him for his excellent traits of character and his soldierly qualities. His courage, his good judgment and his persistence in all he attempted to do had won the confidence of every man in his command. General Kelley valued him highly as a cavalry officer. He had him in the command nearly the whole of the time he was in the service. Two years of hard work and exposure caused his health to give away. Late in the summer he had gone to his home in Beallsville, Pennsylvania, on a leave of absence, hoping soon to recover and join his command in the mountains of West Virginia. But he was doomed to disappointment. On the 11th of November he quietly passed away, surrounded by his loved ones.

Let me add still farther, that, Captain John Keys was a far-seeing business man, a natural soldier and an extreme Union man. He was the first three-year volunteer cavalry officer of the Civil war. It is not for me to assume that I am the person to attempt to portray his character or give the recital of his achievements. Nor do I conceive, indeed, that the time has yet arrived when history can assign him the exact place to which he, as an officer of cavalry, is entitled in the ranks of America's great men.

Whatever may be the standpoint from which we contemplate his remarkable career, we cannot look upon him otherwise than as a man, singled out from his fellows as a leader of men, as was shown on numberless occasions. Did he accomplish much? Yes; he knew that a straight line

was the shortest distance between points, and he went that line. Difficulties and dangers did not deter him. He has left behind him lasting memories of his work, with sword and tongue and pen.

CAPTAIN JOHN KEYS

Now, my comrades, those of us, whose evening of life is abreast of the living day, have witnessed scenes as stirring as ever blotted history with blood. We have seen brother fall by brother's hand, flames leap over lovely fields and stately cities, tongues of fire lick, as it were, the clouds above us away in the Shenandoah valley. Then out of chaos, and misery, and death and ruin, we have looked up again, and, behold, the sun was shining. Let us, with

humble spirit pronounce a blessing upon the dust of him who was a chief among chieftains in his day, who, with his company, entered the United States Army at Grafton, West Virginia, June 29, 1861, and who died, November 10th, 1863, at his home in Beallsville, Washington county, Pennsylvania, from diseases contracted in line of duty as a soldier.

* * * * * * * *

On November 1st. 1863, Corporal Buckingham left New Creek on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for Petersburg, some forty-two miles, with the United States mail for the brigade, then lying at Petersburg. The guard consisted of the following: I. T. Dawson, T C. Buckingham, William Lafferty, Sample S. Bane, Irwin K. Gregg, Harry Linn and Madison Blackburn. There was more or less danger connected with the carrying of the mail, and, especially in this section, from the fact that the guard was never heavy, considering the distance, forty-two miles, all the way through the enemy's country When this squad of men passed Burlington, about half the distance, nothing out of the usual had occured.

When near what is known as Pierce's gap, five miles above Burlington, they were fired on from ambush by forty of Captain Enright s men, Confederate infantry The first volley seriously wounded Madison Blackburn and Harry Linn, slightly wounding Irwin K. Gregg. They captured Lafferty and Bane, Killing Lafferty's horse. Dawson stuck to the mail, though he had his coat and cap perforated with bullets. William Lafferty's horse was shot dead, and Sample Bane's horse threw him and ran away. While in this condition they were surrounded by the Confederates and taken prisoners. Every avenue of escape was cut off from these boys or they would have come out as did the rest of the squad. Lafferty and Bane went South to die in Andersonville, Georgia; both were model young men and always true soldiers any and everywhere.

The members of the old company are indebted to Cap-

tain James P Hart for his diligent search of the Confed erate records, and his finding out what became of a num ber of our boys who were taken prisoners and died. W never would have known what became of many of them bu for the energy of our noble captain.

The life of a cavalryman in the mountains of Wes Virginia was not an easy one. I have before me a copy o the statement made by Captain James P Hart, Octobe 31, 1863, at Petersburg, certifying that the muster roll o that date exhibited, the "true state of Captain John Keys company, the Ringgold cavalry, Pennsylvania volunteers Since last mustered the company has been constantly scout ing between this and Moorefield, Franklin and Senica an their surroundings, having marched during this time fo which we are mustered eight hundred and seventy-tw miles." Then he adds, "Each man owns the horse an equipments he rides and is entitled to forty cents per da for use of the same."

The work at Petersburg was exceedingly difficult. W were forty-two miles from New Creek. All our supplie had to be hauled from that point in wagons. A strong guard had to be sent along with each wagon train. All ou hay had to be brought from the valley below Moorefield, a distance of about eighteen miles. A strong force had to b sent to guard every wagon train that went into that sec tion. The result was that we were all constantly kept busy Any that were not guarding trains or on picket were com pelled to work on the fortifications. I have carefully gon over the morning reports and give just a few of the scout the Ringgold cavalry was called on to perform during Nov ember while at Petersburg.

Nov. 2, Twenty men to guard hay train, marched twenty miles.

Nov. 3, Company on scout, marched fifteen miles.

Nov. 4, Ten men go meet supply train, thirteen miles

Nov. 5, Fourteen men go meet hay train, marched thirty-two miles.

Nov. 6. The available force on two day scout, sixty miles.

Nov. 8. The entire company with ten days' rations, ninety miles.

Nov. 17. The company in pursuit of McNeill, thirty miles.

Nov. 18. Eight men carry mail to New Creek, forty-two miles.

Nov. 24. Twenty-three men on three days scout, marched fifty-seven miles.

Nov. 26, Entire company on scout to Senica, marched eighty miles.

Nov. 31, Entire force ordered to Greenland gap, thirty-six miles.

The above will give the reader some little idea of the duty performed by the men of our company The man who went out as a soldier thinking that he would enjoy a pleasant vacation met with sore disappointment.

December, 1863, the Ringgolds were in camp at Petersburg, where the company was almost constantly in the saddle. On the 9th of December General Averell's forces came in from New Creek on a raid in the rear of Lynchburg, Virginia. The object was to destroy the railroad leading from Richmond, Virginia, to Tennessee. On the evening of that day, Lieutenant J P Hart received orders to be ready with his company to move at five o'clock in the morning, with fifteen days' rations and forage, join Colonel Thoburn's command consisting of two pieces of Rourke's battery, and the First West Virginia infantry. Twenty-eight of the Ringgold cavalry went along.

The company, on the 10th, marched within eight miles of Franklin, twenty-two miles, and went into camp there. The weather was very disagreeable on the same date. Lieu-

tenant Hart burned the Saltpeter works beyond Franklin, marched twenty miles. On the 12th he marched to Monterey. General Averell moved from Franklin on a different road from that of Colonel Thoburn's command, and had with him between seventy-five and one hundred wagons loaded with supplies and tools for what he was ordered to do.

W. W. Averell

Thoburn's command, after reaching Monterey, found they were cut off from General Averell by an overwhelming force. Thoburn at once sent a scout to Bull Pasture under Lieutenant Hart. On this scout David Hart took as prisoner one of "Mudwall" Jackson's scouts with very valuable information. We here learned something of the Confederate forces. From Monterey a scout was sent out to Hightown which took two prisoners of Jackson's command. It rained all day. On the 13th Lieutenant Hart sent out a scout to Monterey, nine miles, and the same day a scout went to McDowell, ten miles; also a scout was sent on the Staunton road five miles, another to Bull Pasture, five miles.

It will be remembered that Thoburn's command was cut off from General Averell's with the full purpose of capturing his entire command. The reader will here more fully understand why there were so many scouts in so short a time. The roads were being blockaded in our rear, and, to advance, was absolute ruin. Ten men sent four miles up the mountain for a lookout came in full view of the camp of General J. D. Imboden's brigade which was quietly resting, thinking he had us shut off from Averell, and the roads all blockaded in our rear, and for some little time this looked reasonable.

Thoburn started his command across the mountains

under Abe Hinkle, a guide of some note, who knew the country. This was all there was left for us to do, this or surrender. It was a terrible undertaking. The country was covered with ice. The streams, from almost continuous rains, were terribly swift and deep; but the men were willing to do anything rather than be captured. Crossing this mountain with men, horses and artillery was beyond description. The artillerymen put ropes to the rear axles of their gun carriages, and in this way let the artillery down the mountain. The weather had become something awful,—sleeting, raining and freezing. Men and horses suffered almost beyond endurance. The command succeeded in crossing the terrible mountain to the South Fork of the Potomac, arriving in camp at Petersburg, December 23rd, 1863, after being out thirteen days. On this trip Lieutenant Hart's command captured eight prisoners and arms, six horses and equipments, marched one hundred and fourteen miles, and were in the saddle almost all the time.

General Averell on this march found terrible weather in which to move an army It was raining most of the time, and then turned severely cold. In one incident he came to a stream which, in order to go forward, they would have a pontoon. Here Averell called for a volunteer to swim the stream with a rope attached to his saddle. A Pennsylvania boy rode forward. The General said to him, "My boy, do you think you can land your horse?" The gallant soldier replied, "I will try, sir." The weather was extremely cold. He plunged into the stream, his horse came up, and horse and rider pulled for the opposite shore, where he succeeded in landing. General Averell's army was successfully crossed over at the expense of this soldier losing both feet. Before any of his comrades could cross his feet were frozen, and his limbs were amputated below the knees at Grafton later. This will show what the men endured on this trip. General Averell and several of his men had their feet frozen. The old First

West Virginia boys knew something of this where the Ringgold boys took them up and carried them over many a stream midside to a horse. When Lieutenant Hart came back to Petersburg, Virginia, he was ordered to Cumberland, Maryland, to join his company

General W W Averell in his official report of the famous Salem raid where he cut, burned, and blew up the Richmond and Knoxville railroad for some fifteen miles, causing General Longstreet to withdraw from Knoxville, December 21st, 1863 says, "My command has marched, climbed, slid and swam three hundred and forty miles since the 8th instant. I lost six men drowned, five men wounded and ninety missing. Colonel Joseph Thoburn effectually guarded my rear, holding a large body of Confederate troops from harrassing my rear, and came near losing his entire command in his persistent efforts to save me." The Ringgold cavalry was with Colonel Joseph Thoburn in General Averell's rear, Captain James P Hart commanding.

During this summer General John Morgan's great raid took place. He left Sparta, Tennessee, with three thousand men, and pushed north through Kentucky, where his forces gathered strength, becoming much larger. At Brandenburg he crossed the Ohio into Indiana, and began his march to the North and East. He crossed into Ohio at Harrison and made a circuit north of Cincinnati. He attempted to recross the river but was driven back and pursued by Union forces. He pressed on with constantly diminishing forces, until near the town of New Lisbon, where he was surrounded and captured by the brigade of General Shackelford. For nearly four months he was held a prisoner, and made his escape to Richmond.

Chattanooga, a very important point in Eastern Tennessee, was still held by the Confederates when Vicksburg was taken. It was important because it commanded the entrance to Georgia. General Rosecrans forced General Bragg to retire from Chattanooga. Later General Bragg

received reinforcements and defeated Rosecrans at the battle of Chickamauga, on September 19th and 20th. Here General Thomas saved the Union forces from a complete rout. Because he bravely stood his ground he was styled the "Rock of Chickamauga." The Union army withdrew into Chattanooga and was now shut up in its intrenchments. Bragg held the hills near the city and cut off his chief communications. The garrison was threatened with starvation.

Rosecrans was relieved, and General Thomas put in his place. Grant was afraid that Thomas might surrender before he could reach Chattanooga and he telegraphed him to hold fast. He replied, "We will hold the town till we starve." Hooker came with over twenty thousand men from the army of the Potomac. Sherman's army was on the way from Vicksburg and hastened by forced marches for the last two hundred miles of their journey On November 23rd General Thomas siezed Orchard Knob. On the 24th Hooker carried the works on Lookout Mountain, and took the place with but little loss. This was the "battle above the clouds." The next day Sherman, Thomas and Hooker joined in an assault in force on Missionary ridge, driving the Confederates from their guns and forcing them back in defeat.

Burnside had been left by General Grant, in command at Knoxville, to hold the city till the conflict at Chattanooga was at an end. He had been severely pressed by Longstreet. General Sherman reached him December 4th, and Longstreet raised the siege as soon as he saw that reinforcements had come.

With these successes the year 1863 closed. The Union army had won a decided advantage both in the East and the West. Lee had been defeated at Gettysburg. The Mississippi had been opened, and the Federal armies were in control of Chattanooga which was a strong location for the Gulf and Atlantic states.

T. M. T. McKENNAN

CHAPTER XIX

THE RINGGOLDS RE-ENLIST

The Ringgold cavalry had now spent nearly three long weary years of almost constant warfare, most of this time in the saddle. Some of our boys had been shot down from the bush and others badly wounded. Some had been discharged for disabilities contracted in line of duty, while others suffered in Southern prison pens, many of them never to return home. That soldier, John Keys, the former captain, had died at his home in Beallsville, Pennsylvania, November 9th, 1863, from diseases contracted in line of duty as a soldier. Second lieutenant, Henry A. Myers, had become captain of the company James P Hart, 5th duty sergeant when sworn in at Grafton, June 24, 1861, was now 1st lieutenant and George S. Gass was 2nd lieutenant. On February 10th, 1864, this old battle-scared company, the first three-year cavalry sworn into the United States service after the declaration of war, showed a total enlistment from June 24th, 1861, until February 10th, 1864, of one hundred and thirty-four men. On the 3rd of February 1864 there were seventy-two men able for duty.

The time was drawing near when our term of service would expire. The officers under whom we were serving were anxious that we should re-enlist. The government was experiencing trouble in getting all the soldiers that were needed. More than could be used offered themselves at first. By the summer of 1863 the novelty of going to war had worn off. The enlistments were rapidly decreasing in number. It became necessary to resort to conscription or draft. There was much objection to this in some parts of the country. This was especially true in the city of New York. On the 13th of July, 1863, there was a serious riot in that city, and the mob was in control for

several days. Fifty buildings were burned, over two million dollar's worth of property was destroyed, and many lives sacrificed. This riot was finally put down by the police, assisted by troops hurried from Gettysburg, but not before something over twelve hundred of the rioters were killed.

The draft was not very successful at the North. It had a tendency, however, to increase volunteering, and so it resulted in a large increase in the army In the South conscription had been resorted to as early as April, 1862. All men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were subject to military service, unless unfit mentally or physically By a second law, enacted in February 1864, all white men in the South between seventeen and fifty were enrolled in the army. This meant that every able-bodied man was drafted into the army. The law was vigorously enforced. There were few men exempted from the service, as was done in the North, and no man could send a substitute, as every man was himself already a conscript.

Mr. Lincoln was calling for men who had seen service enough to become valuable soldiers. The importance of retaining in the field as many as possible of this experienced company was evident from a military standpoint. The Ringgold cavalry was perfectly familiar with the roads, fords, gaps, and country south of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from Parkersburg, West Virginia, on the Ohio river, to Harper's Ferry, on the Potomac. Captain H. A. Myers and Lieutenant J .P Hart, while in camp at Cumberland, called the few remaining members together, February 10th, 1864, for an expression as to how they felt as to re-enlisting. One of the inducements was that we were to retain our former name and organization, "The Ringgold Cavalry" of Pennsylvania. To a man we cherished this name above everything, except our country and our country's flag. This name, to every man of the company, was a badge of respect, even among our enemies. A sufficient number voted to remain three more years in

the service. We were at once discharged, examined and once more mustered into the United States service for three years or during the war. All were in great glee getting ready for home, as we veterans got a thirty day's furlough at home in order to fill our company up to the standard.

The company left Cumberland over the National Pike for Washington, Pennsylvania. We took with us the twelve pound howitzer, the gift from General B. F Kelley to the company, on October 26th, 1861. On February 29th we reached Washington, Pennsylvania, where on the 30th we were mustered for pay then separated for our homes. All along the way home we were met by the loyal people of Pennsylvania, and to say we had a good time while we were at home would be putting it mildly; everywhere we were welcome.

But there was one exception to this, and that was right in the town of Washington. David Hart in his "Memories of the War" says. "On our arrival at Washington our arms were at once deposited in the provost marshall's office, as it was thought by all here in the grand old Keystone state that her loyal sons were secure from armed foes at least. But alas, this was not the case. Early the next morning Captain James P Hart, while walking down street, was set upon by a cowardly rebel mob, shamefully beaten almost beyond recognition, which in a few moments caused a riot, in which some innocent persons were shot, in fact killed. All this was blamed on the cavalry until a post-morten was held and the balls were found to be from small revolvers of which we had none. In fact, at the time of the shooting, our arms were under lock and key at the office of the provost marshall. This was the disgraceful treatment we received after serving our country for three long years, now at home for a few days, before facing Confederate lead for a term of three years more. Had the same thing occured anywhere else things would have been different to say the least."

The company remained at home recruiting and having a good time in general until April 16th, 1864, when, according to arrangements, we met at Washington, and took up our line of march for the front. When at Beallsville we fired a parting salute, on the morning of the 17th, from our twelve pound howitzer. We stayed the first night at West Brownsville at William Dawson's who had prepared an all night dance for the boys on their second departure for the front. Passing over the National Pike we reached Cumberland, where we joined the 22nd Pennsylvania cavalry, to which we had been transferred by order of the War Department. This was very unsatisfactory to the boys.

In his official report of 1864 the secretary of war says in relation to this subject: "I know of no operation connected with the recruiting of the army, which has resulted in more advantage to the service, than the one referred to, the importance of retaining in the field as many as possible of the experienced organizations. The patriotic determination of the troops who had taken a prominent part in the war to continue it until brought to a successful close was the foundation of the success which attended this enterprise. Its advantages were not only those resulting from the actual military forces thus retained, but it produced a favorable effect on the recruiting service, generally, and was as encouraging to the friends of the government as discouraging to the insurgents. The accession of the veterans to the military forces was deemed so valuable by congress as to warrant a vote of thanks."

When the members of our company enlisted in 1861, we were promised our pay in gold which promise was fulfilled but once. The banks of our country suspended specie payments, December 30th of that year. The government was soon compelled to follow their example, and it was not long till there was neither gold nor silver in circulation.

It became difficult to make change, and it became common to inclose postage stamps in small envelopes, with the

amount inclosed written or printed on the outside. Soon the government issued bills of the denomination of fifty cents, twenty-five cents, etc. This overcame the difficulty of making change.

Early in 1862 "greenbacks" were issued. These bills were made a legal tender for everything but the payment of duties on imports, and of interest on the public debt.

Early in 1862 gold began to demand a premium. Really it was the paper money that declined and which should have been quoted at a discount, since gold was the standard with which these bills were compared. It was regarded more patriotic, as well as a matter of policy, to quote gold at a premium rather than to quote the bills at a discount.

In 1862 gold began to demand a premium in "greenbacks." In the early part of the year the premium was two per cent. In December this premium reached thirty-three per cent. One year later it was fifty-one per cent. When June, 1864, came the premium had gone to one hundred per cent. This meant that the paper dollar was worth but fifty cents in gold. A month later the highest point was reached, one hundred and eighty-five per cent. This made the paper dollar worth but thirty-five cents in gold.

CHAPTER XX

THE LOST RIVER RAID

May 1st, 1864, we went into camp at Winchester. On the 7th of May there was a scout ordered to Moorefield, West Virginia, to cut off, if possible, Captain McNeill who had entered Piedmont, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad twenty-one miles south of Cumberland, burning the extensive shops and the roundhouse, and destroying other valuable property belonging to the railroad. This scout left camp under command of Colonel Jacob Higgins, 22nd Pennsylvania cavalry, two hundred men, New York 15th, two hundred men, in all, four hundred men rank and file. Twenty-six men from the Ringgold cavalry under Captain James P Hart, went along. We camped at Wardensville, a small hamlet, the first night. The day following we struck out through the mountain for Moorefield. On going down the mountain south of Moorefield the command was bushwhacked, killing one man, Corporal White of Company D

When we arrived at Moorefield we found McNeill had been there a few moments before, just long enough for his men to unsaddle and turn their horses loose to graze in a meadow, thinking all was safe, when our advance under Sergeant Hopkins Moffitt opened fire on one of the Confederates who had remained in town. This alarmed their camp. We got this man. After dismounting him he ran into a mill and jumped into a flour barrel and was taken prisoner by Hopkins Moffitt who still has his revolver.

While this little scrap was going on in town, about a mile south, McNeill was hustling around in order not to fight, but to get away with the plunder, with which he was loaded down. He was successful in his plan of escape. On Toll Gate hill he left a lieutenant and eleven men, to remain there until the yankees charged them, and then fall

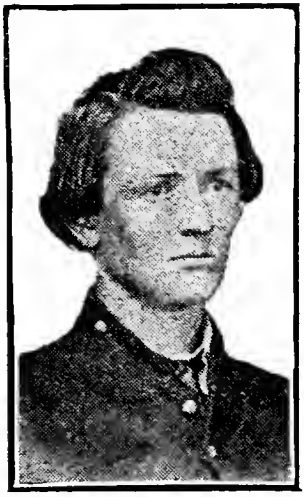
back a different road from that taken by McNeill. This they did when Captain Hart. whose command was leading the forces, gave the order to charge. They fired a volley into our ranks and then turned to flee. The Ringgold's horses were not jaded as the Confederates were, and consequently we got some of this squad as prisoners. John B. Fay and Samuel Daugherty were among the unfortunates captured. George V Millinger, of the Ringgolds, who was in this charge, lost a valuable horse. In some way the horse fell, throwing George over his head. The horse got up first and ran over to the enemy. Millinger said that the horse was a rebel anyhow.

We had with us here a new recruit, James M. Smith, This was the first time he was under fire. His horse threw him but he was more successful than Millinger as he got his horse again. But he was a badly frightened man. He was so badly scared that he could not talk till the next morning. In speaking of the matter afterward he said that his mouth would not "go off."

The company camped that night on the hill above Moorefield. May 9th, from here the writer, with some others under H. A. Myers, went on a scout to Petersburg and Greenland gap, and back to camp in the evening before dark, a hard day's march of forty-eight miles. When we returned to Moorefield it was reported that General J. D. Imboden was on his way to that place with a force of forty-five hundred men. That same night we started on our return to Winchester, where we were to unite with General Sigel for a move on Lynchburg. During the night some of our boys took a little side scout, capturing the noted bushwhacker, Bob Oats.

Just at dawn the next morning the command came to the gap at Lost river, after an all night march without rations or forage. Here we found our passage strongly disputed. Not thinking of any great force, Captain Hart was at once ordered to charge their pickets. This charge stirred up General Imboden whom we thought we had

slipped away from at Moorefield the evening before. Hart charged down through the gap, where, about a half mile to our right, in a large bottom, the enemy's forces were lying. Hart s command was repulsed with the loss of two men, Christian L. Kinder and James K. Robinson, who were captured. Colonel Higgins ordered a retreat. The enemy lost one man killed.



C. L. Kinder

Here began a ride for life, forty miles from our lines, without any show to feed our faithful animals, that had gone now all night without anything to eat. General Imboden's Confederate forces consisted as follows: 13th and 18th Virginia infantry, 62nd regiment mounted infantry, White's battallion, four pieces of artillery, between twelve and fourteen hundred men. The Federals had four hundred cavalry. Captain Hart, and Lieutenant Gibson with Captain Chessrown were assigned the duty of covering the rear from Lost river to Green Spring on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, some forty miles. It is simple justice to state that it was due to their wiley maneuvering, in front of a superior force, that any of the command of Higgins ever escaped. Quite a number of the men had to abandon their faithful horses, as many of them gave out for want of forage. The writer was one of this number. His horse gave out in the mountains beyond Romney, and he was three days making his way to our lines. The enemy followed close on our rear guard, and we were compelled to ambush them in order to let our train get away.

About noon it was decided to halt and feed our horses. This order was conveyed to the officers covering the retreat. We had some six or eight teams well loaded and one ambulance. Just as the teamsters had fed their horses the

Confederates charged our rear guard, driving everything before them. The men shot some of the horses and abandoned the wagons. The Confederates got our entire outfit in way of train. This put a stop to any hope of feeding our faithful horses as all were now captured. We passed through Romney some time in the afternoon. The rear of our command had not gone three miles when McNeill's company dashed into the town of Romney

Learning we had no rear guard out, and that the prisoners were in the rear with a small guard, Lieutenant Dolen, of McNeill's company, determined to recapture the prisoners, and, in particular, John B. Fay who was his bosom friend. Dolen called for ten or fifteen men, who had the best horses, to follow him. He was soon speeding as the wind. When he came to the suspension bridge between Romney and Springfield he saw John T. Corbitt, with the prisoner, raising the hill beyond. Dolen renewed his efforts, urging his men on as a brave and daring officer. Just here Corbitt, who was walking, having given his horse to a prisoner to ride, turned to look back as his attention was called to the rear. He saw some one furiously riding followed by a squad of men. Next came a bullet from a revolver in the hands of Dolen whom John Fay recognized as his old friend. Corbitt soon took in his situation, and, jumping a fence, took to the mountains, bidding his Confederate friends farewell. We lost our prisoners for want of a rear guard. This ends one of the hardest raids the old Ringgold cavalry was called on to endure. Higgins, soon after the train was captured, with his orderly and quartermaster, abandoned the command in the mountains beyond Romney. The next we saw of him was at Cumberland. Why a man like this

Aaron Waters

should command a body of troops, such as the Ringgold cavalry, will always be one of the queries of the private soldier.

Soon after we took a scout from Cumberland to Lost river over the same road on which we had retreated. We learned from reliable people that Jas. K. Robinson and Christian L. Kinder, of the Ringgolds, were not killed, as we supposed, but taken prisoners. This was quite a relief to their friends at home. The Confederates lost some fifteen killed, and quite a number wounded. General J D. Imboden was in command in person. We also learned that General Imboden was wonderfully chagrined in not capturing Higgins and his entire command, as he had fully intended. Colonel Higgins afterward said that this would have been done were it not for a few men who kept their heads. Captain Hart said that he was proud of his company or the part of the company which was along. We took no colors into the fight, came out with three stands, one belonging to a Federal troop who lost their colors in the gap, when Hart charged the enemy The Ringgolds were never known to pass a stand of colors in battle except when flying. This ends our experience at Lost river. In being cut off here we missed the famous Hunter raid on Lynchburg, Virginia.

CHAPTER XXI

HUNTER'S RAID

By the end of 1863 it became evident that the cause of the Union was going to be successful. The Confederates had lost everywhere except in Virginia. Here were their best generals and their largest armies. But the South was rapidly using up their resources, and the Southern cause was suffering for lack of men and supplies. Many men in the North for some reason were not able to see that this was the case and that the end of the conflict was drawing near. They were tired of war and were loudly proclaiming the fact. The time for a presidential election was drawing near The party in favor of continuing the war saw that it was necessary that there should be signal success, or Lincoln would not be re-elected, and that some compromise might be made with the South and the Union cause after all be lost.

One fact had been made plain and that was that a single head was needed for the armies. There should be one man who should be made responsible for the operations of the army everywhere. Congress revived the rank of Lieutenant-General, a position which, prior to this time, had been held by but two men, Washington and Scott. There was one man in the army that public opinion and military judgment as well claimed was the man for that place. It was really for this man that the position was created, General Ulysses S. Grant. The wisdom of this act was apparent to everyone at once. A connected plan of action was arranged. Grant came to Washington immediately and made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, Meade carrying out his orders.

Grant's plan was that the army of the Potomac should attack and capture Richmond and that Sherman should move southeastward from Chattanooga, and penetrate the

heart of the Confederacy. His engaging the forces of the enemy in that section would prevent the sending of supplies and reinforcements to General Lee.

His plan meant that the portion of the south that had been wholly free from the presence of armies should be invaded. The harshest of war measures were to be used. Grant and Sherman both claimed that the Confederacy was a shell, and that the prosecution of vigorous measures would cause it to collapse. They had the two ablest generals of the war to contend with, Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston.

Ulysses Simpson Grant

Hunter's raid was the carrying out of a part of the plans of General Grant. This was a move of great importance though it has been underestimated by many writers of history. When General Grant left the Rapidan he ordered General Sigel, who was at Winchester, to march up the valley with a force of eight thousand men. This was the beginning of what has been called the Hunter raid.

The Ringgold cavalry marched from our camp at Cumberland to Winchester in the valley of Virginia, April 28th, where we joined the forces of General Franz Sigel. Only a part of the Ringgold cavalry was on this raid. The writer was with the scout from the 22nd Pennsylvania cavalry, of two hundred men, under Colonel Higgins, sent to Moorefield, to intercept McNeill, and which has been called the Lost river raid. Several members of the old Ringgold cavalry who were on the Hunter raid have placed their records in the hands of the writer and from these the facts contained in this article have nearly all been gleaned. It might be added here, that the plan was, for the command the writer was in, to return and join in the move-

ment on Lynchburg, but our forces were cut off by the enemy and we were unable to do so.

The day after the scout to Moorefield set out Sigel's army moved up the valley as far as New Market. Here he struck the army of General Breckinridge. After a hard fight, with an overwhelming force, General Sigel was driven down the valley as far as Cedar creek. Here we lay for about ten days when General David Hunter took command of the army of the Shenandoah.

On May 26th we struck camp at nine o'clock and marched to within two miles of Woodstock, all the time driving the enemy's skirmishers from our front. Here the army went into camp for two days. On May 29th we marched two miles beyond Mount Jackson, fifteen miles. We lay here in camp until June 2nd, when we struck camp at five o'clock in the morning, marched twenty-two miles, and camped at Harrisonburg where, in the afternoon, we did some skirmishing.

On June 5, 1864, we built a pontoon bridge at Port Republic, and moved on the town of Staunton. After we had gone three miles we came on the enemy in a woods, strongly intrenched. Colonel Wynkoop, of the 20th Pennsylvania cavalry, ordered Major Myers, with our battallion, or what there was of us, to take his men and charge this woods and drive the bushwhackers out. Myers formed his men and charged into this death trap, for such we found it. The enemy was there in force behind strong works. Myers charged them three times in succession, and was driven back on our lines as often. When we were falling back the third time we came near Colonel Wynkoop's position when he remarked to Myers, "You will let a dozen bushwhackers run the Ringgold cavalry." This got Myers on his ear. He very sarcastically replied, "There is good fighting in there," pointing in the direction of the woods, "for your whole brigade, if you will only take them in." Soon after General Hunter moved the whole of his army on the works.

Here was fought the severe battle of Piedmont or New Hope Church. The musketry was something awful. General Hunter, seeing he would be unable to drive General Jones from his position, ordered Colonel Joseph Thoburn, First West Virginia infantry, to execute a flank movement on Jones' right. Thoburn in this move succeeded in turning the whole of the enemy's front. We captured an entire Confederate brigade of eleven hundred men, with sixty-five officers. Our loss was six hundred killed and wounded.

Adam Wickerham relates a sad incident in connection with this battle which some of the boys will recall. Along with others, after this hard fight, he was looking, as was the custom, for our dead when they came on John W Gray and Joseph F Barnett who had found the body of Comrade Emery Hall. They carried his body to an apple tree, and got picks and shovels and laid him to rest in the care of an old colored lady, who said she would look after the grave.

J. F. Barnett

This will be recalled by the boys as a bitterly contested engagement. Here the Confederate General Jones was killed and his body left on the field. General Hunter took his body and buried it inside a field close to where he fell. Soon after the battle of New Hope Church or Piedmont, Hunter moved to Staunton. All along the way were visible traces of a disastrous retreat. As soon as the Confederates learned of the death of General Jones they began retreating. We entered Staunton about noon and drove a few Confederates from the town and took possession. Soon Old Glory was waving over this intensely disloyal

town. While here we came on a piece of artillery which had been abandoned by the enemy. The citizens informed us they had been told that, when the yankees came, they would carry off women and children as prisoners. Before leaving Staunton we burned the depot and destroyed the track of the Richmond railroad for quite a distance, also a quantity of small arms.

June 7th the army at ten o'clock marched some five miles in the direction of Buffalo gap, returned and went into camp. This move was in expectation of hearing from Generals Crook and Averell who were to join Hunter at or near Staunton. The next day we were joined by Generals Crook's and Averell's divisions. Hunter now had about eighteen thousand men, and was able to forge ahead to Lynchburg. June 10th the army broke camp and moved Southward. General Crook moved by the way of Brownsburg, with General Averell covering his flanks, and General Sullivan took the direct road leading to Lexington, General Duffie covering General Sullivan's flanks with his cavalry division. On June 11th General Sullivan reached Lexington at three o'clock in the afternoon and found General Crook shelling the place. Here is located the military school of Virginia, and also the burial place of General "Stonewall" Jackson. General Hunter burned the military school and the fine mansion of Governor Letcher.

We remained at Lexington until June 14th when we marched to Buchanan, twenty-four miles. Arriving there late in the afternoon we found the bridge across the James river burned. We forded the river and went into camp. The next morning we left Buchanan at eight o'clock, crossed the Blue Ridge and camped five miles from Liberty near the Virginia and Tennessee railroad. Late in the afternoon we passed between the Peaks of Otter, the highest point of land in the Old Domain, 4260 feet above sea level.

On June 16th we marched within twenty miles of

Lynchburg. The next morning we broke camp early and began to skirmish as soon as we commenced to move. This was kept up until within four miles of the city of Lynchburg where we came on a force strongly posted in a woods. General Crook attacked them at once, and drove them beyond their works. Darkness coming on prevented further advance. General Hunter's army laid down inside the enemy's outer line of works to await the morning, when he fully expected to enter Lynchburg, if at the point of the bayonet. Alas, how frail are human hopes!

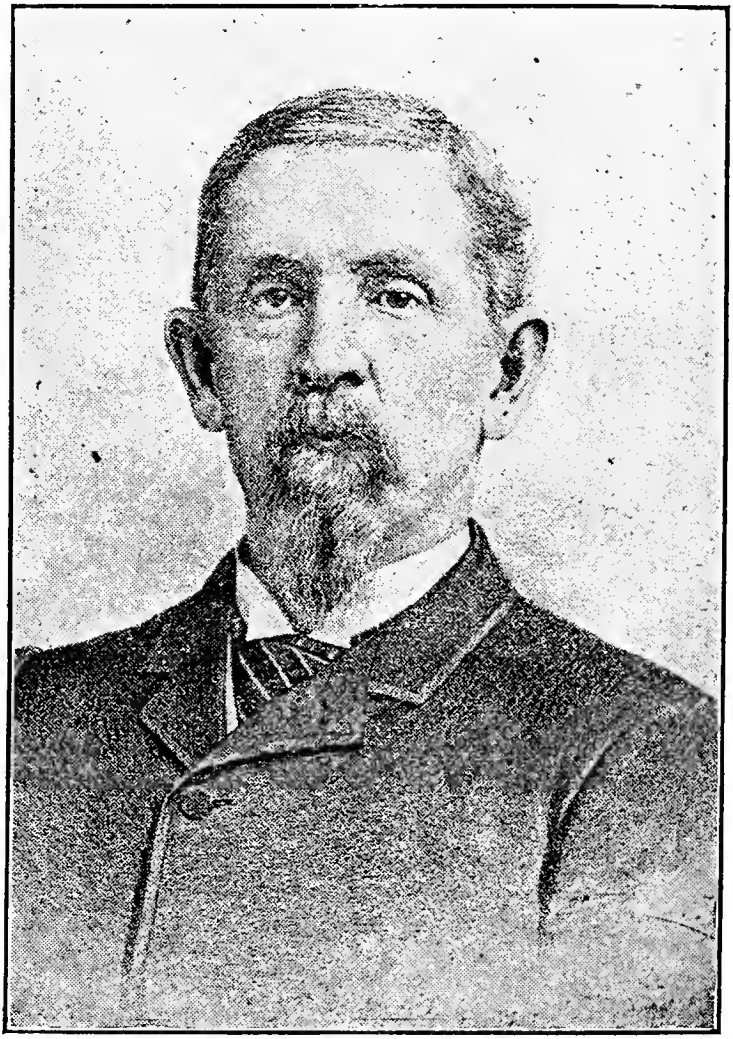
The next morning Hunter's army was ready for an advance long before day as we well knew General R. E. Lee would contend to the bitter end, before he would evacuate so important a point. The contest opened with the morning. Lee had heavily reinforced Jubal Early from Richmond. The two armies contended all through the day without material gain to either. General Hunter, knowing he was contending with a far superior force in his front, with ammunition getting scarce, rations and forage in a manner gone and miles from any base of supply, saw that the only rational thing was for him to retreat, which was begun about midnight of June 18th through a country destitute of anything for man or horse. This march was one of intense suffering.

When the Confederates found we were retreating, they at once followed us and came on our rear guard at Liberty, where we had quite a skirmish. We repulsed the enemy here, and continued our retreat, the enemy following close on our rear. The next stand was near Salem. About midnight, before coming to Salem, the carbines of our battallion were ordered to the front under Captain William Speers to move about one-half mile in front of the column. When this advance came to Salem Captain Speers, with his men, charged the town. We could hear quite a noise. We entered and found out later that two companies of Confederate cavalry had been in the place. We were ordered some two miles out on a road as a picket until the army

could pass then we would be released. The army had all passed but no relief. Captain Speers, thinking all was not right, began looking around and found he had been forgotten. He also found the town full of Confederate cavalrymen. The only road for our escape was through this town. Speers and his men determined to make the effort. We drew revolvers, raised the yell and away. The Confederates were completely surprised, as they could not see our number for the dust, and withdrew out of the town. This let us on the road our troops had gone. When the Confederates saw our number the ride for our lives began, closely pursued by a far superior force of cavalry. In this dash for liberty Jack Floyd of the Ringgolds was captured. His horse was either shot or fell, and he was picked up a prisoner. John M. Myers and John F. Barnett being in the extreme rear thought their time had come, as the enemy was all around them. Just at this time they came on a body of cavalry in the woods, immediately in their front which proved to be Captain Samuel Paxton, First West Virginia cavalry He saw from the way we were shooting that we were Union soldiers, and let us pass, when he gave the Confederates a volley which relieved us from further fear of capture.

On June 23rd we marched twenty-eight miles to Sweet Sulphur Springs, and put up at the magnificent hotel at that place. On June 24th we marched seventeen miles to the White Sulphur Springs and put up at the Springs' house. Here the army went into camp. June 25th Generals Crook and Duffie moved at seven in the morning, Generals Sullivan and Averell at three in the afternoon. The advance under General Sullivan camped at Meadow Bluff four miles from Lewisburg. June 26th General Hunter, staff and escort, left camp at seven o'clock, marched thirty miles, stopping at Camp Lookout. His division coming up in the evening, went into camp, and the next day we crossed Loop creek during the forenoon. Near Gauley Bridge we met a large provision train on the way to Hunt-

er's suffering troops. On the 30th we reached Charleston on the Kanawha, and on the 3rd, we took boat for Parkersburg where we rested from all our works which were



ISAAC T. CROUCH

not all done in six days either. From Parkersburg we were soon on the cars, being rushed to the Shenandoah valley to get between Confederate General Early and Washington, as he was driving everything before him from the valley.

We met our boys in the Louden valley, hard at it, constantly in the saddle. We overtook them at a small village called Hillsboro. There we had quite a reunion for we had been separated for nearly two months, and all were glad to meet and exchange events. From Hillsboro we were ordered to Winchester, where there was a large force of Confederates.

Some writers speak of Hunter's raid as a failure; but it was not by any means. Its value to the Union cause at the time cannot be estimated. The enemy's lines of communication were destroyed besides millions of dollars worth of supplies, as well as furnaces, shops and factories for the manufacture of supplies. Because the army was cut off by a superior force it became necessary to return to Cumberland by way of Charleston and Parkersburg. The forces reached Parkersburg seventy-two days after leaving Cumberland to start on the Lynchburg campaign.

Meanwhile General Grant was moving on Richmond. The army of General Lee held the southern banks of the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, guarding Richmond and the country south of it. Grant's army set out May 4th. The same day, while his army was crossing the Rapidan, he sat down on a log by the roadside, and wrote a telegram to Sherman telling him to begin his movement against General Johnston in Georgia.

South and east of the Rapidan is a desolate section known as the wilderness. Much of this region is covered with a scraggy growth of oak, pine and tangled underbrush. Here Grant, with his one hundred and twenty thousand men, was attacked by Lee with his army of sixty-two thousand. Here for two days a fierce battle was fought. The third day both armies remained in their intrenchments. They were worn out by the awful struggle. Neither side had conquered. Grant quietly collected his army, and marched by the Confederate right flank toward Spotsylvania Court House. His aim was to get nearer Richmond. Lee detected the movement and rushed for-

ward a division of his army to head off the Union advance. When Grant arrived on the scene he found the Confederate army in his front to stop his progress. Here the battle of Spotsylvania Court House was fought. It was here that Grant sent his famous message, "I purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Failing to break through Lee's intrenchments, Grant again made a flanking movement and reached Cold Harbor, June 3rd. Here he again assaulted the Confederate works. The attempt failed. Here six thousand Union men were shot down inside of a half hour. In a campaign of a month Grant had lost sixty thousand men and General Lee one-half as many

Grant now crossed the James river and fell upon Petersburg, but he was not able to force the works here. He threw up intrenchments and sat down in front of the Confederate lines. The campaign finally resolved itself into a siege of Richmond.

The same day that Grant marched forward into the wilderness Sherman began his march from Chattanooga to Atlanta. This place was a great railway center. Here were the machine shops, foundries, and factories of the Confederacy. Sherman was determined to capture this city at any cost.

His march was through a rough, mountainous country. He had to advance slowly He attacked Johnston who was strongly intrenched at Dalton, Georgia. By repeated flanking movements and almost constant fighting, Sherman compelled the Confederates to abandon Dalton, Resaca, Dallas, and Kennesaw Mountain. At last Johnston retired to the intrenchments at Atlanta. Just a word about conditions existing in the south. Many things considered as the necessities of life could not be procured at all. This was due to the blockade of the southern ports. The suffering caused by the lack of these articles became very great. It fell the heaviest on the women and children who had to stay

at home. In the army there was a great lack of quinine and other drugs.

In the south taxes were laid on almost everything that it was possible to tax. Notes were issued payable "six months after a treaty of peace was ratified with the United States." A large amount of bonds were issued. Many of these were sold in Europe. As people came to see that the Southern cause was very unlikely to succeed these bonds decreased in value until they became worthless. None of them were ever paid. The notes gradually depreciated in value. In some places the Confederate people accepted "greenbacks" in preference to their own currency. Prices advanced greatly in the North. There was a greater advance in the South. In May, 1864, while Grant was trying to reach Richmond some of the prices in Confederate money quoted in that city were as follows: butter, fifteen dollars a pound; bacon, nine dollars a pound; flour, two hundred and seventy-five dollars a barrel; shoes, one hundred and seventy-five dollars a pair; potatoes, twenty-four dollars a bushel.

General Lee made an effort to get General Grant to raise the siege of Petersburg. He sent General Early to cross the Blue Ridge, sweep down the Shenandoah valley, invade Maryland and threaten Washington City. He had an army of twenty thousand men. Our next chapter will be devoted to Early's raid, giving as full an account as possible of the incidents connected therewith.

CHAPTER XXII

AT TIMBER RIDGE

June 1st, 1864, while in camp at Green Spring run on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, eighteen miles south of Cumberland, General Kelley, commanding department of West Virginia, ordered Captain Hart on a scout of ten days to Moorefield, with rations and forage for seventy-five men and forage for their horses, with one wagon to haul the forage. He was to watch the country towards Brock's gap and Wardenville. When Captain Hart came to the wire bridge across the Potomac between Springfield and Romney, he ordered his men to cross single file, as this bridge had been tampered with by the Confederates, and afterwards fell into the river. This was a valuable structure and cost thousands of dollars. That a home people would destroy a bridge like this is very strange indeed. After crossing safely the command halted at Romney for dinner, after which we resumed our march by way of the Junction to the gap below Moorefield, where we went into camp for the night.

On the morning of June 2nd it was raining. At six o'clock we started for Moorefield some five miles distant where the troops took a short rest. Not hearing anything definite as to where the Confederates were located, we started for Greenland where some one hundred-day men were encamped, thinking, perhaps, the Confederates had gone over there to look after them. Here the men drew five days rations as we wanted to move light and leave our wagon here for safety. On our way to Greenland we could see a force of Confederate cavalry in the distance. We fell back four or five miles on top of the mountain, left the main road about eleven o'clock, traveled for some time and then went into camp. In order not to be surprised by the

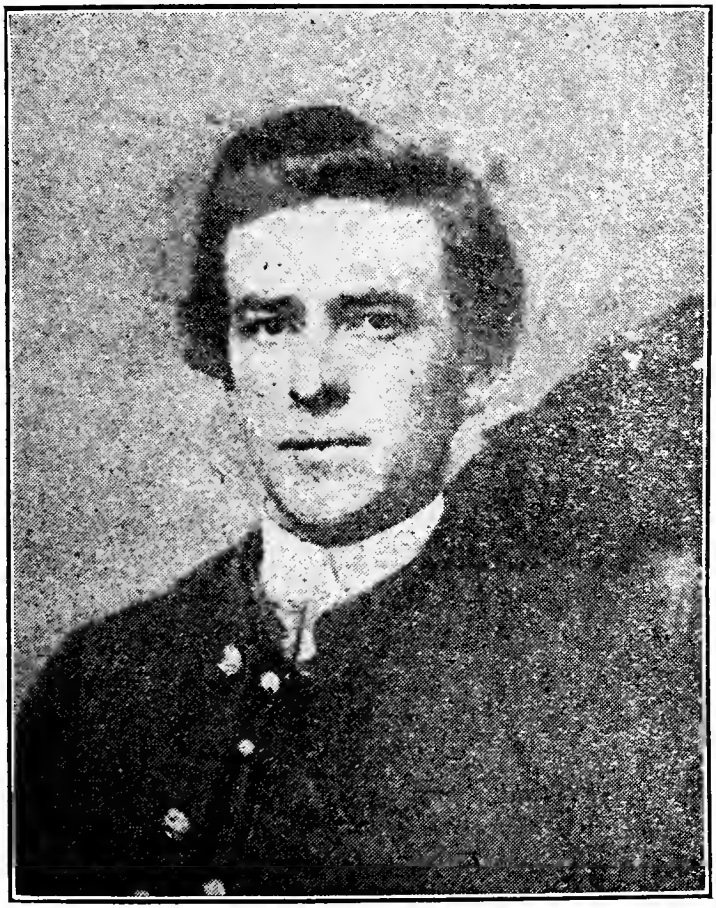
enemy and give our men a chance if we were followed, we remained here until the morning of the 3rd.

It was eight o'clock and quite foggy when we broke camp, and went to the home of a man living on the mountain by the name of Weatherford. Here we took breakfast and grazed our horses. We moved from here to the Old Fields below Moorefield and camped off the road in the woods. Captain Hart had learned, by this time, of a Confederate force, under McNeill and Harness, who were following him with full purpose of capturing his entire command, when the opportune moment came. Hart's forces were mostly from the old battalion. He well knew what they were composed of; so did Harness and McNeill. On June 4th we moved out of our camp in the direction of Williamsport. The idea was to draw the enemy out into open ground, if possible, then bring on an engagement. McNeill and Harness seemed to divine Hart's movements, from the way they both kept their forces near the base of the mountain. Arriving at Williamsport we took dinner and remained here until one o'clock, when we started toward Petersburg. Hearing there was a force of Confederate cavalry there, we met a citizen who informed Captain Hart to the contrary. That night we went into camp at ten o'clock on Luney creek. The pickets saw some Confederate cavalry keeping on the lookout.

On the 4th of June General Kelley received information that Captain Hart was cut off and was being surrounded. Kelley at once ordered Major George T. Work, with all the available cavalry and the mountain howitzer, on a forced march by way of Greenland gap, forty miles. On the morning of June 6th Work started from Greenland to find the whereabouts of Hart and his command. He learned that Captain Hart was at Timber Ridge between Greenland and Moorefield. Work pushed his troops up the mountain. When the summit was reached he found where Captain Hart had been in camp, but had left for the

foot of the mountain. He pushed on in order to overtake Captain Hart.

As the latter s advance in charge of Hopkins Moffitt was nearing the foot of the mountain McNeill and Har-



FRANK FITZSIMMONS

ness were in ambush just over the road and discharged a volley, killing three men and mortally wounding the fourth one who died soon after, wounding some ten or twelve others, killing three horses and wounding fifteen or twenty others. Nearly one-fourth of Hart's forces were killed or wounded. Hart's command was completely cut in two.

This was the enemy's intention, then capture by detail. Fifteen of our horses ran to Moorefield riderless, three miles, and fell into line and were captured. Sergeant Moffitt saw that if the men could not be rallied all was up. He put spurs to his horse, got in front, pulled his revolver and began shooting. The men to a man turned and with Moffitt drove the enemy back into the timber on his reserve.

Frank Fitzsimmons was the last man that came to Moffitt's support. At this critical moment the howitzer spoke; Blucher had come at last. Had Work been one hour late there would no doubt have been a great many more men killed. The enemy lost one killed and five or six wounded.

CHAPTER XXIII

EARLY'S INVASION

When General Jubal Early headed off General Hunter and forced him to go down the Kanawha valley to the Ohio, and around by Parkersburg to reach Cumberland there was no Union army of any consequence in the Shenandoah valley On June 27th he left Staunton on his march to Maryland to threaten Washington. He had an army of twenty thousand men, between forty and fifty cannon and a large force of cavalry

The coming of Early down the valley of the Shenandoah and his invasion of Maryland meant much hard work for our cavalry In this the members of the old Ringgold did their full share. We shall give you a full account of the operation of our cavalry drawing largely from the diary of Lieutenant George S. Gass. Every one of our readers can not help but realize what the life of a cavalryman means by the time he finishes this chapter, if he has not done so sooner.

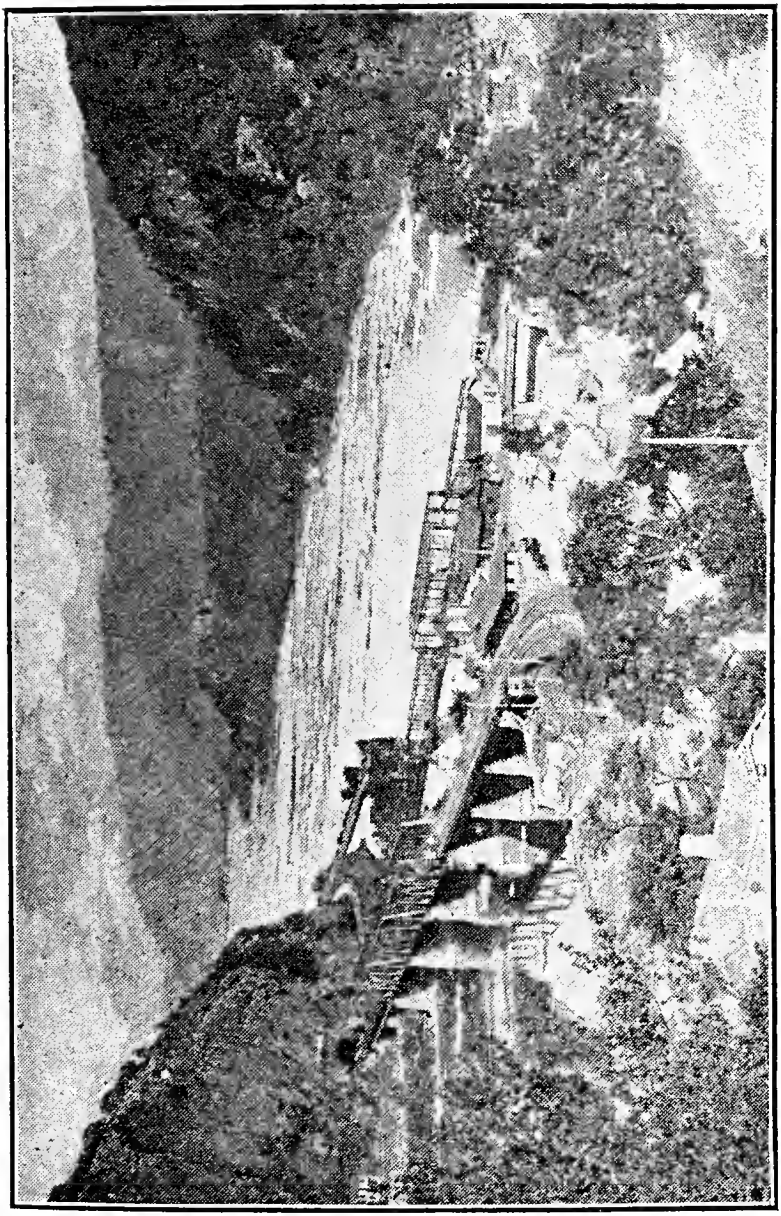
Late in June while in camp at Green Spring, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, we were ordered to Martinsburg in the valley At twelve o'clock we pulled out for Martinsburg by way of Springfield. Here we met Major Work who was returning from a scout to Moorefield. We marched to Slanes X Roads and from there to Bloomery gap where we arrived at two o'clock next morning. It was very hot and we traveled at night as much as we could. Here we went into camp after a march of thirty-five miles. The weather very warm. On the next day, we marched to Shanghai. Here we fed and rested a short time, then moved on to Martinsburg, reaching there at sundown. We went into camp a mile from town.

On June 25th we were ordered to move immediately. Here we left the boys who had not re-enlisted, their time

having expired on the 24th. After bidding them farewell we marched one mile south of Bunker Hill and went into camp waiting for Hunter's wagon train to come up. We were on one-half rations for lack of transportation. The train came up on the 26th. The next morning all pickets were relieved at seven o'clock, and we formed a skirmish line a mile and a half long. My company was ordered to scout to Winchester and as far out as Newtown if practicable. It was evident there was something in the wind.

The wagon train, with a guard of artillery and infantry, all withdrew down the valley to Martinsburg. The scout captured two prisoners near Newtown with quite a lot of information, after which we went into camp near Winchester, traveling forty-four miles. We learned from the prisoners that Early was coming down the valley On the 28th the scout returned to camp at Bunker Hill. The weather was hot and dry. On the 29th a detail of my company of fifty men for a scout under Lieutenant Gass returned at three o'clock in the morning, having marched twenty miles. There was heavy skirmishing today near Smithfield six miles from here. The forces moved to Darkesville six miles below. On June 30th Lieutenant Gass with his company was ordered to start at three o'clock and go as far as Smithfield and from there to Leetown and from there to Kernstown and from there to camp at Darkesville. In this time we marched twenty-eight miles.

On July 1st we remained in camp at Darkesville acting as an advance post or picket. Nothing occurred of any importance during the day. The next day the company remained on the outpost with an advance picket well to the front. This morning the Confederates under Early were reported moving down the valley in force. This was the day on which we reached Winchester, and our outposts were attacked the next morning at daylight. We drove the enemy back about a mile. At nine o'clock the Confederates, advancing a long skirmish line of infantry and cavalry, charged us when we withdrew about one-half mile.



HARPERS FERRY

when two companies of the 15th New York came to our rescue. They charged the Confederates and drove them near their battle line when they opened on us with artillery, and our forces withdrew with some little confusion. In this scrap we lost four men killed and a number wounded. Our outpost numbered one hundred strong, the reserves and all. The Confederates were thirty thousand all arms. The Ringgolds lost one man missing, Alfred Merideth, on the skirmish line. We never heard of him till fifty years afterwards. The supposition was that he was killed in the charge.

On July 4th we fell back through Martinsburg. Here General Sigel had his headquarters. Here there was a large amount of all kinds of supplies. Some were burned while others fell into the hands of the enemy. General Sigel continued his retreat through Shepherdstown on to Harpers Ferry The Confederates followed close on our heels. On the evening of July 4th we went into camp at Sandy Hook, one mile below Harpers Ferry The next morning a scout was sent out to Point-of-Rocks. The company went into camp in Pleasant valley under cover of the Fort on Maryland Heights, where our forces had a gun mounted which threw a shell weighing one hundred pounds twelve miles. The regular trains arrived from Baltimore during the evening, and returned without going farther East.

On the 6th we were ordered out and up Pleasant valley across the mountain to the west side, where we had a stiff scrap with a brigade of Confederate infantry, we lost two men killed and twelve wounded. Sergeant John W Elwood of my company was among the wounded. We fell back under the big gun and went into camp where we were the night before. The big gun continued firing with the assistance of a searchlight from the fort on Maryland Heights all night. This fort on the heights was said to be, if properly manned, impregnable, overlooking the Shenandoah valley for miles. On the morning of the 7th

the big gun was still working on the Confederates. At nine o'clock we moved up the valley where we met the enemy's skirmishers some six miles out. Our batallion manouvered with them until dark. Our loss was two men wounded. There was fighting on the opposite side of the mountain that day; also near Harpers Ferry; in fact it was good fighting all around there. On July 8th we met the Confederates in the morning four miles from camp, and drove them through a pass in South mountain when we were ordered back to our old camp. The people of Frederick City paid Early a cash ransom of two hundred thousand dollars to keep him from destroying the town. The next morning all the cavalry were ordered in direction of Frederick City At Jefferson we took some prisoners.

General Lew Wallace fought Early at Monocacy, and was defeated on July 10th. Our command followed the Confederates and had a lively scrap at Frederick City. We then moved three miles beyond to Monocacy where we came on the rear of Breckenridge's army who was still on the battle field where they had defeated General Wallace with an overwhelming force. Our cavalry soon cleared the field and the Confederates retreated in the direction of Washington. Our cavalry pressed them for some four miles when we came on the artillery, who threw a few shells into our ranks and we were ordered to retire. We returned to the field where General Lew Wallace was compelled to leave his dead. Here we buried our dead and cared for the wounded. General Wallace's forces were about eight thousand strong while that of the enemy was far in excess.

We encamped on the night of the 10th on the banks of the Monocacy where a detail of the Ringgold cavalry had spent the day burying the dead. Our wounded were all removed to the hospital at Frederick. It is reported that the Confederates lost one hundred killed and seven hundred wounded. Some of the mortally wounded were left by the enemy who were cared for as if our own.

This battle was desperate, while it lasted, in loss of life and limb. The writer called at a house for a drink of water for a man who was badly wounded, his forehead having been shot away. He belonged to the 12th Georgia battallion. A thin striffen was all that protected his brain. I was compelled to get a teaspoon to give him water. The lady of this house said the Confederates took her house for a hospital the day before. The blood ran over the carpet-strip of the door of her dining room. She showed me where they buried the arms and legs amputated, in her garden. She said they carried them out by the arm full. This fight took place in an oats stubble which had a quantity of straw on the ground. This had been fired after the fight and part of it burned over and some of our men were burned brown. A great many were stripped of their clothing. When General W T. Sherman said, "War is Hell," he was not far from the truth. The good ladies of Frederick City were carrying our wounded to the shade, giving them something to stimulate them, when we came on this bitterly contested field. I wish here to state that these women should always be held in the highest honor by the people of our land for their work of mercy, on that battlefield, in caring for helpless men. Some without a garment of any kind to cover their lacerated bodies were taken to a place of shelter.

After the battle of Monocacy Early marched on and came within range of the fortifications at Washington by noon on the 11th. His intention was to make an assault as soon as his men rested and the rest of his forces came up. Washington had received reinforcements and by the 15th General Early was across in Virginia.

On the morning of the 12th we moved to Frederick, and from there to New Market on the Baltimore Pike. Here we fed our horses. Fifty men were detailed to escort General Tyler to Baltimore to see Lew Wallace. The next day we moved out to Frederick and from there to the Monocacy, and went into camp. Nothing of note trans-

pired here but the weather was extremely hot. On the morning of the 14th we received word that the Confederates were in front of the works at Washington; and that Grant had reinforced the capital. Our troops were pressing the enemy who were falling back in the direction of Richmond. This was good news for we had been anxious to hear as to the safety of our beloved capital. There was much excitement in camp as we were shut off from the world as to any mails.

At three o'clock we received orders to march to Nolen's Ferry, where we went into camp. On July 15th we marched to Point-of-Rocks, crossed the Potomac, marched out two miles, struck some Confederates and had a fight. Lieutenant James B. Gibson, of the Ringgold batallion, was wounded; one man severely. We moved to Lovettsville, Virginia, and from there to Hillsboro, where we joined the forces of General David Hunter who had just returned from his Lynchburg raid. The next morning we were out early hunting up our boys who were with Hunter, and whom we had not seen for nearly two months. We were all glad to meet and exchange experiences. Some of our noble boys had been killed, others had been capturned while with Hunter, and others at Lost river. All this and more was hurriedly related. At four o'clock we moved up four miles when we met the Confederates in force in the Louden valley. In this little scrap we captured thirty wagons, if one could call them wagons. We continued our march until two o'clock at night when the command went into camp. We broke camp at eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th, and marched by way of Snicker's gap to the Shenandoah river. We found the enemy holding this ford in force, and had a brisk brush, bringing up the artillery on both sides. Our forces were repulsed, and our loss was reported as fifteen or twenty killed, and some ten or twelve wounded.

The same evening John S. Mosby, who was in sight of our troops during the day, caught some of our men, killing

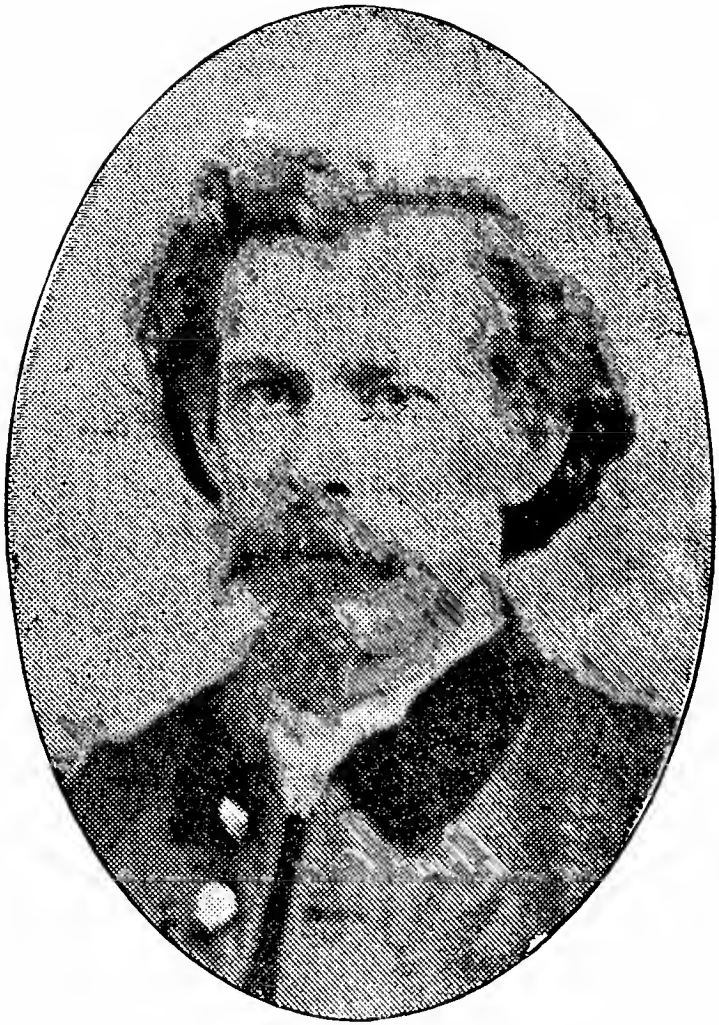
and wounding twelve or fifteen. Here I will state, as the war is over and no ill feeling to any man who wore the gray, if the Ringgold cavalry had caught John S Mosby any time after the Snicker s gap affair (July 17 1864) all he would have been worth to his country or to his people would have been his insurance policy Then and there his doom was for once sealed, the only man by them thus doomed during the Civil war.

On the morning of July 18th General Crook came up with his forces, the Sixth corps and two divisions of the Nineteenth corps. At ten o'clock we were ordered out. The first division of cavalry to which we were attached, General Duffie commanding, marched to Upperville and went into camp. Here we could see Mosby's men who took good care to keep out of our range. General Crook drove the forces into Ashby s gap and across the Shenandoah river. Here we found the enemy in force on the opposite side of the river. General Duffie advanced his cavalry down through this gap. Some of them were ascending the opposite bank, when the Confederates rushed out from concealment with artillery and infantry and opened a murderous fire on our forces, causing a panic and killing and wounding from two hundred to three hundred. All of this happened for lack of judgment in handling troops. A great many who were badly wounded were drowned in the river.

On July 20th we remained in camp here all day; there was no fighting. There was a detail of twenty men from our company for picket in charge of Lieutenant Gass. A train came in from Harpers Ferry with one day's provisions; also an ambulance train for our wounded. Our forces that day had a severe fight at Snicker's Ferry. Our troops were the victors, driving the enemy from his position.

The next morning the picket from our company was relieved at daylight, and our command fell back to Snicker's Ferry, crossed the river and went into camp. Yes-

terday General Averell fell on the enemy and repulsed them. We broke camp early on the 22nd and marched through the valley to Winchester. We went into camp two miles from the town, at or near Kernstown. The whole Ringgold batallion was ordered on picket. We were to sit on our horses the whole night expecting an attack. The Confederates were lying at Newtown eight or nine miles distant in force. The next day skirmishing began at seven o'clock, and the fight kept up all through the day. Here was where the old Ringgold cavalry went to high water mark in her five years' service in the Civil war, when Captain James P Hart with forty-seven men charged General Ramseur's whole army But we will tell the story of Kernstown in the next chapter.



JAMES P. HART

CHAPTER XXIV

HART'S FAMOUS CHARGE

Away in the Shenandoah valley, at Kernstown, two miles from Winchester where tongues of fire licked the clouds,July 23rd,1864, one of the most daring, brave and successful charges ever heard of was made by Captain James P Hart with the Ringgold cavalry. I might say that it is unsurpassed by any other in the history of the Civil war. On the morning of July 23rd, 1864, Colonel A. J. Greenfield ordered Major George Work and Captain James P Hart of the 22nd Pennsylvania cavalry, with a squad of the regiment, on a scout. with instructions to find out, if possible, something of the enemy's strength, then lying in our immediate front composed of Ramseur's Division. Major George T. Work returned with valuable information that the enemy was strongly posted near Kernstown with a strong force of infantry, cavalry and artillery. When Work reported what he had discovered at headquarters, General Duffie remarked, "Only a corporal's guard."

Captain Hart in a little while was sent for to report at headquarters. In the face of what he had seen only a few moments before he was ordered, by General Duffie, to take forty-five men or the carbines of his battallion, charge a battery in full view of our skirmish line, and bring this battery away with him. Hart knew this was a desperate undertaking and called for forty-five men to volunteer. The men all responded promptly. We fell into line, counting off by twos, and marched out the Staunton Pike where our firing line was stationed. Captain Hart was to remain here until the signal was given, which would be the firing of a cannon in our rear.

While here the officer in charge of the outer line, Captain Allen of the 14th New York, came up where we were waiting and asked Captain Hart what was up. Hart re-

plied, "You see what is there," pointing in the direction of the battery The officer turned and looked at the handful of men, then turned to Captain Hart with an oath and said, "Sir, not a man of you will ever come back." Just in front of this battery, behind a stone fence three feet thick and a mile long, was lying a brigade of Confederate infantry, which was anxiously awaiting our coming. This officer informed Hart of all this, and turning to Hart said, "I am not in the habit of advising men to disobey orders, but I would not obey your orders." Captain Hart remarked, "I have the first one yet to disobey; I won't begin here."

The signal was given for the charge. There was a moment of silence; not a man spoke a word. Captain Hart, knowing the situation, turned and took a fond look at his handful of true and tried men whom he had commanded on many a well-earned field, now, without any chance or hope, about to be slaughtered. Turning to his men he gave the order, "Attention, company! forward march, charge!"

Brigadier General Duffie was a Frenchman recently sent from the army of the Potomac. Why such a man was sent into the valley of Virginia to command a veteran army will always remain a mystery. Duffie was altogether unsucessful with the army of the valley. This was not the fault of the men. General Philip Sheridan, with the same army, drove the Confederates clear out of this same valley.

Captain Hart's men in this charge came on nearing this fatal stone fence. There was a deep washout six or eight feet wide and about four feet deep within a hundred yards of the fence. Some of the men and horses plunged into the gulch. Both armies were looking on in astonishment. Just here Hart took in his surroundings and we heard him call out, "Right about, face." As we turned to retreat the infantry raised from behind the fence, and that stone wall was transformed into a blaze of flame; bullets flew like rain drops. From the ridge above the artillery opened on us with grape and canister. Then the

Confederate General Ramseurs turned loose on us the 1st Tennessee Confederate cavalry, two brigades with some six hundred men.

It will be remembered in falling back we would have to go two miles before reaching our command. What the infantry and artillery did not kill this cavalry was to capture. In falling back Hart lost three men. John Register, of Company D, was wounded and died some time after. John Shallenburger, of Company D, and Levi Patterson, of the Ringgolds, were captured. This was the most remarkable piece of cavalry work done in the army of the Shenandoah valley during the war. The adjutant general of West Virginia reports the forces under General Ramseur, infantry five thousand, 1st Division cavalry, six hundred, artillery two batteries with six guns each. This detachment would have been annihilated had it not been for a deep wide washout in front of the battery into which the cavalry rode. The infantry fired too low, and the artillery over them.

In falling back from this daring cavalry charge, Sergeant Hopkins Moffiitt, one of the original Ringgold cavalry, performed one of the most daring acts of cool, calm bravery which has ever fallen to the lot of a soldier to perform. The 1st Tennessee Confederate cavalry was pressing our rear. Captain James P Hart was in the rear covering his men, when three Confederate cavalrymen determined to either kill or capture him. Two of the men were especially well mounted. In falling back to our forces we came to an apple orchard. Here the men divided, part of the men going on one side, the others going around the other way. In some way Captain Hart and Sergeant Moffitt had gotten in our rear and both on the right of this orchard. Moffitt was passing this same orchard close to the fence. Hart was some distance away and in front of Moffitt with the two men close on him and the other a little behind the two who was an officer and using his gun on Hart at a lively rate. Moffitt saw the three would get Hart soon if

he didn't do something quick and it would require quick work for the Confederate cavalry was coming at a charge. Moffitt concluded he would shoot this officer. When he fired the horse fell throwing the rider. This shot attracted the two who were after Hart. They left Hart and came for Moffitt who, when he shot the horse, charged the officer to take him prisoner. The Confederate jumped to his feet, jerked the bridle off the dead horse, and ran back to meet his cavalry who was near at hand. Moffitt jumped from his horse took from the saddle pockets of this dead horse a fine silk sash and a silver butter knife. All this time the two men who gave up the pursuit of Hart were coming, their cavalry in a body was coming on the jump. Moffitt was cut off from following up the fence the way Hart had gone by the two men who were coming from that direction, and he had to fall back toward the Confederate cavalry twenty or thirty rods before he could clear the orchard. The Confederates were all this time closing in on him. When Moffitt turned the corner of the fence his pursuers came within a few rods of cutting him off from his command. Moffitt had the sand and he not only escaped himself but saved Captain Hart from being killed or captured. Every one in the Ringgold cavalry knew what Moffitt was composed of and some who were not knew. The knife Sergeant Moffitt still has as a reminder of the charge and retreat at Kernstown, according to number one of the greatest of the Shenandoah valley was so said by officers and men at the time.

When General Duffie ordered Captain Hart to charge the enemy's position, July 23rd, at Kernstown, he told the general that there were enough Confederates over there to fight a brigade. Duffie replied that there was only a corporal's guard, but the next morning that corporal's guard attacked us in force at Kernstown about ten o'clock. By noon the battle was on in earnest when the enemy succeeded in making a flank move on our left. This caused our lines to retire with some confusion. The enemy taking

advantage of this charged. Our lines gave way for some little distance and were reinforced. This was done in perfect military order. Seeing that he was greatly outnumbered, General Crook ordered a retreat. The old

HOPKINS MOFFITT

Ringgold cavalry, with other forces, was ordered to form a line in front of our retreating column and hold every man within our lines. This prevented a panic. That same Corporal's guard drove ten thousand of as good troops as ever trod the Shenandoah valley toward Winchester. The 25th of July we were at Martinsburg in a fair shape for a

fight with anything near our number, after marching all night in a drenching rain, bringing a large wagon train with us. Thus far there was some skirmishing. During the afternoon one of our brigades charged the enemy driving him through Martinsburg, when General Duffie came in on the enemy's left driving him a mile and a half beyond the town. At dark we continued to fall back, and during the night we reached the river at Williamsport, Maryland. At daylight on July 26th the train began crossing the river. This train was started to supply General Hunter's army, marching on Lynchburg. It was loaded with all manner of supplies and the Confederates were making every effort to capture it. So the reader will see that Duffie's "Corporal's Guard" drove our army out of the Shenandoah valley into Maryland.

It was at the battle of Kernstown that the boys of the old Ringgold cavalry lost one of their best friends, Colonel Mulligan, of the 23rd Illinois. He was wounded while leading his command known as the Irish brigade. While some of his men were carrying him from the field, one of them was shot dead and one or two wounded. When he saw that his men were in danger of being captured he uttered these words that will live as long as our glorious Union, "Lay me down and save the flag."

Mrs. Mulligan was at Cumberland. Receiving word that her husband had been seriously wounded she was placed in a carriage with orders for the driver to make all haste possible, so that Mrs. Mulligan might reach the bedside of her husband as soon as possible. He was dead before she reached the scene of the conflict. His body was taken to Chicago for burial. Colonel Mulligan was dearly loved by all his men. The Ringgold boys had the greatest respect for this man. We served under him at New Creek where he made Captain Keys chief of his cavalry forces. I do not believe that any of the men we served under thought more of the old Ringgold cavalry than did Colonel Mulligan.

CHAPTER XXV

ALONG THE UPPER POTOMAC

The opening of this chapter finds the command with which we were operating, in Maryland. The command crossed at eight o'clock on the evening of July 26th and marched to Sharpsburg, Maryland. Lieutenant Gass with twenty-five men from our company was posted as picket at Shepherd s Ford, at Shepherdstown, six miles below Williamsport, on the Virginia side. We were without supplies and had to forage off the country citizens. Men and horses were badly worn out as we had been on the march for forty days, part of this time marching all night or on picket for a luxury The picket at Shepherd's Ford was ordered by Captain Chessrown to follow the division. We crossed the Potomac and overtook the division at Brownsville, a mile out on the Hagerstown road, where we went into camp. July 28th, we moved through Sharpsburg on to Harpers Ferry where we found the rest of the army of West Virginia in camp.

On July 29th we had orders to move out at four o'clock: but for some cause we were detained until six o'clock, when the division crossed the Potomac into Virginia on pontoons at Harpers Ferry, and, moving back some three miles, went into camp. The 6th, 9th and 19th corps or a part of them came up that day. The Confederates were still at Martinsburg thirty thousand strong. General W W Averell was at Hagerstown with his advance pickets at Williamsport, Maryland.

On the next day an invoice was taken of what the company was needing in way of supplies, as we were out of everything. Clothing and shoes were greatly needed. At twelve o'clock we received orders to recross the river at the Ferry, and march to Knoxville, Maryland. We went

into camp two miles beyond the village. We were on the way to join Averell.

July 31st we marched by way of Middletown within three miles of Myersville and went into camp at four o'clock in the evening. Early August 1st we were awakened by the bugle sounding, to fall in for an immediate move. At ten o'clock we were at Wolfsville, a small hamlet in the mountain. Here we fed our horses and got breakfast. The day was dreadfully hot. We remained here until four o'clock when we marched to Smithville, six miles, and went into camp. We could hear all kinds of reports as to where the enemy was and what he was doing. The ordinary soldier knows but little as to where he is going or what for. If he did the enemy would be often cleaned out long before he is, without all this marching.

At last we found out what was up. General McCausland had entered Pennsylvania and burned Chambersburg, after demanding a ransom of five hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks, or one hundred thousand in gold. He was closely pursued by General Averell who prevented his burning McConnellsburg, Bedford and Hancock. On August 1st General Kelley engaged his forces in battle three miles from Cumberland and prevented his reaching that place. He crossed the Potomac and went on to New Creek. The men were loaded down with goods of all kinds, taken from the stores of Chambersburg.

On August 2nd we broke camp at daybreak, and fell in line at once by way of Hagerstown, where we took breakfast and fed our horses. From here we marched to Clear Spring and went into camp for the night. Here we could, by the aid of a spy-glass, see thirty-two towns and villages. My company went on picket on Fairview Mountain forty miles from Winchester. The next day we broke camp early and moved within five miles of Hancock. Here we came on General Averell's forces who were after McCausland. We countermarched two miles then went into camp.

Early in the morning of August 4th we joined General

Averell's forces, crossed the Potomac at Hancock and marched to Bath, West Virginia. From there we went to

HUGH B. HEDGE, FROM WHOSE DIARY THIS CHAPTER WAS TAKEN

St. John's run for rations. Here we fed our horses, got dinner, returned to Bath and took the road to Bloomery furnace. We halted eight miles from the place for two hours to rest and fed our faithful horses, after which we

pushed on to Bloomery arriving at daybreak, after an all night march. The next morning we were up early, fed our horses, got a bite to eat and continued our march to Springfield where we encamped for the night. Our company had been without rations for two days.

On August 6th we broke camp at seven o'clock, marched to Romney and took dinner. Here the Ringgolds were at home, rations or no rations. We remained here until three o'clock. The boys were greeting old friends. In the meantime, General Averell detached from his command the Ringgold cavalry with other forces under Major Work, owing to their perfect knowledge of this entire country, fords, gaps and short cuts. General Averell was to move by Moorefield Junction, the direct road to Moorefield. Major Work was to move by way of the Grassy Lick road, strike the Wardenville and Moorefield Pike at or near Lost river in the rear of Moorefield, where Confederate General McCausland was lying on his retreat from the burning of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and New Creek, West Virginia. The Ringgolds marched all night in a drenching rain and came within striking distance of the Confederates before day, waiting to hear from General Averell's guns. General Averell, in making this distribution of his troops at Romney, was to come on McCausland's front and rear at the same time, which he did in every particular. When Major Work came to the Wardenville Pike he blockaded his rear for some distance, so as not to be surprised by any prowling Confederates who might be in that neighborhood in force.

On the 7th of August General Averell attacked the Confederates at Moorefield early in the morning, completely surprising and routing his entire command. When Work heard Averell's guns he pushed forward his command. Soon the enemy began coming and we were in the midst of the fray. Major Work with his one hundred men took them by detail, until we had about all we could manage. A Confederate major requested Work to send him to the

rear. Work replied that he would later. When we were nearing Moorefield this same Confederate remarked to Major Work, "You didn't do what you promised me." Work replied, "What was that?" "You said you would send me to the rear and you failed to do it." Work laughingly replied, "I sent you as far to the rear as my jurisdiction went." When the Confederate looking around said, "You don't mean to tell me this is all the men you have." Work replied, "Yes sir; don't you think they did their work well?" Work captured four officers, two captains and more men than he had in his command, besides one hundred and eight horses and two mules.

We marched twelve miles below Moorefield and went into camp with the rest of General Averell's forces. This was a severe chastisement for McCausland. Had he taken the advice of Captain Jesse McNeill, who was in the Moorefield valley with the McNeill Rangers, he might have fared better. McNeill told McCausland where and how to post the pickets which was utterly disregarded by McCausland. McCausland did not want to take advice from McNeill. There was no picket on the road on which General Averell's forces were advancing. This caused some friction between the wiley McNeill and General McCausland, when McNeill with his company, withdrew from their camp, and went eight miles up the South Fork to Dasher, a rallying point for McNeill's rangers. Moorefield will be remembered as the home of McNeill, and the headquarters of his company. This was why he made suggestions as to the posting of McCausland's pickets.

On the morning of August 8th General Averell ordered the Ringgold cavalry, with other forces, as a guard for all the prisoners to New Creek, forty-two miles distant. When the command arrived in the evening, and turned over our prisoners at headquarters, men and horses were completely worn out, after fifty-two days of constant marching, sometimes day and night. Here let it be stated for the benefit of the reader that nothing has been intimated as

to how much of the time we were without rations or forage for horse, as we were operating in the mountains of West Virginia. Neither has any mention been made as to the picket, scouting and other work. I make this merely as a side remark.

On August 9th we remained in camp. We had two feeds of grain for our horses without hay We went down to the station to see our prisoners off for Wheeling. Here we heard that General P H. Sheridan had taken command of our department, composing Baltimore, Maryland, Washington, D. C., and the Shenandoah valley and West Virginia, called the Middle Military Department, U. S. A. General Averell's forces were busy all day yesterday and today carring all their horses. We had orders to car but were ordered later to remain in camp. We moved our camp from the hot sun to a beautiful grove on the banks of the Potomac. This looked as though we were to remain here for a much needed rest, but we did not.

On the 11th the company had a good rest. General Averell came over to visit us before leaving. He complimented our company for the excellent work done from Hancock, Maryland, where we crossed into Virginia on the McCausland trail, until we struck his rear at Moorefield. It looked as though all the Confederates in the South were in the Middle Military Department. The atmosphere smelt of them. Talk about fighting in this department. All you had to do was to go outside the pickets and the fight was on; sometimes inside the pickets. There was good fighting anywhere and everywhere. We needed steam engines to ride instead of horses. If "Uncle Sam" could have furnished the old Ringgolds with something which would not have required feeding three or four times a day we could have cleaned the thing up by contract for him in a very short time.

August 12th everything was quiet in camp until noon when we were ordered to car our horses for a move. We marched to the depot, drew one day's rations and forage

and fed our horses, and the order was countermanded. At three o'clock we crossed the Potomac river, left New Creek, and stopped two hours in Cumberland, twenty miles west of New Creek. Here we found our boys who were waiting to be mustered out. Everything was in an uproar. They could not get their muster-out rolls signed. While here we learned General Averell's forces were at Hancock, Maryland. At three o'clock while in Cumberland the boys took too much lemonade or something else, the lines would not dress up when we were ordered to fall in to move on.

About noon on August 13th we joined General Averell's forces near Hancock where we started for McCausland a short time before. This evening we had general instructions, and the weather was intensely hot. On August 14th, we were up at four o'clock, broke camp at six, marched to Cherry run twelve miles below, crossed the Potomac, rested here a short time, moved to Martinsburg and went into camp. The Ringgolds with other forces were out two miles on picket. August 16th all was quiet on picket. The people were willing to sell us anything they had. They were liberal with what they did have, but they did not have much.

August 17th the regulations in camp were severe, drill twice a day, roll call four times, with other things for desert, and still we fool the officers. All this was done to keep the men in camp and out of town. We got out all the same. Fighting at Winchester was reported.

August 18th the whole force was ordered out at one o'clock to be ready to move in half an hour. At five o'clock we moved out east of town, and formed a heavy line of skirmishers, and all our trains moved on the Williamsport road. At twelve o'clock we moved on the Shepherdstown road, the Ringgolds with other forces taking the advance. We struck the Charlestown and Shepherdstown Pike, and marched to Shepherdstown, our company being left south of the town on picket.

August 19th all was quiet on picket. A foraging party

picked up a horse, saddle, shot gun and revolver, the property of a Confederate prowling around seeking whom he might devour. August 21st we crossed the river, moved to Sharpsburg, and marched to near Hagerstown, Maryland. We camped four miles from Williamsport, where our company was placed on picket. Three thousand Confederate cavalry were between Williamsport and Martinsburg, and Sheridan was fighting the Confederates at Bunker Hill.

August 23rd was a day long to be remembered as we lay in camp all day receiving first one report and then another as to our forces in the valley We were shut out from all official communications. We heard that a portion of our regiment, with General Sheridan, charged the Confederates and took some twenty or thirty prisoners, and that Major Henry A. Myers was wounded while leading his men to victory. This was the third day in camp. How our poor horses enjoyed the rest!

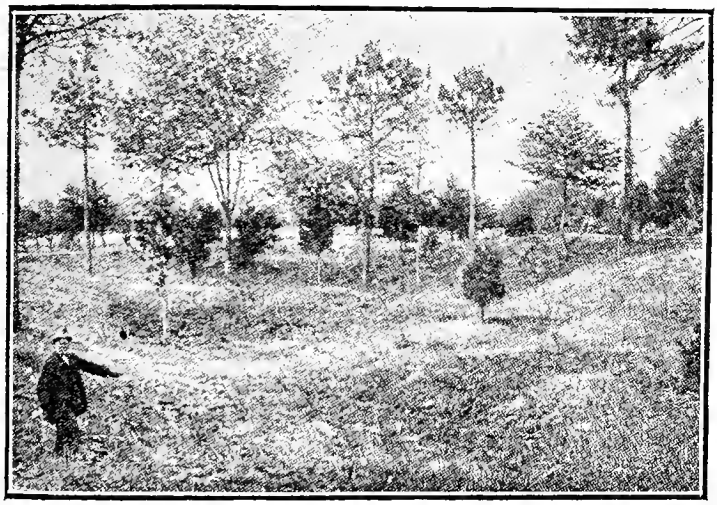
August 25th, General Custer's cavalry was driven beyond Sheperdstown, crossed the Potomac and went into camp in Maryland.

August 26th our command was ordered to saddle. We were up at two o'clock, formed line and remained in ranks until daylight then fed to be ready to march by seven o'clock. We marched and countermarched all day, and finally came out in the evening at Hagerstown, a beautiful place; here we went into camp.

On the morning of August 27th we joined our regiment, 22nd Pennsylvania cavalry, the first time the old company had seen the regiment for a long time. Colonel Greenfield here took command. Drill in the afternoon on foot, ten men who had been with Colonel Greenfield came up, officers called in the evening for instructions, blanks received for making out pay rolls, orders for reports of companies for June and July 1864, inspection of arms and clothing, etc.

On August 28th we broke camp, crossed the Potomac, moved on the Martinsburg Pike to Hainesville, where the

column halted. A detail of our men, twenty in number, under Lieutenant Gass were to go to Shepherdstown, communicate with General Williams, return to Bill Miller's mills, establish a picket, and patrol the road beyond during the night. August 29th orders came from General Averell to advance to Opaquon Bridge two miles from Martinsburg. This was a very important point. At eight o'clock we were relieved with orders to report to our regi-



THE PETERSBURG CRATER

ment at Martinsburg. August 30th we were in camp all day, and made the monthly reports for June. Orders to muster for pay the next day We were expecting an attack all day.

While the old Ringgolds were along the upper Potomac, General Grant was pressing the siege of Petersburg. From a ravine in front of Petersburg a mine was dug beneath a Confederate fort. At dawn on the morning of July 30th this mine, filled with eight thousand pounds of powder, was set off. The garrison of three hundred men and huge masses of earth were thrown high in the air. The guns of the Federals all along the line opened fire at once. An assaulting column was rushed forward into this breach,

hoping to enter the city, but it was stopped in the crater produced by the explosion. The Confederates poured shot and shell into the struggling mass, huddled within this demolished fort. Here the Union forces lost about four thousand men.

On August 18th the railroad leading to Weldon, North Carolina, was siezed by the forces of General Grant. This move was regarded as a very important one as it cut off Lee's communications with the South. Lee made a determined effort to retake this road but failed.

The blockade became so effective that all imported goods brought fabulous prices throughout the South. Flour was sold for forty dollars a barrel in Confederate money. Calico brought thirty dollars a yard. In some instances coffee brought fifty dollars a pound. Instead of tea which was so costly, dried sage, raspberry and other leaves were used. Woolen clothing became very scarce. The main dependence of the Confederate army for clothing was on the capturing of supplies from the Federals. Pins became so scarce that the people gladly picked up any they found in the streets. Paper became so expensive that matches could no longer be put in boxes. Even to the richest of the people, sugar, butter and white bread had become great luxuries. The greatest economy was practiced in regard to salt. Old pork and fish barrels were soaked and the water evaporated, so that not a grain of salt might be wasted. Many women wore garments made of cloth which they carded, spun and wove with their own hands. Large thorns fitted with wax heads were made to serve the purpose of hair pins. Shoes were made with wooden soles to which the uppers were fastened with small tacks.

On account of the great profits foreign vessels were constantly trying to enter the Southern ports. These swift steamers were long, narrow, low and of a mud color. They made no smoke and were often able to escape the vigilance of the Union squadrons. During the war over fifteen hundred blockade runners were captured and destroyed.

Confederate cruisers practically drove American commerce from the ocean. These were not privateers but vessels commissioned as regular war ships of the Confederate government. They followed the tracks of the American ships, plundering and burning every vessel possible or bonding them for a large sum.

The most noted of these was the "Alabama," built in England. An English captain took the vessel to the Azores, where she was fitted out with arms and supplies brought from England. The Confederate Captain Semmes had charge. He destroyed sixty vessels and was afterwards captured on the coast of Cherbourg, France, where the "Alabama" was sunk, by Captain Winslow, of the "Kearsarge."

Admiral Farragut went on an expedition against Mobile Bay. He captured several of the war ships of the enemy, put the rest to flight and reduced the forts, closing the harbor to blockade runners.

CHAPTER XXVI

WINCHESTER AND FISHERS HILL

Sheridan assumed command of the army of the Shenandoah, August 6, 1864. The army consisted of the 6th corps, one division of the 19th corps, two small divisions under General Crook known as the 8th corps, with Averell's and Torbert s divisions of cavalry, the latter having just come from the James. In all it numbered eighteen thousand infantry and fifteen thousand cavalry, disposable for active service. Fully as many more were required to guard the railroads. The Confederates, with the addition of Anderson's command, were in about equal force. Grant turned over to Sheridan the instructions given to Hunter a short time before. He was to concentrate all his available forces near Harpers Ferry whence he was to operate against Early. He was to pursue and fight him if he crossed the Potomac and follow him if he retreated south.

In case he should follow Early up the valley, Sheridan was to leave nothing which could invite the return of the Confederates. Dwellings were to be spared, all provisions, forage and stock that could not be used must be destroyed. The people must be given to understand, that, so long as a Confederate army could subsist among them, raids would be of continual occurrence, and these it was determined to stop at all hazards. This stern order was soon to be executed.

Sheridan at once moved up the valley to Winchester. Here he expected to find the enemy, but they had fallen back. A part of the Ringgold cavalry battalion was with Sheridan and a part was guarding large commissary stores at Martinsburg on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Grant notified Sheridan that heavy reinforcements had been sent to Early from Lee, raising his forces to about forty thousand men. Sheridan drew back and took up a strong de-

fensive position near Harpers Ferry, there to wait developments of the intention of his opponent. For a month the outposts and cavalry scouts of the two armies came in daily collision with no important results to either. Early in the meantime was reinforced by Anderson in command of Kershaw's division of infantry and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, and Sheridan, by Grover's division of the 19th corps and Wilson's cavalry The forces were not greatly disproportioned the Confederates numbering about twenty-two and the Federals twenty-seven thousand. There was a question between Early and Anderson as to who was in command. Both had been made lieutenant-generals on the same day but Anderson's commission, as major-general, was prior to that of Early, which gave him military seniority, but he had been sent to Early's department. There was thus a question of rank, and the two never afterward cordially co-operated.

Phil. H. Sheridan

By the middle of September the Confederates were concentrated around Winchester and the Federals near Berryville ten miles to the east, the Opequon running between. The armies were spoiling for an action. Each commander seemed indisposed to attack the other in a position of his own choosing. Grant for a while held Sheridan in check, for defeat would lay Maryland and Pennsylvania open to a renewed invasion. At length Grant left Petersburg and came to the Potomac to confer with Sheridan. At the time of his arrival Sheridan had learned of the withdrawal of Kershaw's division. He was ordered to fall back as far as Culpeper. From there he could reach

Richmond by rail in a few hours if needed. This left Early with some fifteen or eighteen thousand men. Sheridan had resolved to attack Early and, on submitting his plans to Grant, received the emphatic order, "Go in." Sheridan proposed to march to Newtown above Winchester, and thus throw himself upon the Confederate rear.

On the 18th of September, just as this move was to have been made, Sheridan learned that Early had sent two of his four divisions to Martinsburg, twenty-two miles from Winchester, with the twofold purpose of destroying the large quartermaster s stores there as well as the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Sheridan changed his plans and resolved to catch the two divisions left at Winchester, and having routed them, then fall upon those sent to Martinsburg. Thus ensued the battle called by him Opequon, and by the Confederates the Battle of Winchester. As it happened, however, Early marched only half way to Martinsburg, and consequently, was able to bring his entire command on the field for action.

Before dawn of the 19th Sheridan was in motion. Torbert's cavalry in front was to cross the Opequon and clear the passage of the stream in one direction. Wilson supported by the 6th and 19th corps was to move rapidly down the defile through which ran the direct road to Berryville and thus fall upon the portion of the enemy lying directly in front of Winchester. Crook's corps was held in reserve. Wilson charged into the deep gorge, drove back the enemy's pickets, capturing their earthworks at its mouth. Wright and Emory filed through the narrow gorge and emerged, under a heavy artillery fire, into an irregular, undulating valley, dotted over with ledges of rocks and patches of wood, sloping gradually up to the semi-circular heights of Winchester. Time was lost in making the movement.

It was nine o'clock before the order to advance was given. The attack and defence were alike obstinate, neither being sheltered, except by the natural lay of the ground.

The loss on both sides was heavy Ramseur, upon whom the attack fell, held his ground stoutly for two hours, but the whole of Wright's and Emory's corps, having at length passed through the gorge, began to give way At this moment Rodes came back from the direction of Martinsburg and joined in the fight. Rodes was shot dead soon after When Early's first line began to waver, the Federals rushed on. When they encountered Gordon, who had followed hard after Wharton, the advance was checked. When Gordon made a counter charge which, striking Sheridan's center where the 6th and 19th corps joined, forced it back in confusion, which threatened to become a total rout. Gordon pushed on in pursuit so desperately that his flank became exposed to Russell's brigade of the 6th corps which was on his left. Gordon in turn was driven back and Sheridan's lines were soon reformed. Still the battle hung in even scales. Breckinridge, with the last of the cavalry now came up from the rear, took position on the Confederate left. Now ensued the fiercest fighting of the day. Early sought to extend his lines so as to outflank Sheridan's right, then sweep round, seize the narrow gorge and cut off his retreat. Sheridan's quick eye saw his opportunity was at hand. Crook's corps had not been brought into action. He had kept them in reserve upon his right intending to turn the enemy's left and cut off his retreat. Crook was now directed to the left to turn the Confederate right, strike it in flank and rear, and, as soon as it was broken, the Federal left would swing round and strike the other flank.

Both movements were made with the utmost precision on what was now the decisive point. They fairly overlapped the Confederates who were powerless to prevent the turning of the flanks. Crook's line swept steadily on over the open field, in the face of a fierce musketry fire, under which nine hundred men went down in a few minutes. Emory's corps now rising from the ground, where they had been lying to shelter themselves from the artillery by

which they had been for three hours sorely pelted, poured in a fire so rapid that in five minutes their amunition was exhausted. They then dashed straight to a piece of woodland. Here was the extreme left of the Confederate line into which Crook was pouring from the other side. The enemy rushed out in utter rout. Many of them in their flight threw away their guns. The battle was lost.

To hold this wood Early had brought in his last division, those of Breckinridge. These divisions had, all the morning and until far into the afternoon, held in check Merritt's and Torbert's cavalry These magnificent horsemen had then pressed up, sweeping before them the Confederate cavalry, and, circling around to the Confederate flank and rear, they charged fiercely upon the disorganized mass, which broke and fled back to Winchester. The fragment of the routed army entered the town as night was falling. There was no rest: in the darkness they kept on their flight only halting when the reached Fishers Hill, a strong position, twelve miles south.

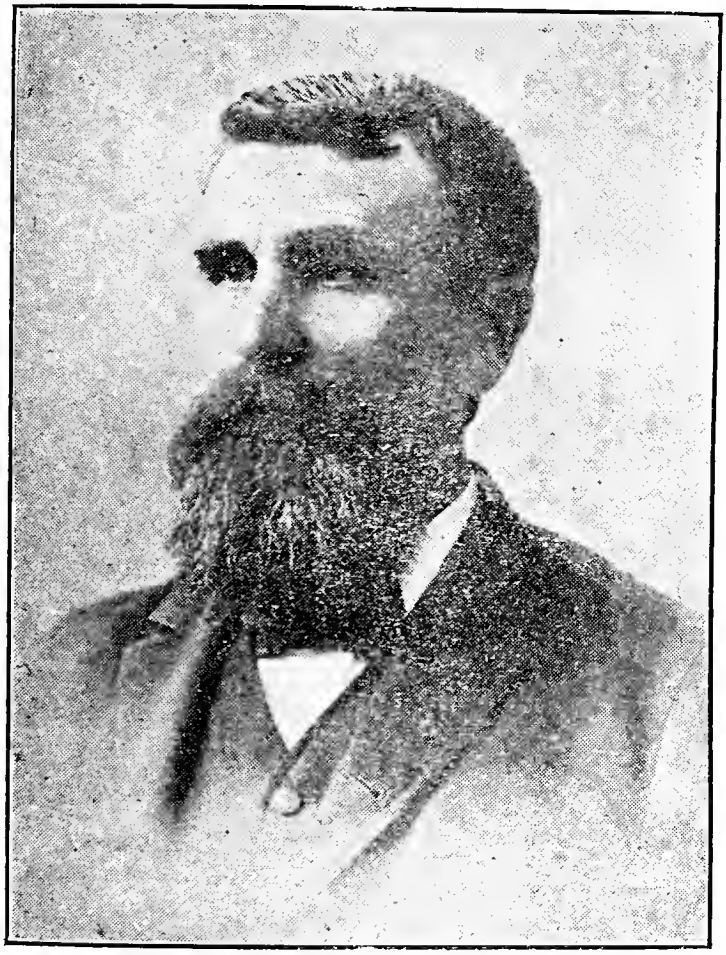
Sheridan's losses summed up four thousand nine hundred and ninety of whom six hundred and fifty-three were killed, three thousand seven hundred and nineteen wounded and six hundred and eighteen missing. The heaviest losses fell on Emory corps among whom were four hundred and fifty missing, captured when repulsed early in the day In Wright's corps there were one thousand six hundred and thirty-seven killed and wounded and forty-eight missing. In Crook's corps, which struck the decisive blow, out of a total loss of nine hundred and fifty-three, there were but eight missing. The cavalry lost four hundred and forty-one, of whom one hundred and nine were missing. The Confederate loss is not stated but in all it could not have been less than six thousand upon the field, and, in the pursuit, two thousand five hundred prisoners were taken. Two thousand wounded were found in the hospital at Winchester.

Next morning, September 19th, 1864, Sheridan set out

in hot pursuit, and soon came in front of the position Early had taken up at Fishers Hill. Here Captain Hart of the Ringgold cavalry was dispatched with his company into the Luray valley with orders to return at once after delivering an important message. The company returned to General Averell's command at dusk. Without anything to eat for man or beast, we were at once put on the skirmish line. We remained there all night and the next day until four o'clock when Generals Crook and Thoburn charged the enemy's extreme left flank. This was the signal for the entire army to move. Just before the charge we were on the firing line. We had left our horses in the rear and were crawling up on the Confederates. Whenever one put his head above their works we would invite him to take it down with a message from a Spencer rifle. Hopkins Moffitt and I were close together, in tolerable good shape, hugging the ground, without anything to eat and as flat as a clam when we became annoying to the Confederates. Just then they let go a piece of artillery. Something came over looking like a stick of stove wood. From the noise we thought it was an earthquake. This thing, whatever it was, struck a man in our front off to our left and tore him to pulp. They gathered him up in a blanket and took him to the rear. We found out later that this thing which passed us, making such a terrible noise, was about three feet of railroad iron. This was our first experience with these long projectiles, but we learned more about them later. Still, I may say, I never liked their noise.

Now for the charge. My company had been in the saddle for quite a while and our supply of clothing was very poor. In fact I was on the skirmish line at Fishers Hill without coat, hat or shoes. A shabby shirt and pantaloons was my wardrobe. There was nothing for the men to get. When the charge came I climbed a small pine tree for I could not get through the dewberry vines, barefooted. Moffitt had on a pair of shoes he had taken from a young man from Pennsylvania whom we captured on his way to

join Lee s army. The boys fixed him up in fine shape for a Union soldier by exchanging wardrobes. We took off all his fine clothes and put on him some of our discarded



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clothing. With this fellow's shoes on Moffiitt was in good shape, and, in the charge, captured a rifle cannon himself, wrote his name and company on it and went on with Crook's men. Some time during the day Sheridan concluded not to assault the enemy's strong position in front, for, in the interval, Early had lost no time in strengthen-

ing his position, which was one of natural strength, and could be held against a direct assault from a much larger force. So safe did Early think himself that his ammunition boxes were taken from the caissons and placed behind his works.

Sheridan determined to drive him out of his position by turning his left. To do this the turning force must gain the shelter of North mountain, march for some distance under cover, then plunge into the valley and strike the enemy, flank and rear. This move must be done with great secrecy for the enemy had a signal station on Three Top mountain, and could observe every movement made in daylight. At night Crook's corps was placed in a wood where they lay hidden all through the 21st, while Wright's and Emory's were drawn up in front of the Confederate center, ready to join in the assault. Crook make his movement without being perceived. Pickets were placed in front of the Confederate left. Averell with his cavalry was to drive in the enemy's skirmish line. The move succeeded beyond expectation. It was reported, from the Confederate signal station, that a turning column was moving against their left front. Early massed his force to check this. At that moment Crook burst in upon him left and rear. The Confederates broke and fled in all directions Wright's corps swinging round joined with Crook's; the victory was complete, and was won at little cost.

The Confederates took their dead and wounded with them, but left behind one thousand one hundred and ninety-nine prisoners. Complete as the victory was Sheridan had hoped to capture Early's whole army. For this purpose he had sent Torbert into Luray valley where he was to cross into the Shenandoah and intercept the enemy's retreat; but Torbert was held in check at a narrow gorge by the Confederate cavalry and a small body of infantry until the fugitives had passed the point.

It was in the evening when the fight began at Fishers Hill. The remnants of Early's broken division fled rapid-

ly up the valley Hardly a company retained its organization. Sheridan pushed on in pursuit for a day and night, as rapidly as possible. The fugitives were too fleet for his infantry and there was present only Devin's small division of cavalry Torbert was in the Luray valley and Averell had unaccountably gone into camp immediately after the fight. On the morning of the 23rd Devin's division came on the enemy's rear at Mount Jackson, twenty-five miles from Fishers Hill. Not being in sufficient force to attack, he waited for Averell, who arrived late in the afternoon and then fell back again. Averell was here superceded by Powell at Newmarket.

Early got his shattered forces partly reorganized, presenting a battle line too strong for the cavalry to assault. The Federal infantry pushed on in columns, but were unable to bring on an action. On the 25th Wright's and Emory's corps had reached Harrisonburg, Crook, having been left a little behind until the movements of Early were ascertained. Kershaw with his fresh division, now rejoined Early. The Confederates were now nearly as strong as they were at the Opequon and made a show of advancing. Sheridan was now in doubt as to what course to pursue, whether to again assault or fall back on his supplies. He finally decided on the latter. He was now little if any superior to the enemy. His transportation would not keep him for a much farther advance. He had, moreover, in a week, accomplished more than he had dared to count on. He had destroyed and captured half of Early's army and driven the remainder so far south that it no longer threatened Maryland and Pennsylvania. He determined to fall back and wait developments. On his way back he was to carry out his original instructions.

He was to devastate the valley which had so long served as a granary for the Confederate army and an avenue for an invading foe. This once done, he could give back to Grant, then at Petersburg, the bulk of the infantry which had been sent him to check the diversion made by

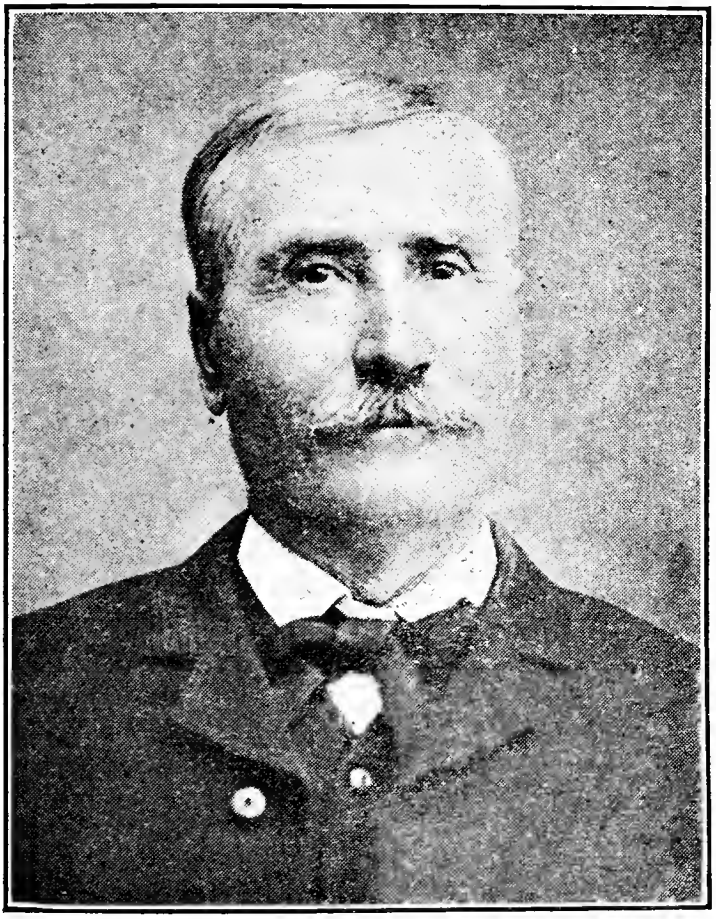
Lee. Sheridan's plan was carried out but not for three weeks when Early staked all on a desperate venture and lost.

On the 6th of October Sheridan commenced his return march from Mount Crawford back to Cedar Creek. Here was where the Ringgold cavalry was called on to help lay waste this valley over which we had fought from the Potomac as far as Lynchburg. Looking back over the years of the fleeting past I can say I have never since witnessed such destruction. The cavalry swept across the whole breadth of the valley of the Shenandoah from the Blue Ridge to the Eastern slope of the Allegheny. The order to transform the valley into a barren waste and leave nothing which would tempt the enemy to return was carried out with unsparing severity. Before the army was a fertile region filled with the stores of an abundant harvest just gathered; behind was a devasted region.

Sheridan himself thus describes the work of destruction: "I moved back to Woodstock. The whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been rendered untenable for a Confederate army I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay, over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat, have driven in front of the army over four thousand head of stock, killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep." This was all done inside of two days. Dwellings were spared save in a single retributive case. This was where one of Sheridan's engineers was murdered. For this act all the houses, within an area of five miles, were burned.

It is hard, even from a military point of view, to decide where the destruction of property begins or even ends. Early, in retreating from Maryland, seized more cattle and horses than Sheridan took from the valley. The numerous guerrilla parties, who had made the valley their lair, plundered at will. Since Sheridan came to the valley his trains, and small parties of infantry and cavalry have been bush-

whacked by the people, many of whom held protection papers from commanders who had hitherto been in the valley. Sheridan spared dwellings although the ruins of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, fired without the pretense



HENRY A. HUSTON

of military necessity, had hardly ceased to smoke. But even this devastation only partly accomplished his purpose. The valley was not rendered untenable to a Confederate force until a fortnight later when the army there ceased to exist.

Captain James P Hart of the old Ringgold cavalry was

assigned the left of our line in the work of destruction in falling back. A force of Confederate cavalry followed Sheridan's retiring forces and came in conflict with Torbert's division and was repulsed. Torbert holding his ground. Kershaw and Early remained at Fishers Hill in their former camp while Sheridan went into camp on the bluffs of Cedar creek, four miles toward Winchester.

CHAPTER XXVII

WITH SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK

Early remained in his works at Fishers Hill until the night of October 18th, and then moved out to attack the Federal army lying at Cedar creek. Sheridan, having posted his army at the latter place, had gone to Washington city I might say right here that many were the reports as to why General P H. Sheridan was absent from his army on the morning of October 19, 1864. Some say he was at a dance in Winchester. Others say he was in Washington delivering to Mr. Lincoln the Confederate battle flags captured at Fishers Hill, September 22, from Confederate General Early! All these reports, with many others, were false. Just before the battle or surprise at Cedar creek, General W H. Halleck dispatched to General Sheridan as follows, on October 16th: "If you can leave your command with safety, come to Washington at once, as I wish to give you the views of the authorities here." What the War Department desired was for Sheridan to strongly fortify some well selected position so as to be able to hold the Shenandoah valley with a small garrison, then move his army to General Grant in front of Petersburg. After starting to Washington he sent a dispatch to General Wright, whom he had left in camp, telling him to look well to his ground and be prepared for the enemy.

The Federal army now lay encamped in a position apparently unassailable. It was disposed upon three parallel ridges of no great height, facing southward. To the west, four miles away, lay Early in unknown force at Fishers Hill. The left of the Union army, the corps farthest from the Confederate position, was occupied by General Crook. Next, and half a mile to the rear across the Staunton Pike to his right, was Emory. Somewhat farther to the right,

considerably in the rear of all, was Wright. From the extreme right to left was three miles, and still farther to the right was Torbert's cavalry The front and flank of Crook and Wright were protected by breastworks and batteries. Their position, unless surprised and taken in the rear, was impregnable to any force which the enemy could possibly have.

Early resolved to turn both flanks by surprise. He had a force of less than ten thousand men, if we may credit his own statement. This was hardly half the number that was to be opposed to him. Of this however he was not aware. He supposed a considerable portion of Sheridan's army was miles away from Front Royal, where he knew them to have been a few days before; or still further away on their journey to Washington enroute for Grant.

Early commenced to move on Sheridan's army at midnight of the 18th. His left column, with his artillery and cavalry, moved over easy ground, and at dawn began to demonstrate against Emory. The column consisted of Gordon, Ramseur, Pegram, Kershaw and Wharton, the remnants of those who had, just a month before, fled in utter rout from Winchester and Fisher Hill. This column moved silently down the mountain slope, and, fording the Rappahannock, crept along Crook's front. So imperative was the necessity for silence that they left their canteens behind, lest they would betray them. Before dawn they had marched and crept seven miles. These three divisions passed Crook's left flank and turned, without being perceived, and were in striking distance of its rear while the other two, Pegram and Kershaw, crouched in his front.

Just then there was a stir in Emory's camp for he was to send out a reconnoissance at dawn toward Fishers Hill. His aid was in the saddle ready to report the time when the expedition started. The aid heard far to the left a sudden sharp rattle of musketry and the Confederate yell which was conclusive that the enemy was charging the Federal lines. The five divisions had broken on our front flank

and rear through the lines of the sleeping eighth corps. In fifteen minutes it was perfectly routed and streaming back in confusion upon the nineteenth corps, their guns being captured and turned upon the fugitives. A brisk artillery fire was opened on Emery's right while his front and left was assailed as Crook had been. The enemy was now sweeping round his rear.

The nineteenth corps was now fighting the whole Confederate force. Desperate efforts were made to hold their lines, but, from point to point, they were driven back before the furious rush of Kershaw in front, while Gordon and Ramseur poured in a withering fire on the left flank. The camps of the Eighth and the Nineteenth corps were in the enemy's hands and what remained of these corps was pushed back upon the Sixth, which alone maintained the fight. This fell back also slowly and in order. At length, after three miles of retreat, it had fairly outstripped Gordon, and stood with its left flank free from his pertinacious assault. Here they held their lines in perfect order. The Confederates ceased pursuit, and began plundering the Federal camps in search of something to eat. Wright fell back and took up a strong position, covering the road to Winchester. At nine o'clock he began forming his broken lines for any further demonstrations from the enemy

Sheridan, meanwhile, was on his way back from Washington. At five o'clock in the morning, October 19, 1864, the officer in charge of the guard reported artillery firing at the front. Sheridan supposed it was Emory feeling the enemy. Soon after the same officer informed Sheridan there must be a battle on at the front. Here is where Sheridan's famous ride began. When a mile and a half beyond the town he met men and trains in a mad rush for the rear. He pushed rapidly on to the front. His very presence stayed the flight of his veteran army, which was badly surprised. "Face about men, he shouted, we will go back to our camps. We are going to lick them out of their boots." Hundreds turned and followed him to the

front. Seldom if ever were men more willing to follow any man than was the veteran army of the Shenandoah to follow Philip H. Sheridan at Cedar creek, where numbers of men fought with nothing on save a shirt and drawers, just as they had been driven from their beds in the early morning. Men who fight in this condition are hard to conquer to say the very least.

Sheridan found Getty, the same who held the road in the Wilderness, far in front of the remainder of the Sixth corps, confronting the enemy and momentarily expecting an attack. The other divisions of Wright and Emory were brought forward and soon were ready for the enemy. Two hours and more passed when Early pushed a column towards Emory. No sooner was it within range than a single volley sent it whirling back. At this Sheridan was about to order an advance when word came to him from the cavalry far to his left that a fresh infantry column of Confederates was passing in the rear toward Winchester to cut off his retreat; this was erroneous, but it delayed the order to advance.

At four o'clock the order came. Early had now thrown up breastworks and taken a strong position under cover of a stone fence. For a while Early fought bravely and gave way slowly and sullenly. Once indeed by a flank movement he wheeled Gordon's division around Emory's right and threw it into some confusion. But this move was a fatal one. McMillan's brigade dashed into the angle thus formed in the Confederate line, pressed through and cut off the turning column which Custer's cavalry at once charged. At the same moment the whole Union line rushed forward and swept the enemy before them. Gordon first broke, then Kershaw and soon Ramseur followed, in a wild tumult up the valley, charged fiercely by cavalry on both flanks, and carried by infantry in the center at point of bayonet. At the crossing of Cedar creek Custer and Devin charged their train without a single shot. A little farther on was a bridge; this broke down, and the whole

train, guns and wagons, were abandoned. At length once more behind their works at Fishers Hill, which cavalry could not pass, Early took a short rest. There was no need for pursuit next day So utterly destroyed was Early's army there was nothing worth following.

A few words as to the part that the old Ringgold had in the rout of General Early at Cedar creek. In the evening of the 18th my company, with others from the battalion, was ordered to guard the fords of Cedar creek, south of the Staunton Pike. Captain J P Hart, being a careful officer, halted his men some distance from the ford which we were expected to guard. He put two videttes near the ford. In making the detail for that eventful 18th of October, I was one of the number. I positively refused to go. My orderly sergeant and I came to a war of words, using some very bad language. Just here my captain came up inquiring as to all this loud talk. I informed him I was detailed for duty and nearly naked, and that I could not stand without fire for two hours. I was excused from duty by my captain. I shall always call to mind with feeling of profound respect that soldier, Andrew B. Grant, who came to my rescue and volunteered to take my place that night before the coming of Early's army. Sometime early in the morning, long before dawn, General Early began moving his army for an attack on General Wright, who was left in command. The details of the battle have been fully set forth in our surprise in the morning and our complete victory in the evening.

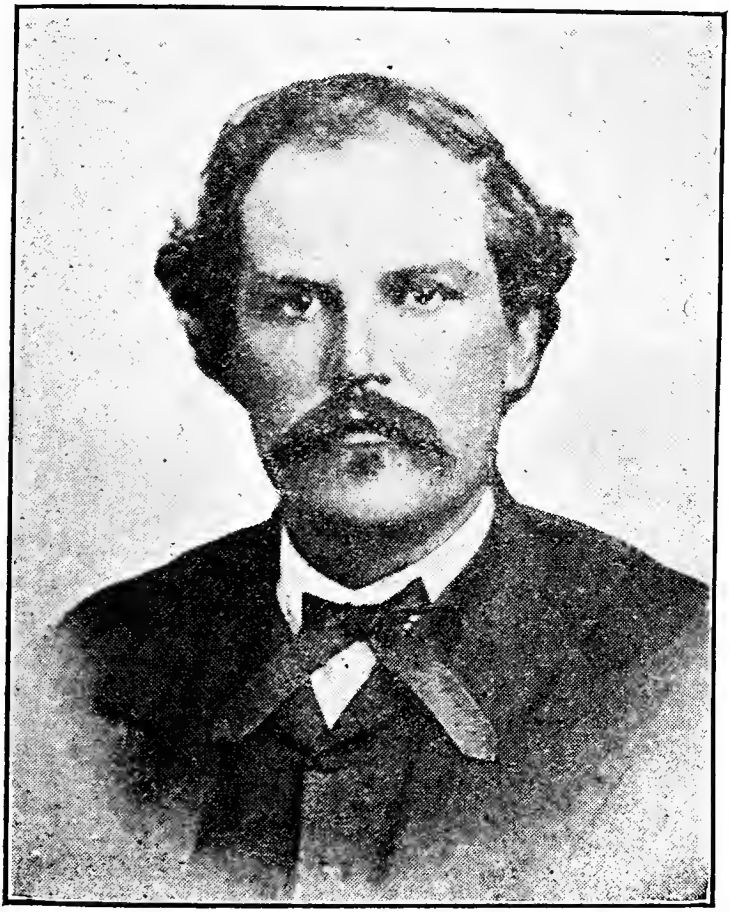
My company was to be relieved in the morning of October 19th at nine o'clock. We were forgotten, remaining on duty until near noon. All this time we could hear the deadly artillery doing its work. The musketry was something terrific. All this time our army falling back, from the sound which had gotten beyond us in our rear. We were looking for the relief to come. At this critical moment Captain Hart began to realize he had been forgotten. Calling his officers in council, to know what was best to do

under the circumstances, it was decided to reach our army if possible.

We were fully aware of our danger. Hart put two men about one hundred yards in front with instructions, if anything appeared in our front for them not to speak but motion with the hand, and he would halt the company and come forward. We had scarcely gone a mile when John T. Corbitt gave the signal. Just on our front passed a brigade of Confederate cavalry. As soon as they had fairly gone by we moved out of there very lively until we came on the Staunton Pike about half way to our demoralized army.

Soon after, halting to get our bearings, for all was confusion, a line officer came to our company for a detail of four men to take a dispatch to Port Republic. He asked Captain Hart if he had four men he could trust to deliver this important message. Hart replied, "You can trust any of these fellows to go anywhere." The captain called for volunteers. Jas. T. Parshall, John M. Myers, James Crouch and F. M. Hirst rode out of line, received instructions, and away. General Sehridan came on the field about ten o'clock. From that on, until he had fully prepared himself for the onslaught, he was busy forming his lines. Between three and four o'clock the welcome signal was heard when Philip H. Sheridan, with his veteran army in the wild charge, moving as a whole, seemed to shake the solid ground. Think of that vast army, with such a leader, wrought to a fever heat, imbibing the spirit of the invincible Sheridan! When Generals Torbert, Meritt and Custer, with their cavalry, struck the charge what could withstand them? This was the complete destruction of General Jubal Early's army in the Shenandoah valley. This ends the fighting of the Ringgold cavalry in the Civil war. In a short time we were ordered by General Sheridan, to Martinsburg for clothing, and from there by the secretary of war to Cumberland, Maryland, where we remained without any more fighting. Thus ends the part taken in the great Civil war

by the members of the Ringgold cavalry who enlisted June 29, 1861, and were mustered out October 31, 1865. Some of my company were almost constantly in the saddle from start to finish. Here ends the bloody work in the Shen-



GEORGE E. PARSHALL

andoah valley. The remaining few of Early's army soon joined Lee. Early put forth a bitter address to his troops. After recounting the brilliant success of the morning, he added, "I have the mortification of announcing to you, that, by your subsequent misconduct, all the benefits of the victory were lost and a serious disaster incurred. Many

of you, including commissioned officers, yielded to a disgraceful propensity to plunder, and deserted your colors to appropriate the abandoned property of the enemy Those who remained at their post were unable to withstand the assault of the enemy and were driven in a panic from the field."

The defeat was as total as Lee's bad old man represented it; but the reproach was understood. His troops had fought nobly in the morning. The victory was won by surprise against a far superior number. The surprise was all over in the evening. The numbers were still larger against them while the advantage of position was not great. My company, the Ringgold cavalry under Captain James P Hart, was with General Custer in this engagement, and followed Early beyond Fishers Hill when Custer gave up the chase, and we rested from all our works.

The Federal victory of but one month had been complete at great cost. The Union loss in that time was five thousand nine hundred and ninety, of which one thousand eight hundred and ninety were missing, mostly prisoners. More than one-third of them were from Crook's corps, captured in the surprise. This corps lost but sixty-five killed while it had six hundred and fifty-four missing. Early's losses were barely half as great. There were one thousand five hundred prisoners, perhaps as many killed and wounded, nearly all in this fatal fight. In the afternoon he lost thirty guns, all that he brought into action, besides sixteen which he had captured in the morning.

Sheridan's decisive campaign in the valley was comprised within just a month, counting from the time when he commenced direct operations. In that short time he completely annihilated his opponent, capturing fully thirteen thousand prisoners and killing and wounding ten thousand more. Sheridan's losses the six weeks he was in active warfare in the valley were as follows: sixteen thousand nine hundred and fifty-two killed, wounded and missing. Eleven thousand three hundred and twenty-seven

were lost in three pitched battles, Winchester, Fishers Hill and Cedar creek. This ends the part in active service taken by the Ringgold cavalry. While in all three and the two latter the writer was so near naked as to be excused from night duty where it required a man without fire as was the case October 18, 1864. The part taken in the three set battles at Winchester under Averell, Fishers Hill under Averell and Cedar creek under General Custer where some of the stiff fighting of the Civil war was done, as will appear from the list of dead and wounded, has been set forth in these pages.

For one of the old Ringgolds, James T. Parshall, October 19th was a day filled with startling experiences. On the morning of that day he was on picket. Early in the morning he heard away in the distance, cheering coming from the direction of the pike where he knew General Sheridan's main army was lying. In a short time the cheering became frequent, with now and then a volley of musketry At this, as a picket on duty, he awoke Captain Hart, informing him what he had heard. Captain Hart got up at once. He was not the man to sleep when there was a fight on. In a little while the company was all ready for a move. The musketry became something awful. Then the artillery would cause those old hills of the Blue Ridge to almost quiver.

It was daylight. Parshall, anxiously looking in the direction in which the battle was raging, discovered a large force coming down Cedar creek. This was Confederate infantry, in command of General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, who was on his way to get in General Wright's rear. The Confederates had learned from some source of the absence of General Sheridan. Gordon was well posted as to where the headquarters of General Sheridan was located and was moving down Cedar creek to capture Sheridan's staff and all his headquarters papers, at the Bell Grove House. When this command was near enough for him to see who they were, he fired his carbine in order to alarm

our company which was some ways back. When he fired his gun the Confederates in advance returned his fire, calling on him to surrender. In falling back to where our company was, he ran into a force of Confederate cavalry At first he was a little confused. The Confederates did not seem to notice him. He moved with them for some distance. all the time working himself out on their left flank, hoping that, before he was recognized, he could slip away from them and join the army When he came in sight of the Staunton Pike he resolved to make the effort to leave bad company Halting in the pines for a moment, which, seemed hours to him, finding his Confederate friends had gone, he at once started to find his company which was drawn up in line in the woods near Middletown, seven miles from Cedar creek, where he took his place in the ranks.

In a few moments one of General Wright's staff inquired who was in comand of this cavalry and what cavalry it was. Captain Hart informed this officer that he was in charge and that it was the Ringgold cavalry from Pennsylvania. The officer replied, "Captain I have a dispatch to go to our forces in the Luray valley for them to fall back at once. I want four true, tried men for this perilous undertaking. We must reach our forces there or they will be surrounded." Captain Hart called for volunteers to convey this order, James T Parshall was one of the men who volunteered and the others were John M. Myers, James Crouch, Frank M. Hirst. All were old Ringgold boys. They moved four paces to the front, received their instructions and away.

Nothing of any importance happened until they approached the bridge at Front Royal over which they had to pass. Here they saw a body of cavalry. Three of the number thought they were Confederates. James Crouch said not, and he went forward to see. He rode right into them, before he discovered his mistake. They saw them disarm him. When Crouch gave them his gun they knew

the man well enough to know who they were beyond a doubt. They gave them a shot from their revolvers and then turned to flee. They had not gone far before they found they were pursued by a force of cavalry, well mounted. In some way Parshall got in the rear of his comrades, when he found a Confederate in close quarters who was out to capture or kill him. Both had emptied their revolvers. This Confederate drew the second one, and shot his carbine strap off. His gun fell to the ground. The next shot struck him in the hip. His third killed his horse, which in falling, caught his foot under him. He almost despaired of getting away His horse in struggling freed his foot. Jumping to his feet, begging his two companions, who had started to come to him when his horse fell, to escape to the company, as he was shot. Just then this Confederate called on him to surrender. He had good reason to believe that he had by this time emptied his second revolver. He had only a few rods to run until coming to a steep bank of a stream of water. He ran to this embankment, bid his friend "good bye," then over he went some fifteen or twenty feet, and lit in water to his waist. This was everything to him. He got a good drink of water as he was becoming thirsty from his wound which was bleeding freely. Why they gave him up when they had him was always a mystery.

After getting his bearings, and a short rest, he once more started for the front, and came out on a road, weak and sore. While here debating in his mind what to do he saw a squad of cavalry coming. He drew himself behind a tree. When near him a man dismouted. He called to him, "Who are you?" His answer was, as he pulled his gun on him, "Come down here," he said, "Put up that gun and I will." He asked him who he was and he told him he was a wounded yankee. He put him on his horse and took him to the Staunton Pike. Here he took his horse. He lay down waiting for some way of escape. His wound was hurting him badly. He had not been there but

a few moments when a man passed him as the wind, hat in hand, hair clinging to his brow, and eyes fixed on the front. It was Sheridan on his memorable ride from Winchester. He was on his way to the front where in a short time he wiped the army of General Jubal Early from the face of the earth. Parshall was soon removed to a hospital at Middletown, and from there to Baltimore General hospital. This wound in his hip joint did him up as a soldier. I have been reliably informed, that the man who shot Parshall and captured James Crouch was Colonel John S. Mosby. James Crouch was taken South and died in prison at Andersonville. Jim was an all round soldier, an honor to his command.

Mr. David Hart, of Canonsburg, often tells of his experience at Cedar creek. He had charge of the wagon train lying at Front Royal. Early on the morning of the 18th he was ordered to Cedar creek. He was sent to the ford where the Ringgold boys were on picket. Going to General Sheridan's headquarters with some papers to be signed he found that he was absent. General Wright's adjutant signed the papers. He returned in front of the picket line on the bluff. Fishers Hill could be seen in the distance. There was unusual activity within the Confederate lines for some reason. The fact was that they were getting ready then for the move on our lines. As he passed along Mr. Hart said, "Boys, look out; they are going to come after us tonight."

Going to the wagons he could get nothing for himself or for his horse to eat. It was a cold foggy night. He lay down under a wagon and tried to sleep. He could not get to sleep. Somehow he felt that there was something wrong. He arose and got on his horse and rode in the direction of the Eighth corps. He had to go slowly as the ground was very rough. It was nearly daylight and so foggy he could scarcely see.

Stopping to listen he heard the Confederate yell. Then he knew that they were charging our lines. Hurrying back

he called to the drivers to hitch up. They got on the country road and went to Middletown. Here he found the highway completely choked with men and wagons. Without halting, the front wagons turned to the right over the back yards and gardens of the village houses. The wagon train went crashing through the fences, keeping parallel with the road. Some distance east of the town they came out on the pike. Here they found the pike blockaded by a wagon of the Sixth corps that had struck a telegraph pole and had been thrown across the road. Mr Hart got this wagon out of the way and sent the train on in charge of the quartermaster sergeant of the First West Virginia.

It was at this point that he saw a man coming through the fields. It was Sheridan on his famous ride. His horse Rienzi, glistening black, was almost white with foam. The last he saw of the General he was riding down in front of the Sixth corps arranging for the battle. He had to go and look after his wagons, and so saw nothing more of the battle.

Mr. Hart also tells of seeing Colonel Thoburn coming out of the west end of the town. He was trying to rally the Eighth corps. He had his glass raised looking for the enemy. It was but a little after this that General Thoburn was shot by a man wearing blue clothes who took his horse. General Thoburn was carried into Middletown. and in a few hours died.

In the meantime General Sherman took Atlanta, September 2nd. On the 15th of November, 1864, he left Atlanta with sixty thousand troops and began his march to the sea. On the 21st of December he entered Savannah. He remained here till February 1, 1865, when he set out on his march north, entering Columbia, South Carolina the 17th. When he reached Goldsboro, North Carolina, he was attacked by Johnston, whom he repulsed.

General Grant continued to press the siege of Petersburg and Richmond. Both of these places were evacuated and the Federal forces entered Richmond, April 3, 1865.

Six days later Lee surrendered the army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court House. The Confederate troops were to lay down their arms and return home, and agree not to fight against the United States.

On the evening of April 14th President Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's Theatre, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth, and the whole nation was plunged into mourning.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE RINGGOLD BATTALION

It would not be out of place to give an account of the different cavalry companies that went out from Washington, Greene and Fayette counties, and which formed afterward what was called the Ringgold battallion.

In the summer of 1862 Captain John Keys returned to Washington county to get recruits for his company He opened a recruiting office in Washington. His desire was to enlarge his own company and form, if possible, a regiment. This desire was never realized, but several other companies united with that of Captain Keys forming the Ringgold battalion. This was an organization authorized by the War Department, and not merely an agreement made by the officers of the different companies to operate together as one organization as has been claimed by some.

As a matter of convenience the different companies forming the Ringgold Battalion were given letter names. As the old Ringgold was the first company that went out it was designated as Company A.

Company B was Captain Work s company which was raised in the western part of Washington county. This was called the Keystone cavalry

Company C was Captain Young's company, usually called the Beallsville cavalry He had gone out with the Ringgold cavalry in 1861. The following summer he was given a furlough. He came home and raised the company at Beallsville. On September 2nd, 1862, this company left Beallsville with one hundred and one men and three officers. On the 6th of September they were mustered into service. and, on October 10th, they were at Clarksburg, West Virginia.

Company D was Captain Chessrown's company. It was recruited at Monongahela during September, 1862.

Within ten days the company was in camp at Wheeling Island. Dr. W M. Mitchener was elected captain, and James Y Chessrown First Lieutenant. Dr. Mitchener resigned April 1, 1863, and Lieutenant Chessrown was made captain. The latter's name became so closely identified with this company that it was always known as "Chessrown's Company."

Company E was raised in Washington and Greene counties during August and September, 1862. Andrew J. Barr was elected captain. This was called "Barr's Company," and was mustered into service October 14th at Wheeling Island.

Company F was recruited mostly in the neighborhood of Brownsville. It was called "Smith's Company."

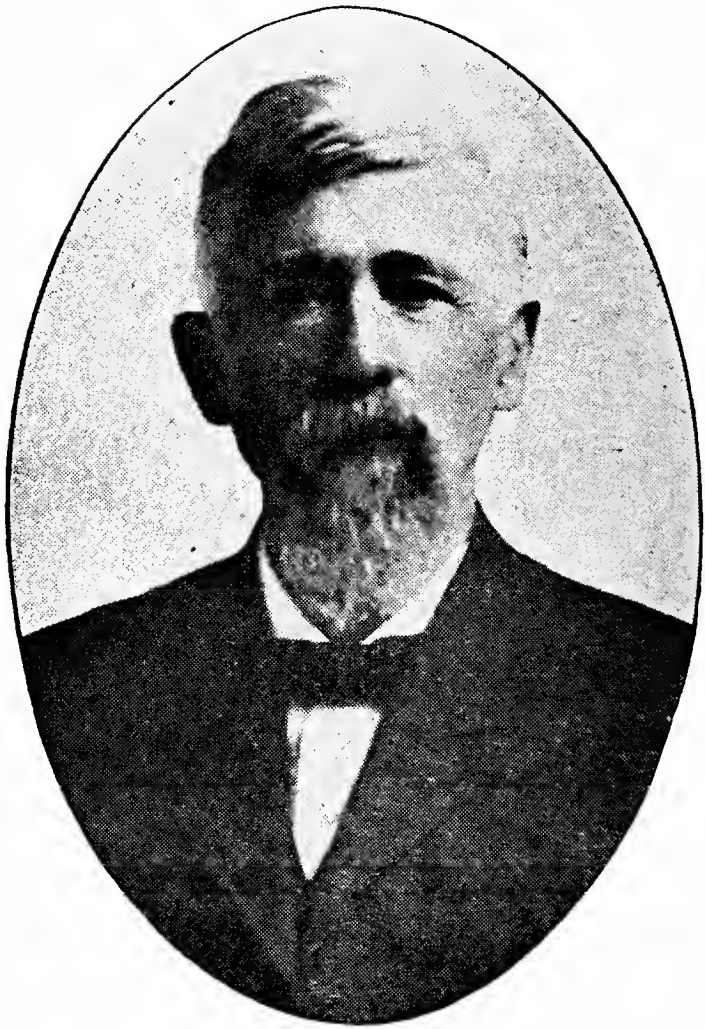
October 19th the old Ringgolds, with Work's and Young's companies, which were at Clarksburg, was ordered to New Creek, West Virginia. Mitchener's company came a few days later. November 10th Barr's company arrived. All these companies camped together and operated as one command. They were drilled together, with Captain Keys as ranking officer, who was always in command except when on detached duty.

Washington cavalry, known as Grecnfield's company, which went out in the summer of 1861, did not become a member of the battalion as he was stationed at another place at the time, and, besides, was always opposed to an organization of this kind.

In the preceding chapter we have told that one of the inducements offered for our re-enlistment was the fact that we were to retain our former name and organization, "The Ringgold Cavalry" of Pennsylvania. After our furlough, on our return to Cumberland, we found that we had been made a part of the 22nd Pennsylvania cavalry by an act of the War Department. This was an act that was very displeasing to the members of the old Ringgold cavalry as well as to every other company in the battalion, and to all the officers and men. We had been deceived. We

were Ringgolds, and every member of the old Ringgolds will be Ringgolds till they die.

When this regiment was formed the old Ringgold was still designated as Company A; Greenfield's company became Company B, which was an injustice to the other companies as he had always refused to become a member of the battalion. Each of the other companies was moved back one letter. Work's company became Company C; Young's Company D; Chessrown's Company E; Barr's Company F; etc.



CAPTAIN J. C. McNEILL, C. S. A.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE McNEILL RANGERS

The writer feels that special mention should be made of the company of cavalry known as the McNeill Rangers, which was organized in Hardy county, West Virginia, in August 1862, by Captain John H. McNeill, who commanded the company until 1864, when he was killed in battle. He was succeeded by his son, Jesse McNeill, who was the first lieutenant of his father's company at the time of his death.

Those who have read the preceding pages will recall the fact that the Ringgold cavalry had frequent encounters with the Rangers. Some body of cavalry had a tilt with them almost every week, the old Ringgold about as often as any other. In fact the McNeill Rangers gave the old Ringgolds more trouble than any other body of cavalry during the whole war.

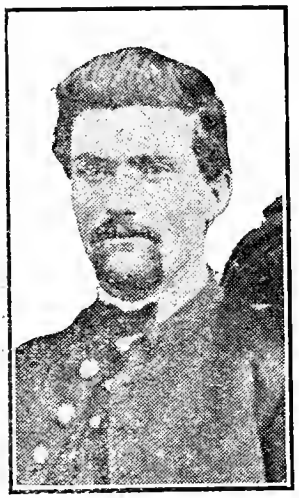
The writer has always had a very high regard for this company of Confederate cavalry One incident only need be recorded at this time. It happened near Upperville, Virginia in October, 1864.

On the 11th of October General Averell sent a detail of the Ringgold cavalry, in charge of Sergeant Moffitt, to destroy a still-house at the foot of the mountain. It was too great a temptation to our men to wander outside the lines. All through the day this detail was aware that John S. Mosby, with his band of guerrillas, was on their trail. This was the section known as "Mosby's Confederacy," as they were right at home here.

The still-house was destroyed and the men returned sometime in the forenoon, turning over to General Averell, a prisoner claiming to be a Baptist minister, belonging to Mosby's command. After a "drumhead" courtmartial, this man was hanged and a tab was placed on his breast telling that he had been hung in retaliation for some of

his men who had been shamefully treated by Mosby. The old Ringgold cavalry had nothing to do with the hanging of this man. Mosby soon came on this man whom Averell had hung.

On this same day General Averell halted for dinner and fed at Chester's gap. After resuming march and going a short distance, Marion White went back for his saber which he had left behind, and was captured by Mosby's men. He was condemned to death and was to be hung because Averell had hung the Baptist preacher. When all preparations had been made the prisoner was ordered to stand up. The rope was about to be adjusted when a band of Confederates came up and inquired what was going on. Mosby, who was in command, told them what his intentions were.



F. M. White

The men asked Marion White where he belonged and he told them to Averell Cavalry. They then asked what regiment and he told them the old Ringgold. Then they made a strong plea with Mosby not to carry out his intentions as this man was not to blame for what Averell had done. They reminded Mosby that the Ringgold cavalry had treated their home people with respect and had even kept some of them from starving. All their entreaties were in vain. They drew their revolvers, surrounded the prisoner, and declared that they would die to a man before they would see a man belonging to the Ringgold cavalry executed in that way. They said that this man was a political enemy but they respected justice even in an enemy

This band of men who saved the life of White was the McNeill Rangers. Do you wonder that the writer has such a high regard for these men?

In the summer of 1901 there came to the members of the Ringgold battalion a cordial invitation to attend a reunion of the McNeill Rangers at Moorefield, Hardy county, West Virginia, August 21st. Nearly thirty members of the Ringgold battalion responded to this invitation, and found their way to this quiet town among the West Virginia hills. Here we met thirty-four members of the McNeill Rangers and greeted each other (without bullets) and fought our battles over. Thirty-six years had passed since the war and the frosts of the years, as they had glided by, had tinged the raven locks of each member of both these famous companies. A most generous welcome indeed was extended to the members of the Ringgold cavalry. The McNeill Rangers met us with wide extended arms. We all felt at home. It was an occasion much enjoyed by all the old Ringgolds.

In the following year the McNeill Rangers came to California, Pennsylvania, by invitation of the Ringgolds, where a joint reunion of these two commands was held. Twenty-nine members of the McNeill Rangers were present. Counting Mrs. McNeill there were thirty. No one present at the exercises on Wednesday afternoon will forget the scene that took place there. When Captain Jesse McNeill responded to the address of welcome he approached Lieutenant Greenfield and said to him in a voice tense with emotion, "We were enemies once, but, thank God, we are friends now"

On his return home, while stopping at the Hotel Winsor in Cumberland, Captain Jesse McNeill said to a reporter of the Cumberland News, in speaking of the reunion at California: "I have never enjoyed more genuine hospitality than that so bountifully bestowed upon us by the Ringgold battalion and their friends. You can form no conception of the warmth of our welcome. It was simply overwhelming. The booming of cannon announced our coming Union veterans welcomed us at the station, and every moment of the reunion was fraught with pleasure.

Words fail when I attempt to express my joy but the ap preciation was there deep down in my heart, and every Ranger felt precisely as I did. With one accord we unite in saying, "May God bless the Ringgolds."

One of the happy events of the reunion was a campfire at the home of the writer, where Captain Jesse McNeill and Captain James Hart, of the original Ringgold company, were brought together for the first time. These two war-scarred veterans had never met only as they confronted each other at the head of their commands on the battle field. The meeting of these two men was one that not one who was present will ever forget.

CHAPTER XXX

THE OLD RINGGOLDS

In this chapter it is the purpose of the writer to give as full an account as possible of the seventy men who went out with the old Ringgold cavalry when it left for the front. About some of these men we know scarcely anything since they came home from the war. Of some who gave their lives on the field of battle, or died of disease, scarcely anything is known. The author regrets that he cannot give a more complete account of all these men. Facts of interest of many of them will be found in the preceding chapters. All the names will be given in alphabetical order.

JOHN L. ABELL

John L. Abell was raised near Bellevernon. When only twenty-two years of age he went to war with the Ringgold cavalry He had his horse badly wounded at the taking of Petersburg. On account of his bravery he was promoted to sergeant. He died in Pittsburgh in 1895. He was very successful in business, having amassed a large fortune.

JOSEPH E. ABELL

Joseph E. Abell came from near Bellevernon. He was promoted to commissary sergeant. He lost an eye while on a scout from Paw Paw to Bloomery furnace. At Green Spring, June 3rd, 1861, he was kicked by a horse, breaking his leg. Afterward he was discharged for disability. He lived and died in California, Pennsylvania.

HENRY ANNISANSELL

Henry Annisansell hailed from Canonsburg. He was promoted to colonel of the 1st. West Virginia cavalry He was thoroughly drilled in all the arts of a cavalry man.

STEPHEN P BEATTY

Stephen P Beatty enlisted when but nineteen years of age. He was promoted to corporal. He was injured at Grafton. While riding a horse down to the Tygart Valley river at Fetterman to water the animal reared and fell on him. For a time he remained with his company doing light duty He was sent to the hospital at Cumberland and finally discharged.

MADISON BLACKBURN

This energetic young man came from West Brownsville. He was one of the seven men who was surrounded by forty of Enright's men, five miles from Burlington, West Virginia. He was badly wounded and still he got away. He died at Elk Garden in 1870.

GEORGE W BREVARD

George W Brevard was from Greenfield, now Coal Centre. He was honorably discharged and now lives in California, Pennsylvania. He has raised a large family of children, all of whom are highly respected.

JOHN CORBITT

John Corbitt was born in Maryland, and enlisted in the Ringgold cavalry, at Beallsville, when but twenty-three years of age. He was taken prisoner at Moorefield, at the Timber Ridge ambush. He was detailed as a scout at New Creek by General Lightburn. He married a lady in Romney, Miss Gertrude Poling. He died in the hospital at Moorefield, West Virginia, July 22nd, 1865. and the next day was laid to rest in the Indian Mound cemetery at Romney, where stands a monument erected to the memory of the Hampshire county Confederate dead.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past."

After her husband's death, Mrs. Corbitt became the wife of Mr. I. V Parker, an ex-Confederate soldier. The time the McNeill Rangers were in California, Mrs. Parker came along and was a guest in the writer's home. Since then he has been a guest in the fine home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker at Romney where the "latch string" is always out for a Ringgold man.

MICHAEL H. CORE

Michael H. Core was from Hillsboro. He was promoted to corporal. He was detailed to attend to the mail of the company and to issue forage. A man always got his full amount of forage from "Mike." He died at Washington, Pa., in 1880

JOHN CROUCH

Fredericktown is the home of this veteran of the Civil War. Below Winchester he was wounded in the hand by some of J E. B. Stuart's cavalry. In a charge at Martinsburg he was thrown from a horse, dislocating his shoulder. He went on duty with his arm in a sling. He was one of the best soldiers in his company. A fellow always was sure that he had some one with him who would stay if he had John along.

ANDREW J. DAVIS

Andrew J. Davis was from Fredericktown. He was the man who singly and alone remained in Martinsburg, West Virginia, while General Early's army occupied the town. "Jack," as we called him, was holding the place when the Federal troops returned. He is living near Oakland, Maryland.

ISAAC T. DAWSON

Isaac T. Dawson was from Hillsboro. He was promoted to sergeant and was with the mail when Sample

Bane and William Lafferty were captured near Pierce's gap. His coat was riddled with bullets, one passing through his cap. He died in Washington, D. C., in 1880, and was buried in California, Pa.

JACOB DICKINSON

Jacob Dickinson was from Hillsboro, and was detailed as blacksmith. After the war was over he was discharged, came home, died in 1902, and was buried at Scenery Hill. He did no work as a soldier, but was one of the most useful members of our company, because he knew how to shoe a horse and took the greatest delight in his work. Our horses were always well shod.

AINGER DOBBS

Ainger Dobbs, whose home was in Centerville, was one of the men who was the life of our company He became a corporal, and was detailed to help man the howitzer. Dobbs had charge of a "mess." He would not have any man in his "mess" unless he was a good forager. He always rode a fine horse, but would never use a curry-comb or brush. His horse was never sick. He claimed that the horses that ran wild on the plains were never diseased. Neither Dobbs nor his horse were ever known to be unfit for duty. The boys will always remember Ainger Dobbs at Greenland gap, where he made coffee all night, in a drenching rain. He always had to have plenty of "Apple Jack" on hands when he made coffee for the boys. The "Apple Jack" had to be on the inside of Ainger or not a drop of coffee would he make.

JAMES A. DUDGEON

James A. Dudgeon came from Brownsville. He was promoted to corporal. Later he was detailed as gunsmith for his company He was also a clock-fixer and did repair work for citizens along our line of march. Some-

times, when we were called on to move in a hurry, he would have several clocks on hand. He would wrap them in his blanket and tie them on behind. The boys called these clocks "Dudgeon's Fortifications," and would say that nobody could shoot Dudgeon, as nothing but the top of his head could be seen above the clocks. He died at Uniontown in 1890.

JOHN W ELWOOD

John W Elwood was from Beallsville. He was promoted to sergeant. His horse was wounded at the taking of Romney, October 23rd. 1861. He was wounded near Harpers Ferry July 13, 1864. He now lives in Coal Centre. At Carmichaels on the way to the front a lady gave Mr. Elwood a copy of the New Testament. He carried it in his pocket over his heart during the whole of the war. In one of the skirmishes a bullet struck this Testament and saved his life. He still has this testament and prizes it highly.

ANDREW J FLOYD

Andrew J. Floyd was from Centerville. He was taken prisoner at Salem, while on the famous Hunter Raid. He was confined at Andersonville for ten months. He came home to die from the effects of prison life. He was buried at Taylor's cemetery

DANIEL FRENCH

Daniel French was from West Brownsville. He was detailed as blacksmith, and was captured near Cumberland, Maryland, while on a scout from New Creek. He went to Richmond and finally succeeded in making his escape. He now lives in West Brownsville.

WILLIAM H. FRENCH

William H. French was from Clarksville. His horse was shot dead at Burlington, September 7th, 1861, while

on picket. He was killed near Greenland gap, May 8th, 1863. His body was sent home for burial.

JAMES GRAY

James Gray was from Zollarsville. He was promoted to saddler. He had his horse wounded on Winchester road in the taking of Romney. He was captured near Weyers Cave, September 26th, 1864, and was taken to Andersonville where he died and was buried there. He was one among the great soldiers of the Civil War. Gray was a very genial fellow. We always called him "Haversack." He would curse the president and all the officers, and swear that he would never go on another scout, but as soon as the bugle sounded he was the first man in line. When any of the boys took a bridle to him to be fixed he would curse him and ask him why he brought the bridle to him and why he did not go and steal one. At Romney instructions were given the men not to disturb any thing belonging to the people. Gray came in one morning with a turkey. Captain Hart saw him with the turkey and took him to task for it. He told Hart that when he came to get his horse the turkey was on the fence and he had to kill it to keep it from biting him. Hart got a choice cut of that turkey afterwards. This man was a "free lance" and could say what he pleased to any of the officers.

JOHN W GRAY

John W Gray was from West Brownsville. He was promoted to corporal for bravery. He had his horse shot dead in the first advance on Romney, September 23rd, 1861. He died near Pittsburgh, March 11th, 1903. Few men were braver and none more loyal. He was bugler of the company for over a year. He was also the youngest man in the company.

I. K. GREGG

I. K. Gregg came from West Brownsville. He was wounded near Burlington, November 11th, 1863, and afterward lived in Pittsburgh. He is in the Erie Soldier's Home at present.

J. K. GREGG

John K. Gregg was from West Brownsville. He served in the army for three years. He came home and died soon after the war at his home in West Brownsville. He was buried in the Bridgeport cemetery.

WILLIAM HARFORD

William Harford was a native of Beallsville. He was promoted to wagon-master. He died with fever while home on furlough in 1863, and was buried at Beallsville. His time ran out, and he failed to have a medical report made to the department. After the war his wife was not able to secure a pension because there was no medical record. This was one of the injustices of the war.

JAMES A. HARRISON

James A. Harrison was from Centerville, and was promoted to corporal. Between Romney and Moorefield, in 1862, he was shot through the arm. In the scrap he lost a good horse and a set of arms. The Confederates captured him and paroled him on the spot. He now lives in Wood county, West Virginia.

JAMES P HART

James P Hart was 5th sergeant, and was promoted through all the grades to Captain of his company. He was from Hillsboro. He was promoted for bravery, major of cavalry, and served on General Kelley's staff. He did more hard riding, covering more miles than any other officer, who ever served in the hills of West Virginia. He

was promoted to inspector general on General Kelley's staff at the close of the war. He died in Washington City, Sunday January 12, 1908, and was buried in the beautiful Arlington cemetery

WILLIAM M. HARTRANFT

William M. Hartranft, a native of West Brownsville, was killed at Frenchburg, November 13th, 1861, while in the act of lifting the dead body of a comrade, Samuel Drumm, who had been previously killed. Both bodies were buried in a twin grave at Brownsville, November 19th, 1861.

HUGH B. HEDGE

Hugh B. Hedge was from near Clarkstown and was promoted to the position of commissary sergeant. Boyd, as he was called, always was on the lookout for something for the inner man. When the Ringgold cavalry was hungry something was doing. He was captured near Burlington, West Virginia. He now lives in Des Moines, Iowa, and is a very successful business man, and Vice-President of the Central State bank of Des Moines.

While at Romney, Mr. Hedge had the fever. Mrs. M. S. Bowles, a Confederate sympathizer, took him into her home, and nursed him back to health and strength. Since the Christmas of 1863, Mr. Hedge has remembered this woman. Last December he mailed to his benefactress the fiftieth consecutive Christman present. He has always felt that, had it not been for Mrs. Bowles, the fever would have claimed him, as it did so many other young fellows. As the years have gone by he has tried to show, in a feeble way, his appreciation for what this kind lady did for him. Twenty years ago he paid her expenses from Romney, that she might come and spend a week in his home. Mrs. Bowles is now seventy years of age and lives at Steward, Illinois.

The writer is under lasting obligations to Mr. Hedge in

the publication of this book. Many items of interest have been gleaned from his diary, especially the facts for the chapter, "Along the Upper Potomac." No one has been more helpful in the matter and given more encouragement in this difficult work.

ARCHIBALD HILL

Archibald Hill was from Monongahela. He was a fine soldier. He was honorably discharged, and died soon after the war at his home at Monongahela.

JOHN HIMLER

John Himler came from near Bellevernon. He was one among the good soldiers of his company. He left his company at Cumberland, Maryland, on furlough and never returned. No one knows what became of him. It is supposed that he went to Germany.

MICHAEL HIMLER

Michael Himler was also from Bellevernon, a German by birth, who fought for his adopted country. He was a brother of John Himler.

JOHN HOLLAND

John Holland, orderly sergeant from Beallsville, was promoted to lieutenant of his company. He served longer in his company as orderly sergeant, and was better liked for his fair dealing than any other man in this position. After the war he made his home in Monongahela. He was the first Mayor of Monongahela and was reelected nine times. During Cleveland's administration he served the town as postmaster. He died September 1, 1907 and was buried at Ginger Hill.

SAMUEL B. HOLLAND

Samuel B. Holland, our quartermaster sergeant from Bentleyville, was captured near Pierce's gap, October 10th,

1863. He played sick and was left behind at a house. He finally escaped, died in 1880 and was buried at Beallsville. There was not a better commissary in the department. When the Ringgold cavalry said they were hungry, there was something wrong with the government. If he could not get "grub" no one else could. He finally became a salesman for Hood, Bonbright and Company.

JACOB HOOVER

Jacob Hoover was from Clover Hill. He was promoted to corporal. He was one of the trustiest men we had. If we were going out on a scout we always turned over our money to Jacob Hoover if he remained behind. He died at Cambridge, Ohio, in 1913.

JOSEPH HOUSEHOLDER

Joseph Householder, from Webster, became a corporal. On Knobly Mountain he was detailed to take charge of the squad of men to man the howitzer. Householder had his men drilled in all the arts of artillery, and he could throw a shell with as much precision as a regular artilleryman. He died March 3, 1900, at Union City, Indiana.

DAVID HUSTON

David A. Huston, from Carmichaels, was one of Greene county's fine young men and a good soldier. He was honorably discharged, went West after the war, and died August 10, 1900, at Akron, Kansas.

THOMAS KERNS

Thomas Kerns, from near Ginger Hill, was with his company until the fall of 1862, when he died, October 29th in the Grafton Hospital of fever, and was buried in the cemetery near his old home.

JOHN KEYS

John Keys, Captain, was promoted to chief of cavalry under Generals Lander, Shields, Kelley and Mulligan, and served on General B. F Kelley's staff. He died at his home in Beallsville, November 10, 1863, and was buried at his home town. Captain Keys was born at Beallsville June 24th, 1822. On this thirty-ninth birthday he left the town with his company of seventy men for the front.

CHRISTOPHER C. KREPPS

Christopher C. Krepps, our 1st duty sergeant, was from Brownsville and was promoted to captain of the First West Virginia cavalry While with the army of the Potomac, his company was struck with lightning while on a scout. He is still living in Columbus, Ohio.

JOHN S. LEVER

John S. Lever was from near Bentleyville and was promoted to corporal. He died at Cumberland, Maryland, in 1865.

HARRY LINN

Harry Linn, who came from West Brownsville, was promoted to corporal, and was severely wounded near Burlington, November 11th, 1863, being surrounded while carrying the mail from New Creek to Petersburg. He died in Cincinnati, in 1906.

JOHN McGOVERN

John McGovern was from Jefferson. He served with his company for three years, and was honorably discharged. He died near Jefferson in 1914.

THOMPSON McKINLEY

Thompson McKinley was raised near Clover Hill. He was detailed from his company and discharged soon after. His whereabouts are not known.

ANDREW MANNING

Andrew Manning came from near Bentleyville. He shot his trigger finger off, cleaning arms at New Creek, West Virginia, in 1861. He was discharged from the Hospital, and lives in Kentucky.

JOHN Q. MANNING

John Q. Manning's home was near Ginger Hill. He served three years and was discharged. He died at Monongahela, in 1900. After the war he travelled the country as a clock fixer. The clocks John fixed were never known to run afterward, unless some one ran with them.

WILLIAM MASON

William Mason came from Centerville, and died sometime after the war at the National Home, Erie, Pennsylvania. No cooler man was ever under fire. He was the musician of our company. No finer violin player carried a saber through the war. When we went out to serenade the ladies we always took Mason along. His playing won the day for us and we were always invited back.

JOHN A. MEEKS

John A. Meeks enlisted from West Brownsville. He was captured near Burlington, April 26th, 1863. He died a few years ago in Texas. He was the man who was going to shoot the howitzer off in front of the court house in Washington, the time Captain Hart was assaulted. Sheriff Edward Smith tipped the laniard out in time to save the people. The howitzer was charged with double shotted canister. The destruction of life would have been something terrific.

HENRY MITCHELL

Henry Mitchell came from Bentleyville. He was promoted to corporal at New Creek and had his horse wound-

ed near Romney. He was captured at or near Prentytown, Maryland, while on a scout from New Creek June 17th, 1863. He was sent South, where he spent three months in Andersonville prison. He was exchanged and finally returned to his company, and now lives in Bentleyville.

HOPKINS MOFFITT

Hopkins Moffitt, the 5th duty sergeant, came from Centerville, and was wounded near Romney, West Virginia, November 4th, 1861. He captured a rifle cannon in the charge under General Phil Sheridan at Fishers Hill. He was dismounted and on the skirmish line. When General Crook charged the enemy's left flank and rear Sergeant Moffitt went in with the infantry. He lives near Coal Centre. Captain McNeill, of the McNeill Rangers, said of him that he was the bravest man that ever faced him during the whole Civil war. On March 30th, 1914, Mr. and Mrs. Moffiitt had been married fifty years and celebrated their golden wedding on May 2nd.

THOMAS MORTON, M. D.

Thomas M. Morton, came from near Zollarsville, and was promoted to surgeon. He died in 1868, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa. We append here a copy of his commission, which is in the possession of Lieutenant Gass. We are sure that it will be of interest to our readers.

THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA:

To Thomas Morton, Greeting:

Know you, that from special trust and confidence reposed in your fidelity, courage and good conduct, our GOVERNOR, in pursuance of the authority vested in him by the Constitution and Laws of this State, doth Commission you Surgeon in the Third Cavalry, Regiment of West Virginia Volunteers, in the service of the United States, to rank as such from the twenty-second day of April, 1864.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto signed my name as Governor, and caused the Less Seal of the State to be affixed, this twenty-second day of April, 1864.

A. I. BOREMAN,
Adjutant General.

By the Governor:
F. P. PIERPOINT.

HENRY A. MYERS

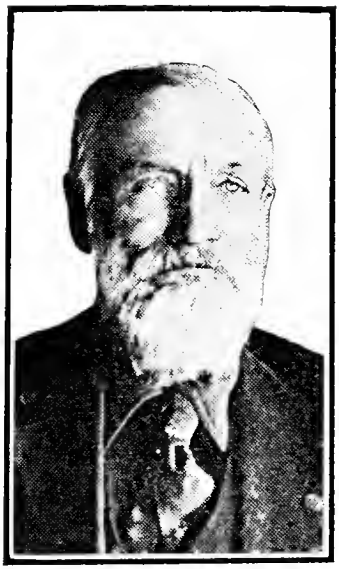
Henry A. Myers, from Hillsboro, enlisted in the Ringgold cavalry, in June 1861. He entered the United States army with his company June 29, 1861, at Grafton. He was captured at Burlington, April 26th, 1863, by John B. Fay of McNeill's Rangers. He was soon paroled by Captain Kuykendall. He was wounded, July 1863, near Harpers Ferry while leading his men in a charge under a heavy artillery fire. A fragment of a shell cut a severe gash in his hip. He was promoted captain of his company after the death of John Keys, November 12th, 1863. He was promoted major of the 22nd Pennsylvania cavalry. After the war he was appointed to a position in the War Department at Washington, and afterwards was transferred to the Agricultural Department. He was born in East Bethlehem township, Washington county, Pa. He died April 29, 1900, at Washington, D. C., and was buried at Arlington, Virginia.

THOMAS NUTT

Thomas Nutt, from Carmichaels, was promoted to sergeant. He had his horse shot from under him with a cannon ball at Martinsburg while standing a feint. He was promoted to lieutenant of his company and died in 1905, at Magnolia, Iowa.

GEORGE E. PARSHALL

George E. Parshall was promoted to corporal. He was wounded October 19th, 1864, at Cedar Creek. He married a lady in Washington, Pa., where he died in 1872.



Wm. Parshall

WILLIAM PARSHALL

William Parshall's old home was at Jefferson. He was promoted to corporal and served his country faithfully. He now lives near the top of Pike's Peak, Colorado.

JAMES PATTERSON

James Patterson was another of our boys that came from Centerville. He was promoted corporal in 1863, and died at Uniontown in 1867

JACOB L. PIERCE

Jacob L. Pierece, from Bentleyville, was transferred to the hospital as a nurse at Cumberland, Maryland, as his health failed him in active duty. He was an excellent nurse, noted for his kindness to his patients. He now resides in Illinois.

B. F. PROVINCE

B. F Province came from Fredericktown. He volunteered to carry the mail from Romney to New Creek. The mail was captured from him several times, but he always got away.

AMOS QUEEN

Amos Queen came from Fredericktown, and was wounded September 23rd, 1861, at Mechanicsburg, West Virginia. He died in 1912. While at Beverly the boys had a good joke on him. He waited on a girl who had some guinea pigs. The boys always "guyed" him about being in the "guinea pig business."

THOMAS REEVES

Thomas Reeves, 1st corporal, came from Bellevernon, and was promoted to captain of 1st. West Virginia cavalry. He resigned, came home, and moved West. He now lives at Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he became a judge of the County Court.

ADAM B. RICHARDSON

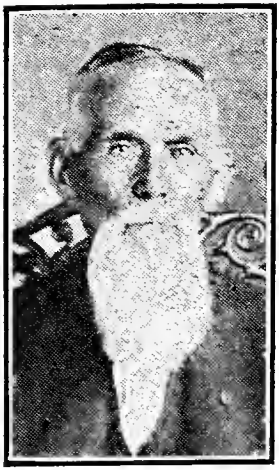
Adam B. Richardson came from Bentleyville, and was promoted ensign of his company He was seriously wounded, November 14th, 1862, above Moorefield, while in an engagement with J. D. Imboden. He was discharged for permanent disability, and lived for years near his home town on a farm. He died in 1913.

LEONARD A. ROBERTS

Leonard A. Roberts came from Hillsboro, and died in a hospital at Cumberland on March 9, 1862, from fever, and was buried at his home town.

JAMES ROBINSON

James Robinson came from Clarksville and was promoted to corporal of the company. His horse was wounded, September 23rd, 1861. He is still living in the state of Missouri.



Daniel Rohrer

DANIEL ROHRER

Daniel Rohrer, a man of quaker descent, came from West Brownsville and was among the men always ready for a fight. He had two boys on the battleship Oregon in 1906. He then lived in Sioux City, Iowa. He was one of the men who was full of fun. He rode a small mule. When we came into a town, if he saw a door standing open, he would ride in, turn around and ride out. When he was drinking no one could do anything with him but Adam Wickerham.

CHRISTIAN S. SNYDER

Christian S. Snyder, from West Brownsville, was promoted corporal for bravery in delivering dispatches in the valley He was killed on May 18th, 1862, at Elkwater, and was buried in the Bridgeport cemetery, at Brownsville. He left a wife and a large family of children.

GEORGE SNYDER

George Snyder came from near Beallsville and was promoted to corporal and was killed while on a scout from Beverly August 18th, 1862. The body was sent home for burial at Beallsville. George was an extra good soldier.

JOHN STREINER

John Streiner came from Bellevernon and was promoted to corporal. After the war he lived in Pittsburgh, where he died in 1893. Mrs. Streiner, his wife, died in 1900 and, at her own bequest, was buried in honors of war by a Pittsburgh Post. During the war she was as near

the firing line all the time as it was safe for her to be. They used the ambulance all through the war. When on the march she rode in the ambulance. She always was ready to do anything for the boys, and was the only woman who went through the war with the Ringgold cavalry. Every member of our company had the greatest respect for her.

ELLIOTT F WEAVER

Elliott F Weaver came from Fredericktown. He was surrounded at Moorefield, December 7th, 1862, while trying to hold his post at the old mill. He was taken sick and removed to the hospital. From the hospital he was transfered to the invalid corps. His home is in Waynesburg Lately he had a paralytic stroke.

FRANCIS M. WHITE

Francis M. White came from Beallsville and was captured by John S. Mosby near Upperville, Virginia, October 10th, 1864. He was about to be hung when McNeill's men interfered. He went south, came home, and died July 10th, 1864, and was buried at Beallsville. Every year the Grand Army always performs the decoration service at his grave. Our company has quite a number of men buried in this cemetery Eleven of the original company lie in this old burial ground.

ADAM WICKERHAM

Adam Wickerham, 4th duty sergeant, joined the Ring gold cavalry, July 4th, 1847, at what then was known as Parkinson's Ferry, afterward Williamsport, and still later Monongahela. Being the oldest member of the company he was called "Daddy." No better soldier ever donned a Federal uniform. He had his faithful horse shot at different times. He rode the same horse for three years and brought him home. When this horse died he had him

buried in the honors of war. Mr. Wickerham lives near Monongahela. On February 8th, 1905, Mr. and Mrs. Wickerham celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage. At that time all seven of their children were living and fifteen grandchildren.

ISRAEL YOUMANS

Israel Youmans came from Hillsboro, and was detailed as farrier. He died at his home town in 1880.

HARVEY H. YOUNG

Harvey H. Young came from Beallsville. He was promoted to corporal. He returned to his native state and raised a company of cavalry. He took a great delight in cavalry drill, and soon had one of the best drilled companies in the department. He was a dashing cavalry officer, and his company was always ready to follow him. The writer will never forget an incident that happened some four miles north of Petersburg, West Virginia, when we intercepted the forces of General J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry. Captain Young said to Captain Hart, who was preparing to charge the enemy, "Do you think we can take them? I wouldn't have my company whipped, this being their first baptism under fire, for the whole ———— Confederacy." It is due here to state that Young's company in this action did their work like veterans, in helping to capture from the noted Confederate leader, General J. E. B. Stuart, one hundred and seventy-five head of fat cattle, sixteen prisoners, eighteen horses and their equipments, without the loss of a man. Captain Young often laughed when rehearsing this scrap.

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In giving an account of those who joined the old Ringgolds after we had entered the service, we find that we have very meager details of many of them. This is due

to the fact that many of them came from some other section of the country. All efforts to get information of many of these men has been in vain. About all we know of some of these men is that their names are on the rolls of the company. Nearly every one of these men the writer still can remember. If any one can give fuller particulars of any of these men the writer will be glad to receive it and make use of it in any later editions of the book. All who went out of the original seventy were mustered in June 29, 1861, at Grafton, West Virginia.

ARTIST, ALEXANDER, was mustered in July 11, 1861, at Grafton. He was taken prisoner near Burlington while on guard for a hay train. He was orderly for Captain Brown the day that our hay train was captured near Moorefield Junction. With all his mishaps he succeeded in getting home. He died in California, Pa.

ARTHURS, LOUIS, came to us at Grafton, August 24, '61. He was well known to every member of the company, and to some who were not. He was noted for his bravery. If there was a fight on hands he was always at the front. He lives in Homestead.

BANE, SAMUEL D., was mustered in at Grafton, August 12, '61. He was with T. C. Buckingham when he was taken prisoner. Sam outran Buckingham and escaped capture, losing a good horse and equipments in the chase.

BANE, SAMPLE S., joined us at Grafton, August 12, '61. This was the man who discovered Colonel McDonald's apple brandy after the capture of Romney, and soon had the men drawing rations of a liquid nature. He was captured while acting as a mail guard near Burlington, and died while a prisoner at Andersonville, April 1, 1864.

BANE, WILLIAM A., became one of our number June

22, '62, at Beverly He was the "music box" of the company To hear him tell of the "Ringbone" cavalry would be all that any one would want to know of them. He still lives in Washington, Pa., and is only a boy yet.

BANE, WILLIAM P., enlisted at New Brighton, Pa., March 6, '64. This was the longest man of the company. It took two pairs of government pantaloons to cover him, the first pair only reaching to his knees. A second pair had to be used to half sole the first. He looked pretty well when dressed.

BLACK, ROBERT M., was mustered in at New Brighton, February 29, '64. He caused some fun when he was learning to use his Sharps' rifle. He lived and died at Fredericktown, Pa.

BUCKINGHAM, THOMAS C., became one of our number at Grafton, August 12, '61. He lives near Beallsville. He has a fine family of children, all girls, a poor place to go for soldiers, but a good place for a soldier to go for dinner.

BUMGARNER, GEORGE W., joined our number August 12, '61, at Grafton. George never returned to his native state after the war. He, like many others of the fine young men of our company, aimed to move in the best society while in camp. After he was discharged he married into a fine family in Cumberland. Soon after he located in Baltimore, where he became a successful business man.

CARTER, JOHN B., enlisted March 31, '64, at New Brighton. He was from Greene county, and was one among the good soldiers of the Civil war. He was with his company in the Shenandoah valley with General Phil Sheridan. John was a success in farming. He died near Nineveh, Pa.

CHARLETON, WILLIAM J., was enrolled February 29, '64, at New Brighton. All we know of this man was that he was discharged by general order, June 9, 1865.

CONDITT, SAMUEL B., was mustered in June 22, '62, at Beverly and was from near Washington, Pa., and belonged to the choir of the company One of the sweetest voices in the army. He was a hero. He came home, lived and died in Philadelphia, Pa., and was buried at Lone Pine, Washington county, Pa.

CONGER, JOHN, enlisted February 29, '64, at New Brighton. He was one of the finest young men the author ever met. He was a good soldier and a pleasant companion.

CROUCH, ISAAC T., enlisted March 12, '64, at New Brighton. He was all over the valley of Virginia under Generals Crook, Averell, Powell, and Custer. He wound up with General Phil Sheridan, which is record enough for any soldier.

CROUCH, JAMES, enlisted August 9, '62, at Beverly Jim was one of the "live wires" of his company. He was always in good condition for a fight, and knew no fear which you will realize when you read the story of his capture near Port Republic. He died in Andersonville.

DAGUE, JOSEPH, was mustered in March 9, '64, at New Brighton. Honorably discharged, came home and went west, where he died.

DAVIS, JOHN Z., enlisted October 19, '62, at Clarksburg. "Zack" was an excellent soldier. He came home to Fredericktown, Pa., where he died and was buried in Howes cemetery.

DEVER, CHAUNCY R., was enrolled August 12, '61, at

Grafton. He was one of the men always full of sunshine. He was cut off from the company at Clear Spring, Md., July 10, 1863, but was saved from capture by his company going to his relief. He lived and died in Washington, Pa.

DICKINSON, GEORGE, enlisted February 26, '64, at New Brighton. He was from Hillsborough, Pa. He was one boy that it was impossible to scare. Shooting at him, seemed to amuse, rather than scare him.

DORSEY, JAMES, came to us at Beverly, W Va., when the company was under one of the dark clouds of the war. The two Snider boys had been killed. He took his place as a soldier in the ranks and was one of the many good ones. He died at his home in West Brownsville.

DRAYDEN, JAMES, enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton. He was another of the young men who joined the company, in 1864, while we were home on veteran furlough. He was one of Greene county's fine young men. He was discharged May 15, 1865.

DUNN, J. W., enlisted February 29, '64, at New Brighton. He was mustered out October 31, 1865. His whereabouts since the war are not known.

DUVAL, JESSE, enlisted March 31, '64, at New Brighton. He was honorably discharged and the last heard of was at Washington, Pa.

Mark F. Eaygye

EAYGYE, MARK F., enlisted March 8, '64, at New Brighton. He was from Beallsville, and was one soldier the Confederates could not excite. He was as calm under fire, as he would have been at home. Came home, raised a fine family, died, and was buried in Howes cemetery.

ECKLES, JOHN T., enlisted February 26, 1864. He died at Baltimore, Md., October 18, 1864, of wounds received in action.

FLENNEKIN, JOSEPH D., enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton. He was from Carmichaels and was a fine soldier. He is located at Bookport, Illinois.

FITZSIMMONS, FRANKLIN, joined us August 3, '61, at Grafton. This is one man who was never particular as to how he served his country. He would get down off his horse, take a team stuck in the mud and drive it out, just as soon as eat his dinner. I have known General Kelley to give him a ten dollar bill for driving the brigade teams over a bad piece of road. The team Frank could not drive, he never came across.

FRAZER, ANDREW S., was mustered in July 11, '61, at Grafton and was discharged September 16, 1862, for disability contracted in line of duty as a soldier. He died and was buried at Lone Pine, Pa.

FREELAND, W T., enlisted March 31, '64, at New Brighton. He was discharged May 10, 1865. It is not known what became of him.

FREDERICK, GEORGE W., enlisted February 27, '64, at New Brighton. He was from Beallsville, Pa., served his country, and was honorably discharged. He died in Beallsville and was buried there.

GANOE, JAMES, enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton. He came from Fayette county, near Morris X Roads. Was mustered out October 31, 1865.

GANOE, JOHN, enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton. A fine soldier from Fayette county He was absent at muster out.

GASS, GEORGE S., joined the Ringgold cavalry, August 24, '61, at Grafton, and was promoted to lieutenant. He is the only commissioned officer of the company now living. His home is at Mount Pleasant, Iowa. He is one of the most ardent union men I ever met.

GRANT, ANDREW B., came to us at Grafton, August 24. He was one of the very best soldiers of his company, always ready for fight. He was one of the few men always ready for duty He had served in the three months' service prior to joining the Ringgolds.

HALL, EMORY, enlisted March 8, '64, at New Brighton. He was killed in the Hunter Raid, at Tye River, Virginia, and was buried on the field by Adam Wickerham, Joseph F Barnett and John W Gray.

HANAN, GEORGE, enlisted March 12, 1864. Lost in action at Darksville, W Va., 1864. Not known what became of him.

HART, DAVID, from Canonsburg, mustered in at Beverly, August 18, 1862. Wounded at Clear Spring, July 10, 1863. He still lives at Canonsburg. Has three Confederate balls in his person, and is 87 years old.

HARTMAN, NORVAL, enlisted April 18, 1864. He is still living and his home is at Oregon, Illinois.

HILL, SAMUEL, enrolled March 31, 1864, at New Brighton. He was mustered out October 31, 1865.

HIRST, FRANCIS M., enlisted July 22, '61, at Grafton. After the war, he went West, became a very successful farmer at Ancher, Nebraska, where he died. He was wounded near Strasburg in the valley of Virginia. His former home was Grafton, W Va.

HODGES, SAMUEL H., was mustered in April 18, 1864, at New Brighton. He was engaged in carpenter work, for the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. His body was found in the Monongahela river, near Homestead, Pa. It is supposed he was accidentally drowned.

HOLLAND, WILLIAM W., enlisted September 24, 1862, at Wheeling. Died after the war in the State of California. He was in the quartermaster department while in the army

HUSTON, HENRY, enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton. Was with his company all through the Sheridan campaign in the Shenandoah valley, one of the hardest of the Civil war. He is a successful farmer near Rices Landing, Pa.

JAMISON, JOSIAH L., enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton, after the war he went West, and we have been unable to locate him. He was a good soldier and was from Carmichaels, Pa.

KEARNS, SAMUEL, was enrolled May 18, '62, at Clarksburg, W Va. Was a fine soldier. What became of him is not known.

KINDER, CHRISTIAN L., enlisted August 12, '61, at Grafton. He was a model young man and never forgot his home training. Never used bad language, never drank, nor used tobacco in any form. His example as a soldier was excellent. Captured May 10, 1864, at Lost River, W Va., and was a prisoner nine months in Andersonville. Came back; was honorably discharged, died and was buried at Hillsborough, Pa.

LAFFERTY, WILLIAM, came to us at Romney. He hailed from Coal Bluff. He was taken prisoner near Burlington, W Va., and died a prisoner at Andersonville, Georgia.

LEVER, JAMES H., joined us May 18, '62, at Clarksburg, W Va. All the Lever boys were soldiers of the first magnet. Three of them served in the Ringgolds and the father was in the battalion. He died at Baltimore, May 2, 1864, and was buried in Louden Park National cemetery

LEVER, JOSEPH, became a member of the old Ringgolds, joining our ranks at Beverly, August 8, '62. He was captured August 9, 1864, and never returned to his company.

LITTLE, JOSEPH W., enlisted February 26, '64, at New Brighton. Badly wounded at Timber ridge, near Moorefield, W Va., June 6, 1864. Still lives in Washington, D. C.

LYNN, JOHN H., enlisted December 31, '62, at New Creek. Was one of the men detailed to man the howitzer.

LYNN, THOMAS N., joined the company October 31, '61, at Romney. Belonged to the cannon squad.

LOVE, BENJAMIN T., enlisted March 8, '64, at New Brighton. He came from near Waynesburg, Pa., and died some time after the war. Ben was a great man to display horsemanship when getting away from the Confederates.

McBRIDE, JAMES, was enrolled July 2, '61, at Grafton. Jimmy was an Irishman, and was transferred to our company to teach the men the art of using the sword. The boys were opposed to drill. James could not ask them to drill, and soon left the company

McDOW, JAMES, enlisted July 2, '61, at Grafton. Died at Clarksburg, September 13, 1862. He was our farrier. He was a graduate. What he did not know about a horse was not worth a great deal.

McGLUMPHEY, HARVEY, was mustered in March 31, '64, at New Brighton. He was from Greene county, Pa. Came home, lived at or near Waynesburg, where he died.

McJUNKIN, HENRY C., enlisted August 11. '62, at Beallsville. Was a lively lad, came to the company at Beverly, W Va., and was with Sheridan when he devastated the Shenandoah valley, burning barns, mills, hay, grain, driving off all stock and leaving nothing but dwellings. This looks hard. He came home and died in Brownsville, Mexico.

McKENNAN, T M. T., enrolled April 4, '64, at Pittsburgh. Tom went out in the infantry. Foot soldier played out with him, and he was transferred to the cavalry, soon after coming to Cumberland, Md. All alone he took a scout over into Virginia, riding a fine dapple gray. The Confederates spied this lone cavalryman, and concluded to take him along. Here is where began the ride of his life. He was always a little suspicious of a Confederate after this. He now lives near Richmond, Va.

MARTIN, THEODORE, enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton. He was mustered out, October 31, 1865.

MILLIKEN, SPENCER, enlisted February 29, '64, at New

Brighton. Do not know what became of him. He was mustered out October 31, 1865.

MILLINGER, GEORGE, became a Ringgold, April 13, '64, at New Brighton. George was clerking in a drug store in Washington when the company came home on veteran furlough. He enlisted at once for the war. On his first fight at Moorefield his horse threw him and ran into the Confederate lines. He died near Canton, Ohio.

MORRIS, JAMES, enlisted February 8, '64, at New Brighton. His name is on our rolls, but no one knows what became of him.

MORRISON, WILLIAM A., enlisted March 8, '62, at Paw Paw. This man was our bugler. Few men could excel him in this. He was one of the finest guitar pickers in the army. When "Billy," as he was called, got down to play, "Childhood's Days Now Pass Before Me," there was something doing. He married and died in Cumberland, Md.

MORTON, JOSEPH B., identified himself with the famous Ringgold cavalry, at Grafton, July 10, '61. The last heard of he was on the way to Macon, Georgia, and was lying on the floor of a cattle car. Lieutenant Frank Hasson was a prisoner with him and went to him and told him that he was going to try to escape with some of the other prisoners. He was then unable to sit up. Hasson asked him whether he had any word to send to his friends. He said that all he had to tell them was that he would never reach "God's Country." Hasson succeeded in escaping, but it was never known what became of Morton. No doubt he died in prison.

MANDELL, JAMES W., enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton. He came from Greene county, served with his company up until October 31, 1865, and was honorably discharged.

MYERS, JOHN M., was enrolled August 24, '61, at Grafton. "Bully" as he was known, was one of these independent fellows; if he had his coat buttoned up too low or one too high, it was all the same to him. Just so the captain did not see him; with it all he went through some very close places. One in particular at Clear Spring, Md., where his horse was shot dead from under him. Still he got away without a scratch. Some years ago, he went west, and became a success on a cattle range near Garneill, Montana.

NICELY, ASA M., enlisted at New Brighton, March 31, '64. He was captured and died at Salisbury prison, N. C., December 23, 1864.

PARSHALL, JAMES T., joined us at Beverly, August 11, '62. He was from Jefferson, Pa., and was one of the four men who volunteered to carry a dispatch from General Phil Sheridan, from Cedar Creek to Colonel Powell at Port Republic, and was shot through the thigh by John S. Mosby. His horse was killed and still he escaped with his dispatch. Died in 1913 at Lathrop, Missouri.

PATTERSON, JAMES H., was among the late recruits who enlisted at New Brighton, February 29, '64. He was discharged May 30, 1865.

PATTERSON, LEVI S., enlisted February 29, '64, at New Brighton. He was called "Freemont" as he was a great admirer of the Pathfinder. He was taken prisoner, July 23, '64, at Kernstown, where the company charged Confederate General Ramseur's lines. His horse fell and threw him. He jumped up and caught his horse by the tail, hoping to escape. He was picked up, went South, and was exchanged. He died after the war, and was buried at Anderson, Indiana, June 29, 1890.

PENN, JOHN H., was enrolled at New Brighton, February 29, '64. He was discharged June 2, 1865.

PHILLIPS, DAVID, was another of the men who enlisted at New Brighton, March 2, 1864. He came from Millsboro, Pa., and was with his company through the valley campaign with Sheridan. Came home and died in California, Pa., and was buried at Fredericktown.

RAMSEY ROBERT H., enlisted February 20, '64, at New Brighton. He was a recruit from February 20, 1864 until October 31, 1865. Saw some hard service and was honorably discharged. His whereabouts not known.

RICHARDSON, SESH B., enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton. "Baz" was a fine soldier and saw some stiff fighting under Phil Sheridan in the valley of Virginia. He was always ready to do his duty. His haversack was always well filled and he always was ready to share to his last cracker. He lived and died in Bentleyville and was buried at Beallsville.

RIDGDON, NAPOLEON B., came to us August 24, '61, at Grafton. He could get more music out of the amount of wind with a bugle than any man who ever took the job of blowing up the old company

ROBINSON, J. K., enlisted August 12, '61, at Grafton. Jim was one of the youngest of his company. Who will forget at Romney where the Wild Tiger Mess was cleaning arms. Jim's gun went off, just grazed Jimmy Gray's face, punched a hole in the window, killing Joe Morton's horse fifty yards away With it all, no better soldier donned a blue uniform. Captured May 10, 1864, at Lost River, W Va. He spent nine or ten months in Andersonville and lived to get home. Now he lives at Magnolia, Iowa, where the "latch string" is always on the outside.

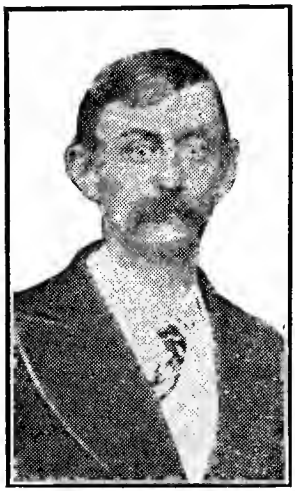
ROUM, GEORGE, enlisted September 12, '64, and was discharged June 10, 1865.

RUNK, EDWARD, is another man whose name was on our rolls for a short time. He was discharged March 12, 1864. No knowledge of this man.

SIMPSON, JOHN P., enlisted February 29, '64, at New Brighton. He was discharged May 19, 1865.

SMITH, FRANK B., who enlisted August 24, '61, at Grafton, was promoted to a lieutenant in Company G of the Ringgold battalion and was wounded near Berryville, W Va. He died in the Soldier's Home at Erie, Pa.

SMITH, JAMES, enlisted September 12, '64, at New Brighton. He was discharged June 10, 1865. Died in 1914 in Greene County at his home.



John McK. Smith

SMITH, JOHN MCK., enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton, and was highly esteemed as a soldier. He was one of Uniontown's business men, where he served two terms as mercantile appraiser. He died and is buried in the beautiful cemetery at Uniontown, where his widow still lives.

SMITH, MORRIS, enlisted February 29, '64, at New Brighton. He was absent at muster out.

SNYDER, GEORGE W., who enlisted August 12, '61, at

Grafton, was from Beallsville, Pa. He was honorably discharged, came home, and moved to Pittsburgh, Pa., where he died.

SNYDER, JOHN H., was enrolled at Frederick, Md., February 29, '64. He came to the company when we were delivering some hard blows to Confederate General Jubal Early s army which was marching on Washington, D. C. John proved himself a soldier in every particular. He now lives near Reds Mills, Pa.

SIN CLAIR, JOHN M., came to us October 31, '62, at Romney He hailed from near West Brownsville, Pa. Belonged to what was known as the squad to man the howitzer. He belonged to Dobbs' Mess.

SHAAF, GOTTLEIB, enlisted February 29, '64, at Frederick, Md. He was discharged June 2, 1865.

SHERHALTZ, SHERMAN, was mustered in February 22, '62, at Paw Paw. He was a native of Greenland Gap, W Va., and was one man for whom every member of the company had the profoundest respect.

SHROYER, OWEN L., enlisted February 12, '64, at New Brighton. He was discharged July 5, 1865.

SHULTZ, JOHN L., was enrolled March 31, '64, at New Brighton. He was mustered out October 31, 1865.

WATERS, AARON, who enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton, was a recruit that saw some long hard marches and stiff fighting up and down the valley of Virginia with Generals Averell, Crook, Sullivan, and Sheridan, who cleared the valley of Confederates. He was discharged October 31, 1865. He now lives near Rices Landing, Pa.

WEAVER, ELLIOT F., enlisted July 2, '61, at Grafton.

He was discharged August 23, 1864, at the expiration of his term of service.

WEAVER, JACOB, enlisted February 27, '64, at New Brighton. He died in 1914, at Nettle Hill, Greene county.

WHITE, WILLIAM, enlisted September 2, 1864. For some reason there is no further record of him.

WILLIAMS, DAVID D., enlisted August 3, '61, at Grafton. "Slacker," as he was known, was one of the most genial soldiers in the army. There was a squad of men from what was known as Horseshoe Bend, near where Donora now stands. The world could not bend them for soldiers or any other thing pertaining to the army. To steal a hive of live bees was only pastime for them. David was one of them. He died in the soldiers' home at Los Angeles, California.

WILLIAMS, LEMAN, enlisted August 24, '61, at Grafton. Redney was another of this Horseshoe Bend squad. He served his time, came home, went west and died in the State of California.

WILLIAMS, THOMAS, became a Ringgold August 12, '61, at Grafton. He came home after serving three years and still lives in Brownsville, Pa.

WISE, JAMES, enlisted March 31, '64, at New Brighton. He was discharged May 29, 1865.

WORTHINGTON, LORENZA, enlisted March 9, '64, at New Brighton. He was mustered out October 31, 1865.

YODERS, JOHN, enlisted March 4, '64, at New Brighton. He was a recruit, a fine young man, a good soldier. After the war from some cause he became demented, and was confined in the Soldiers' Insane Asylum in Washington, D. C., where he died.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE GRANT FAMILY

THE GRANTS WHO WERE RINGGOLD BOYS OF 1861 AND OTHER PATRIOTIC RELATIVES BEFORE AND AFTER THE CIVIL WAR.

On April 27th, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, in a log cabin was born a son to Jesse R. Grant and Hannah Simpson Grant. He was named Ulysses Simpson Grant. Strange that his initials are the same as the initials of the country he served so well! When little Ulysses came to cheer that humble home little did his parents dream of the great future before him. We members of the Ringgold revere him, and while we could not claim him as one of our Ringgold company, we claim two of his cousins who were among the best and bravest of "The Loyal Seventy." Ulysses Grant, our General, was so closely allied to us that we claim him: he was our comrade, our general and our president of the United States. Could any school boy have brighter dreams than of the good and great deeds of one of our greatest known Generals? His path was not all strewn with roses. His parents gave him all the school advantages that were possible to give a lad in those days. At that time there were no free schools, such as there were being supported by subscription. The highest branches were "Reading and 'Riting and 'Rithmetic taught by the rule of the Hickory Stick." His greatest enjoyment was in riding or driving a spirited horse. In 1839 he was appointed to West Point. He won out at West Point; won out as one of our greatest generals; was president of the United States for two terms. He came of a sturdy race. We are proud of him as well as of our

Grant boys of the Ringgold cavalry. the first cavalry that was formed during the Civil war.

May 30th, 1630, on the ship *Mary and John*, Mathew

ULYSSES S. GRANT

Grant, the founder of the branch in America of which U. S. Grant, L. George and Andrew B. Grant are descendants, reached Dorchester, Massachusetts. In 1635 he moved to what is now Windsor, Connecticut, for which colony he

was surveyor for more than forty years. The land opposite Windsor has been occupied by the descendents of Mathew Grant s eldest son, Samuel, to this day. U. S. Grant, L. George, and Andrew B. Grant are the eighth generation from Mathew Grant, and seventh from Samuel. Noah Grant their great-grandfather, and Solomon Grant, brothers, and of the fifth descending generations of Mathew, held commissions in the English army in the war against the French and Indians, both of whom were killed in that war in 1756.

Noah Grant had several sons. Samuel, the eldest, remained in his native state. The younger sons at the time of their father s death were mere lads, of which were John, George and Noah, the latter being only nine years of age. Later in life they emigrated to Pennsylvania along the Monongahela river. George was grandfather of L. George and great-grandfather of Andrew B. Grant. Noah, youngest brother of George and grandfather of U. S. Grant, at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war joined the Continental Army and was present at the battle of Bunker Hill. He married in Connecticut during the war, had two sons, Solomon and Peter, and was a widower at the close of the war. Noah's brothers, John and George, emigrated to New Jersey and in 1770 they again emigrated, this time going to Pennsylvania along the Monongahela river. George Grant, grand-father of L. George Grant and great grandfather of Andrew B. Grant, at the breaking out of the Revolution in 1775 joined the 9th Pennsylvania regiment. He was appointed 3rd Lieutenant March 19th, 1776, Being the eldest lieutenant, and because of extraordinary services and merit, he was promoted to Captain May 3rd, 1777. He served throughout that long eight- year contest. Captain Noah, learning from his brothers the advantages of the West, as it was at that time called, in 1790, leaving his son Solomon with relatives in Connecticut, emigrated with his little son Peter to Pennsylvania, joining his brothers John and Captain George. The latter was married in

New Jersey and brought his family with him to Pennsylvania. Captain Noah Grant, grandfather of U. S. Grant, married a Miss Rachel Kelly of Greensburg, Westmoreland

L. GEORGE GRANT

county, Pennsylvania (at that time known as Hagerstown), two years after his arrival in Pennsylvania. March 4, 1792, he settled near his wife's people and his brother John. At this time (1792) his brother, Captain George, purchased a

large tract of land along the west side of the Monongahela river, in Washington county. This tract was known as Richies' Amusement and extended from the present site of Lock No. 4 to the present site of South Donora. On this tract of land Captain George and his wife Mary builded them a home. Two of the old homes still stand in now-called Eldora. At the time of their building the country was a wilderness, the habitat of bears, wolves and panthers. Fort Pitt (now Pittsburgh) was then a hamlet of five hundred inhabitants. George Grant was blessed with a large family, namely George, Robert, Joseph, John, David, Jeremiah, Mary and Elinor. A village sprang up composed of Grants and was called Grants Town in honor of Captain George Grant. The remaining years of his life were spent by Captain George on his large tract of land. At his death each son inherited a well stocked farm. The old original home farm passed into the hands of each succeeding generation and is now owned by Eliza Wickerham Grant, widow of Noah Grant youngest brother of L. George Grant.

At the time that Captain Noah Grant was living along the Monongahela river in Pennsylvania, Ulysses S. Grant's father, Jesse Root Grant, was born January 23, 1794. Susan was the eldest by the second wife, then in order came Jesse Root, Margaret, Noah, John, Roswell and Rachel. When U. S. Grant's father was five years of age, his father Captain Noah Grant in 1799 again emigrated, this time to Ohio the Eldorado of the West. Bidding his brothers John and Captain George adieu he turned his face toward the setting sun. Embarking on board one of those rude vessels which navigated the Monongahela river at that time, with his wife and family, a horse, two cows, and a small supply of household goods, he passed down the beautiful Monongahela into the Ohio river, landed in Columbia county, Ohio, at a small hamlet of a half dozen cabins where the town of Deerfield now stands. U. S. Grant's mother's family lived in Montgomery county, Pa., for several gen-

erations. Ulysses S. Grant's parents, Jesse Root Grant and Hannah Simpson were married June 1821. Ulysses' education at West Point and his experience in the Mexican war was of great advantage to him later during the Re-

ANDREW B. GRANT

bellion when it was necessary to have such men and such men as his cousins who so bravely volunteered to come to their country's aid, as did all of those brave boys of the Ringgold cavalry. When the Civil war broke out L. George and Andrew B. Grant were among the first to volunteer to go to the front. They joined the first cavalry formed in the Civil war, "The Ringgold Cavalry." L.

George Grant in company with Adam Wiekerham (the latter the only surviving member of the original Ringgold Cavalry formed at Monongahela City in 1847 and now 84 years of age) joined the other members of the Ringgold cavalry at Beallsville, Pa., at the boyhood home of William Elwood, June 24th, 1861. Andrew B. Grant joined, "The Loyal Seventy" (there were only seventy when first organized) at Grafton, West Virginia, August 24, 1861. The Ringgold boys engaged in seventy-two battles and at Cold Spring captured the first Confederate flag. It was captured by Joseph Noel who at the present time is living at Monongahela City an aged citizen.

The old home of L. George and Andrew B. Grant (then known as Grant's Town) lies south of Monongahela City; the latter at that time being known as George Town was laid out by Adam Wickerham the elder.

The place where L. George Grant's grandfather, Captain George Grant, spent the remainder of his days is full of historical interest. To the south of the old original home stands a high elevation of land, named Nebo by Noah Grant, grandson of Captain George. At the foot of this mount facing the Monongahela river was the camping ground of the Iroquois Indians. When General Wolf was marching northward he encamped for the night just across a deep ravine from the Indians. A fierce fight ensued. From that day to the present the ravine has been known as Wolf's Harbor. It extends from the Monongahela river to the Old Horse Shoe burial ground, one of the oldest burial grounds in Washington county. There rest the remains of Captain George Grant, his wife Mary, and their many descendants. Among them lies a son Robert with his wife Harriet Legge Grant, parents of L. George Grant. Robert and Harriet had a large family The members who grew up and had families were Rebecca Grant Colvin, John Grant, Mary Grant Sampson, Robert Grant, Harriet Grant Colvin, L. George Grant and Noah Grant. It was this L. George who was of the original Ringgold company

and who with Adam Wickerham joined that company in 1847. Both of these men served during the entire war. The Grants over a century ago were the first trustees of the church (Baptist) and burial ground at the head of Wolf's Harbor. Six generations later this same old historic Horse Shoe Baptist cemetery is being cared for by the great grandchildren of Captain George Grant, namely by the Grants, Sampsons and Colvins. They were granted a Charter January 19, 1914, to preserve the graves of their historic and patriotic forefathers.

The Grant family has been found serving the colors in nearly all of the nation's wars. These two Ringgold boys of blue, L. George and Andrew B. Grant's reputation as patriotic men have been unheld by their descendants since the Civil war. Preceding them were those two patriotic ancestors, Noah the elder, and his brother Solomon who held a commission in the English army in 1756 in the war against the French and Indians; then Captain George and Captain Noah in the Revolutionary war. In 1861, the War of the Rebellion, it was L. George Grant and his cousin Andrew B. Grant, members of that famous Ringgold cavalry, who served faithfully and well; also their cousin the greatest known general, our illustrious U. S. Grant, who served in both Mexican and Civil wars. Robert Q. Grant, son of Noah, nephew of L. George Grant of the Ringgold cavalry, nephew also of the three Wickerham brothers of that organization, served eight years in the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army. During his connection with that arm of service, Generals Wm. B. Hazen and A. W Greeley, the Arctic explorer, were in command. Of the eight years beginning in 1883 and ending in 1891 six were devoted to scientific work and two to active military service in the southwest. During the Apache campaign in 1885 and 1886 Robert Q. was stationed at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, and had charge of the military telegraph lines in the southern part of the state. Much of his time was also given to the maintenance and supervision of Signal Stations located

on mountain peaks and points of vantage where the building of telegraph lines was not practicable. By means of

ROBERT Q. GRANT, SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.

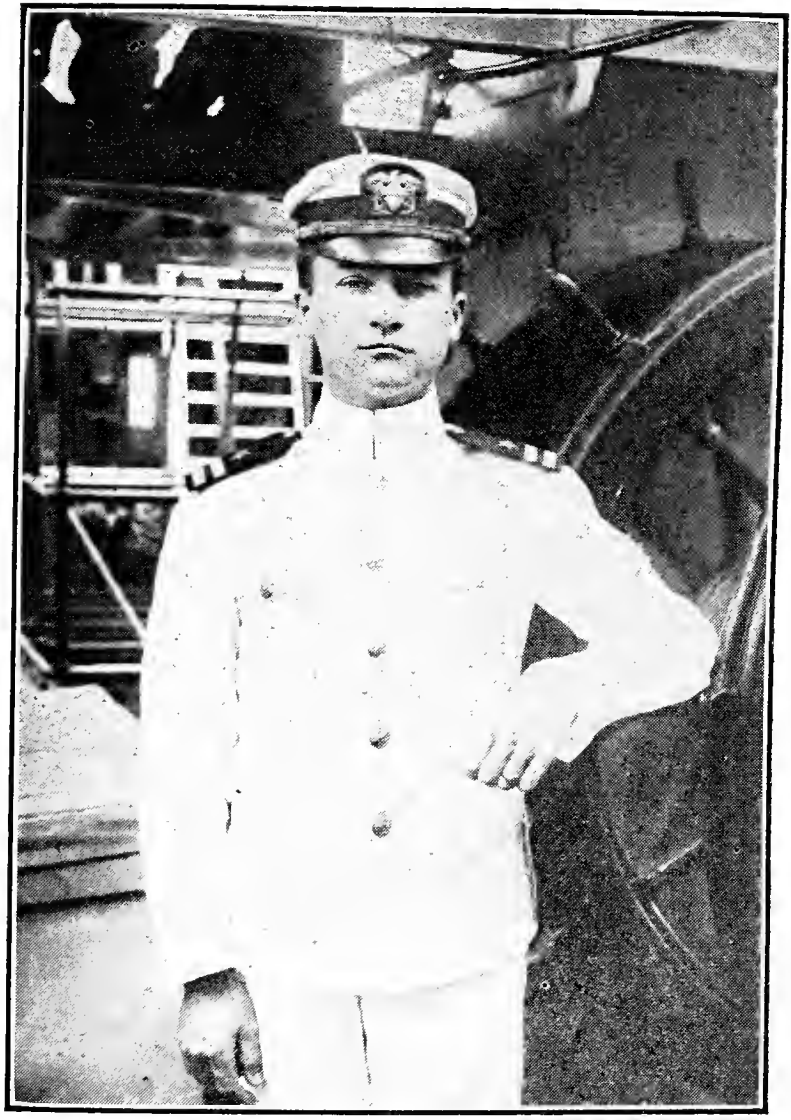
the signal stations, lines of communication were established throughout Arizona and New Mexico. Signalling was done by means of flags, torches and heliographs. The last named

instrument consists principally of a mirror with a cut-off, permitting the reflection of the sun's rays to be transmitted to another station in a series of dots and dashes, transmitting messages as readily as though telegraphed in the ordinary way. During this campaign a new record for long distance heliographing was established, two stations one hundred and twenty-five miles apart being able to "talk" to each other with comparative ease. Geronimo and his band of renegade Apaches were responsible for the destruction of much property and the lives of many settlers before they were subdued and captured. They were finally located by the Signal Corps which signalled the news to a nearby body of troops by whom they were taken. The officer in command of the troops proved to be Captain Lawton, a brave soldier who afterwards was killed in the Philippines. As is well known, Geronimo spent many years in captivity at different army posts. Grant, or "R. Q." as he is familiarly known, kept his scalp throughout the entire trouble.

L. George Grant had two grandsons, Milton and L. George, Jr., who served in the Spanish-American war, remaining in service in the Philippines for six years.

And to bring our chronicles down to the more recent times of our late unpleasantness with Mexico, we find that there is a grandson of L. George's brother Noah, serving on the staff of Admiral Fletcher, Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic fleet, now at Vera Cruz, Lieutenant W Rea Furlong, U. S. N., son of Ethel Grant Furlong.

L. George Grant in 1869, seeing vast opportunities in the west for his large family of sons and daughters, sold his holdings, his old home farm, and located in Udall Kansas, where he resided until his death August 19, 1896. His remains were interred in Ninnanscah Cemetery, Kansas. The remains of Andrew B. Grant rest near his old home in Gilmore's cemetery along the Monongahela river, one of the honored dead.



LIEUTENANT W. REA FURLONG, U. S. N.

TO THE RINGGOLD CAVALRY

DEDICATED TO THE FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY OF THE CIVIL WAR WHICH LEFT BEALLSVILLE, JUNE 24, 1861.

By MAY GRANT RIGGS*

'Twas in the year nineteen-fourteen,
In the beautiful month of May,
Our Mother stood on Cemetery Hill,
To see honors paid on Memorial Day.

Here o'erlooking Monongahela,
And its river calm and still,
Years ago met youthful soldiers,
Stirred with war's alarm and thrill.

Now we look toward the river,
On the bridge are men grown gray,
Trembling hands are dropping garlands
For Naval comrades far away.

Then slowly came the aged soldiers,
With flowing flag and hearts so true,
To the knoll where lie their comrades,
Who fought for the red, the white and blue.

*May Grant Riggs is niece of L. George Grant, cousin of Andrew B. Grant, and niece of the Wickerham boys, all of Ringgold cavalry. She is daughter of Noah Grant and Eliza Wickerham Grant.

Memorial Day is a blessed lesson.
It teaches our children to revere
The grand old men who fought for freedom;
The sacrifice by mothers dear.

The orchestra played, "Rock of Ages."
And the song, "The Vacant Chair,"
Brought to mind a voice we loved—
William Elwood's, but he was not there.

Elwood built for love of comrades,
A monument to stand for aye,
A history of Ringgold Cavalry,
Which fought so hard to win the day.

Slavery was the nation's war,
We will plant our banner high,
"We are coming Father Abraham,"
Coming even though we die.

A book had told the negroes' story
Written by Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Slavery reigned down south in Dixie
Where sugar cane and cotton grow.

The colored race, so ran the story,
Every man, woman, child,
Was held in bondage, handled cruelly,
Treated as an animal wild.

The story 'roused the North at once,
And from out our churches' steeple
Rang the bells telling news of freedom,
Born in the hearts of our people.

The President asked for men
Who were brave

To come to his aid
And the country save.

Speak out my lads like Spartans of old,
May God e'er defend the brave,
Unfurl the stars and stripes my men,
And may she e'er o'er freedom wave.

This flag was made by Betsy Ross.
It waved where Independence won.
It still must wave o'er North and South,
And we must worship it as one.

Eleven states then left the Union,
South Carolina in the van,
Then we learned that in the White House
Stood a wise, a God-sent man.

At Charleston, that proud South city,
A signal-gun had sounded forth,
The gun that thundered o'er Fort Sumpter,
Awoke at once a solid North.

The first cavalry to answer the call
Was dear old Ringgold; full many a score
Were mustered at Grafton, West Virginia,
With Captain John Keys they came to the fore.

First formed in eighteen forty-seven
They volunteered for Mexican land,
They were now first in '61
For they had not crossed the Rio Grand.

When a child at school I loved to read
Of our country's history true;
How Abraham Lincoln's boys were clad
In uniforms of blue.

Jefferson Davis and his men,
So the historians say,
Selected for their uniform,
A beautiful tint of gray

Oh, it is sad, this story of the
Cruel war now to relate
Where once was love and perfect peace.
Now existed bitter hate.

Brother fought against a brother
It oftimes happened then to be.
Brave men then gave up their lives
To set the lowly negro free.

There was rough riding and hard fighting,
For our Ringgold boys of blue,
Through the wilds of West Virginia,
And the beautiful Shenandoah too.

They stood their ground in seventy-two battles,
They do not mean to brag.
At Cold Springs Noel captured
The very first Confederate flag.

Do you wish a list of the Ringgold boys,
The boys we meet most every day?
Attention then, fall in line,
And the roll call we will say.

There are the Wickerham boys—Adam,
James and Tippecanoe.
The latter rightly is William Henry Harrison,
And Captain James Gibson is here too.

Captain George Jenkins, Lewis Arthur and
David Behanna come next in line.
Then Joe Noel who captured the flag,
And the Eccles boys with their drum-corps fine.

John Sutman, Frank Hendrickson and Wm. Elwood.
Who was ever ready with cheerful song.
From Greene county then comes tall Pat Bane
O'er seven feet and mighty strong.

Many are absent, yes, many there are
Who ne'er to the roll will respond.
They've answered the great roll call above,
They've gone to the Great Beyond.

L. George Grant and his cousin Andrew,
Were two to answer Abe's first call.
In the war these cousins stood shoulder to shoulder,
And thanks to God, they did not fall.

They all were with Little Phil Sheridan,
At Winchester and Cedar Creek.
They worked at guarding wagon trains,
And scouting on the double quick.

Pitted against the Ringgold boys
In West Virginia's fair land
There was a troop of firey fighters—
McNeill's Rangers, a Confederate band.

The songs that appealed to the blue and the gray,
Were sung along the Rapidan.
Lee's men and Grant's were encamped for the night,
Singing songs as strong men can.

Each army could see the myriad fires,
That gleamed across the water's way
Oh, mothers and wives, they were thinking of home,
Knowing that you for them did pray.

The Confederate band wafted the songs of the south,
The air of "My Old Kentucky Home."
From the out-post on the Federal shore
Came "Annie Laurie" from a cornet alone.

Gently it floated out to them,
Through the calm sweet-smelling April air.
It pierced the hearts of the Blue and the Grey.
'Twas more than those strong men could bear.

There was absolute silence in both of the camps,
As the sweet notes died softly away.
'Twas the eve before a hard fought battle,
Thoughts of home brought tears that day.

The spirit of the old home songs pervaded
The northern and southern camps.
A strong tenor voice rang out.
Like a great and solemn chant.

Again the notes from the cornet floated
Sweetly out, so clear, so plain—
"An exile from home pleasures dazzle in vain,
"Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again."

Simultaneously, tens of thousands of men were singing,
"Home, Sweet Home," on the river shore,
Sweetly and strongly their voices mingled,
Then came silence, they were heard no more.

APPENDIX

OUR SEVENTY-TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Cheat Mountain, July '61.
Knobly Mountain, August '61.
Petersburg, August, and September '61.
Mechanicsburg Gap, September '61.
Hanging Rocks, September '61.
Burlington, September '61.
Cold Stream, September '61.
Romney, September and October '61.
Frenchburg Gap, November '61.
Nine Mile House, November '61.
Blue's Gap, November '61, and January '62.
Bloomery Furnace, February '62.
Winchester, March '62, December '63, July '64.
Strasburg, March '62.
Woodstock, April '62.
Edinburg, April '62.
Mount Jackson, April '62.
Three Churches, April '62.
Columbia Furnace, April '62.
Three Forks of Reedy, May '62.
Cumberland, June '62.
Huttonsville, June '62.
Elkwater, August '62.
Hightown, August '62.
Lone Creek, September '62.
Luney s Creek, September '62.
South Fork Potomac, November '62.
Moorefield, December '62, March '64, June '64, August '64.
Purgitsville, April '63.
Clear Spring, July '63.
Back Creek, July '63.

Pierces Gap, November '63.
McDowell, December '63.
Jackson's River, December '63.
Crabb Bottom, December '63.
Mill Creek Mountain, May '64.
Lost River, May '64.
New Market, May '64.
Piedmont, June '64.
Tie River, June '64.
Lynchburg, June '64.
Liberty, June '64.
Staunton June '64.
Salem June '64.
Lexington June '64.
Darkesville, July '64.
Pleasant Valley, July 7 '64 and July 8, '64.
Nebana, July '64.
Solomon's Gap, July '64.
Snickers Gap, July '64.
Ashby's Ford, July 18, '64 and July 19, '64.
Kernstown, July '64.
Martinsburg, July 25, July 31 and September '64.
Opequon, or Winchester, August '64.
Berryville, August '64.
Charlestown, August '64.
Boliver Heights, August '64.
Fishers Hill, September '64.
Brown's Gap, September '64.
Mount Vernon Forge, September '64.
Cedar Creek, October '64.
Besides many other minor engagements.

GENERALS WE SERVED UNDER

Here is given a partial list of the generals the Old Ringgold cavalry served under from June 29, 1861 to October 31, 1865.

General Scott, commanding U. S. army, '61.
General Hill, after Garnett, '61.
General Hill, all over West Virginia, '61-'65.
General McClellan, at Grafton, '61.
General Lander, at Paw Paw, '62.
General Tyler, at Paw Paw, '62.
General Lightburn, New Creek, '62.
General Shields, Winchester, '62.
General Banks, in the valley, '62.
General Harris, Beverly, '62.
General Wool, Harpers Ferry, '62.
General Hatch, Woodstock, '62.
General Emory Cumberland, '63.
General Custer, in the valley, '63.
General Kilpatrick, Winchester, '63.
General Averell, Salem Raid, '63.
General Carroll, New Creek, '63.
General Hooker, Harpers Ferry, '63.
General Schenk, in the valley, '63.
General Kimball, New Creek, '63.
General Freemont, New Creek, '63.
General Milroy, Winchester, '63.
General Smith, '63.
General Lockwood, '63.
General Ord, '63.
General Reynolds, '63.
General Sigel, Harpers Ferry, '64.
General Stahel, Harpers Ferry, '64.
General Duffie, Kernstown, '64.
General Wright, Cedar Creek, '64.
General Hays, in the valley, '64.
General Merritt, Strasburg, '64.

General Sheridan, Cedar Creek, '64.
General Wallace, Frederick, '64.
General Powell, Weyers Cave, '64.
General Crooks, Cumberland, '64.
General Seward, Martinsburg, '64.
General Meade, Fairview Mountain, '64.
General Pleasanton, in the valley, '64.
General Torbert, in the valley, '64.
General Duvall, Mount Jackson, '64.
General Howe, Harpers Ferry, '64.
General Weber, Harpers Ferry, '64.

It will be borne in mind that the old Ringgold cavalry, the first three year cavalry of the Civil war, was an independent body of cavalry, and travelled more miles than any other force of men enlisted under the "Stars and Stripes." While with General Averell on the Salem Raid the old Ringgolds marched 375 miles. On another march we travelled over 800 miles. This was the time we were establishing civil law in West Virginia.

When we left Beallsville there were seventy men in our company. These men were mustered in at Grafton, June 29, 1861. Afterward there were one hundred more men enrolled in the company. In Chapter XXX. "The Old Ringgolds" we give first the names of the seventy men who entered the service June 29, 1861. Then following this the names of all who enlisted afterward. This last chapter gives a brief account of each member of the company.